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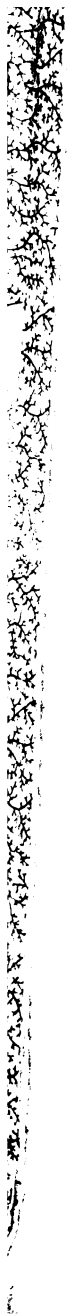
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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

W. E. Burton,
1835.

GEORGE COLMAN,
(THE YOUNGER:)

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

COLLECTA REVIRESCUNT.

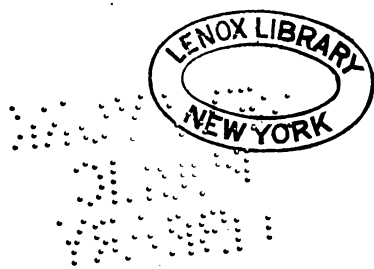
THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED AND FOR SALE BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCXXXIV.

1835



ADVERTISEMENT.

The present Edition was intended to contain such of Mr. Colman's poetical works as have had a general circulation, and acquired something of a permanent character. It did not, therefore, come within the plan of the publisher of it to insert Prologues and Epilogues of Plays, the "Address to the Year 1819," "The Supper of the Ghosts," written in 1807, and the "Marvellous Physicians." Of these two last mentioned productions, the first is chiefly remarkable for its outrageously loyal encomiums on GEORGE IV. (of happy memory;) and the other remarkable for—nothing at all. The curious inquirer after forgotten poetry will find them at pages 31 and 46 of RANDOM RECORDS by GEORGE COLMAN (the Younger.).

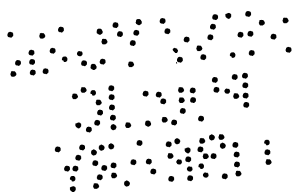
Philadelphia, Feb. 10, 1834.

CONTENTS:

BROAD GRINS.

POETICAL VAGARIES.

ECCENTRICITIES FOR EDINBURGH.



[Original Title page.]

BROAD GRINS;

BY

GEORGE COLMAN,

(THE YOUNGER;)

COMPRISING, WITH NEW ADDITIONAL

TALES IN VERSE,

THOSE FORMERLY PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE

OF

“MY NIGHT-GOWN AND SLIPPERS.”

“DEME SUPERCILIO-NUBEM.”

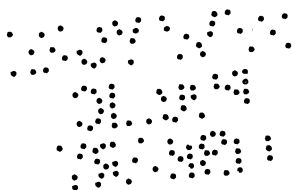
THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. M^cCREERY,

FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.

1811.



ADVERTISEMENT.

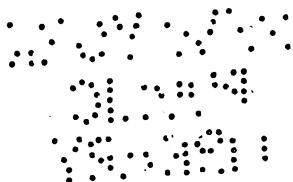
MY Booksellers inform'd me, lately, that several inquiries had been made for *My Night-Gown and Slippers*,—but that every copy had been sold;—they had been out of print these two years.—“Then publish them again,” said I, boldly,—(I print at my own risk)—and with an air of triumph. Messrs. Cadell and Davies advised me to make additions.—“The *Work* is, really, too short,” said Messrs. Cadell and Davies.—“I wish, gentlemen,” return'd I, “my readers were of your opinion.”—“I protest, Sir,” said they, (and they asserted it, both together, with great emphasis) “you have but *Three Tales*.”—I told them, carelessly, it was enough for the greatest *Bashaw*, among modern poets, and wish'd them a good morning. When a man, as Sterne observes, “can extricate himself with an *equivoque*, in such an unequal match,”—(and two booksellers to one poet are tremendous odds)—“he is not ill off;”—but reflecting a little, as I went home, I began to think my pun was a vile one,—and did not assist me, one jot, in my argument;—and, now I have put it upon

paper, it appears viler still;—it is execrable.—So, without much further reasoning, I sat down to rhyming;—rhyming, as the reader will see, in open defiance of *all reason*,—except the reasons of Messrs. Cadell and Davies.

Thus you have *My Night-Gown and Slippers*, with *Additions*, converted to *Broad Grins*;—and 'tis well if they may not end in *Wide Yawns*, at last! Should this be the case, gentle Reviewers, do not, ungratefully, attempt to break my sleep, (*you will find it labour lost*) because I have contributed to your's.

GEORGE COLMAN, (the Younger.)

May, 1802.



BROAD GRIPS.

TOM, DICK, and WILL, were little known to Fame;—

No matter;—

But to the Ale-house, oftentimes they came,
To chatter.

It was the custom of these three

To sit up late;

And o'er the embers of the Ale-house fire,

When steadier customers retire,

The choice *Triumviri*, d'ye see,

Held a debate.

Held a debate?—On politics, no doubt.

Not so;—they cared not who was in,

No, not a pin—

Nor who was out.

All their discourse on modern Poets ran;

For in the Muses was their sole delight:—

They talk'd of such, and such, and such a man;
Of those who could, and those who could not write.

It cost them very little pains
To count the modern Poets, who had brains.
'Twas a small difficulty;—'twasn't any;
They were so few:

But to cast up the scores of men
Who wield a stump they call a pen,
Lord! they had much to do,—
They were so many!

Buoy'd on a sea of fancy, Genius rises,
And like the rare Leviathan surprises;
But the *small fry* of scribblers!—tiny souls!
They wriggle thro' the mud in shoals.

It would have raised a smile to see the faces
They made, and the ridiculous grimaces,
At many an author, as they overhaul'd him.
They gave no quarter to a calf,
Blown up with puff and paragraph;
But, if they found him bad, they maul'd him.

On modern Dramatists they fell,
Pounce, *vi et armis*—tooth and nail—pell mell.

They call'd them Carpenters, and Smugglers;
Filching their incidents from ancient hoards,
And knocking them together, like deal boards:

And Jugglers;
Who all the town's attention fix,
By making—Plays?—No Sir; by making *tricks*.

The Versifiers—Heaven defend us!
They play'd the very devil with their rhymes.
They hoped Apollo a new set would send us;
And then, invidiously enough,
Placed modish verse, which they call'd stuff,
Against the writing of the elder times.

To say the truth, a modern versifier
Clap'd cheek by jowl
With Pope, with Dryden, and with Prior,
Would look damn'd scurvily, upon my soul!

For Novels, should their critick hints succeed,
The Misses might fare better when they took'em;
But it would fare extremely ill, indeed,
With gentle *Messieurs Lane* and *Hookham*.

"A Novel, now," says WILL, "is nothing more
 "Than an old castle,—and a creaking door—

"A distant hovel—

"Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light,—

"Old armour—and a phantom all in white—

"And there's a Novel!

"Scourge me such catch-penny inditers

"Out of the land," quoth WILL——rousing in
 passion——

"And fie upon the readers of such writers,

"Who bring them into fashion!"

WILL rose in declamation. "Tis the bane,"

Says he, "of youth;—'tis the perdition:

"It fills a giddy female brain

"With vice, romance, lust, terror, pain,—

"With superstition.

"Were I Pastor in a boarding-school,

"I'd quash such books *in toto*;—if I couldn't,

"Let me but catch one Miss that broke my rule,

"I'd flog her soundly; damme if I wouldn't."

WILLIAM, 'tis plain, was getting in a rage;

But THOMAS dryly said,—for he was cool—
 “I think no gentleman would mend the age
 “By flogging Ladies at a Boarding-school.”

DICK knock’d the ashes from his pipe,
 And said, “Friend WILL,
 “You give the Novels a fair wipe;
 “But still,
 “While you, my friend, with passion run’em down,
 “They’re in the hands of all the town.

“The reason’s plain,” proceeded DICK,
 “And simply thus——
 “Taste, over-glutted, grows deprav’d, and sick,
 “And needs a *stimulus*.

“Time was,—(when honest Fielding writ)—
 “Tales full of Nature, Character, and Wit,
 “Were reckon’d most delicious boil’d and roast:
 “But stomachs are so cloy’d with novel-feeding,
 “Folks get a vitiated taste in reading,
 “And want that strong provocative, a Ghost.

“Or, to come nearer,
 “And put the case a little clearer:—

"Minds; just like bodies, suffer enervation,

"By too much use;

"And sink into a state of relaxation,

"With long abuse.

"Now, a Romance, with reading Debauchees,

"Rouses their torpid powers, when Nature fails;

"And all these Legendary Tales

"Are, to a worn-out mind, Cantharides.

"But how to cure the evil?" you will say:

"My *Recipe* is,—laughing it away.

"Lay bare the weak farrago of those men

"Who fabricate such visionary schemes,

"As if the Night-mare rode upon their pen,

"And troubled all their ink with hideous dreams.

"For instance—when a solemn Ghost stalks in,

"And, thro' a mystic tale is busy,

"Strip me the Gentleman into his skin—

"What is he?

"Truly, ridiculous enough:

"Mere trash;—and very childish stuff.

“Draw but a Ghost, or Fiend, *of low degree*,
And all the bubble’s broken:—Let us see.”



THE WATER-FIENDS.

ON a wild Moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,
There stood a tenement antique;
Lord Hoppergollop’s country house.

Here Silence reign’d with lips of glue,
And undisturb’d maintain’d her law;
Save when the Owl cry’d “whoo! whoo! whoo!”
Or the hoarse Crow croak’d “caw! caw! caw!”

Neglected mansion!—for, ’tis said,
Whene’er the snow came feathering down,
Four barbed steeds,—from the Bull’s head,—
Carried thy master up to town.

Weep Hoppergollop!—Lords may moan,
Who stake, in London their estate,
On two, small, rattling, bits of bone;
On *little figure*, or on *great*.

Swift whirl the wheels.—He's gone,—A Rose
 Remains behind, whose virgin look,
 Unseen, must blush in wintry snows,
 Sweet, beauteous blossom!—'twas the Cook!

A bolder far than my weak note,
 Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand:
 Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
 If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair one sat alone,
 Had none remain'd save only she;—
 She by herself had been—if one
 Had not been left, for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue,
 Was tinged with health and manly toil;—
 Cabbage he sow'd; and, when it grew,
 He always cut it off, to boil.

Oft would he cry, "Delve, Delve the hole!
 "And prune the tree, and trim the root!
 "And stick the wig-upon the pole,
 "To scare the sparrows from the fruit!"

A small, mute favourite, by day,
 Follow'd his step; where'er he wheels
 His barrow round the garden gay,
 A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah, man! the brute creation see!
 Thy constancy oft needs the spur!
 While lessons of fidelity
 Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,
 While Bobtail in his face would look,
 And mark'd his master troll the song,—
 “Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, thou Cook!”

For thus he sung:—while Cupid smiled;—
 Pleased that the Gard'ner own'd his dart,
 Which pruned his passions, running wild,
 And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the Moor! his love return!
 True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame:
 When Gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds, burn,
 A Cook may surely feed the flame.

Ah! not averse from love was she;
 Tho' pure as Heaven's snowy flake;
 Both lov'd: and tho' a Gard'ner he,
 He knew not what it was to *rake*.

Cold blows the blast:—the night's obscure:
 The mansion's crazy wainscots crack:
 No star appear'd:—and all the Moor,
 Like ev'ry other Moor,—was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
 The lovely Molly Dumpling sat;
 Much did she fear, and much admire
 What Thomas Gard'ner could be at.

List'ning, her hand supports her chin;
 But, ah! no foot is heard to stir:
 He comes not, from the garden, in;
 Nor he, nor little bobtail cur.

They cannot come, sweet maid! to thee;
 Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass!
 And what's impossible can't be;
 And never, never, comes to *pass*!

She paces thro' the hall antique,
 To call her Thomas from his toil;
 Opes the huge door;—the hinges creak;—
 Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
 She "Thomas!" cried, with many a sob;
 And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
 Exclaiming, sweetly—"Bob! Bob! Bob!"

Vain maid! a Gard'ner's corpse, 'tis said,
 In answers can but ill succeed;
 And dogs that hear when they are dead,
 Are very cunning Dogs indeed!

Back thro' the hall she bent her way;
 All, all was solitude around!
 The candle shed a feeble ray,—
 Tho' a large mould of four to th' pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew;
 Adown her cheek a salt tear stole;
 When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
 And in her apron burnt a hole!

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd;

A certain sign that Fate will frown;

The clumsy kitchen clock, too, click'd

A certain sign it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose;—

Her shadow did the maid appal;—

She trembled at her lovely nose,—

It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,

She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair;—

Three stories high—long, dull, and old,—

As great Lords' stories often are.

All Nature now appear'd to pause;

And "o'er the one half world seem'd dead;"

No "curtain'd sleep" had she;—because

She had no curtains to her bed.

List'ning she lay;—with iron din,

The clock struck *Twelve*; the door flew wide;

When Thomas, grimly, glided in,

With little Bobtail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size;
 Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks;
 Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes;
 Pale, pale as turnips, were his cheeks!

Soon as the Spectre she espied,
 The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
 "What wou'd my Thomas?"—he replied,
 "Oh! Molly Dumpling! I am dead.

"All in the flower of youth I fell,
 "Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd;
 "I was not ill—but in a well
 "I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd.

"Four Fathom deep thy love doth lye;
 "His faithful dog his fate doth share;
 "We're Fiends;—this is not he and I;
 "We are not *here*,—for we are *there*.

"Yes;—two foul Water-Fiends are we;
 "Maid of the Moor! attend us now!
 "Thy hour's at hand;—we come for thee!"
 The little Fiend-Cur said "bow wow!"

"To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
 "A Holland sheet a maiden likes;
 "A sheet of water thou shalt have;
 "Such sheets there are in Holland Dykes."

The Fiends approach; the Maid did shrink;
 Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin;
 They took her to the green well's brink,
 And, with a souse, they plump'd her in.

So true the fair, so true the youth,
 Maids, to this day, their story tell:
 And hence the proverb, rose, that Truth
 Lyes in the bottom of a well

Dick ended:—Tom and Will approv'd his strains;
 And thought his Legend made as good a figure
 As naturalizing a dull German's brains,
 Which beget issues in the Heliconian stews,
 Upon a profligate *Tenth* Muse,
 In all the gloomy *impotence of vigour*.*

"'Twas now the very witching time of night,
 "When *Proser*s yawn."—Discussion grew diffuse.

* N. B. Half our modern Legends are either borrowed or translated from the German.

Argument's *carte and tierce* were lost, outright;
And they fought loose.

Says WILL, quite carelessly,—“the other day,
“As I was lying on my back,
“In bed,
“I took a fancy in my head;—
“Some writings aren't so difficult as people say;—
“They are a *knack*.”

“What writings? whose?” says TOM—raking the
cinders.
“Many,” cried WILL:—“For instance—PETER
PINDAR'S.”
“What! call you his a *knack*?”—“yes;—mind his
measure,
“In *that* lies half the *point* that gives us pleasure.”
“Pooh!—'tisn't that,” DICK cried—
“*That* has been tried,
“Over and over:—Bless your souls!
“'Tis seen in *Crazy Tales*, and twenty things beside:
“His measure is as old as Poles.”

“Granted,” cries WILL; “I know I'm speaking treason:
For PETER,

“With many a joke, and queer conceit, doth season

“His metre:

“And this I’ll say of PETER, to his face,

“As ’twas, time past, of Vanbrugh writ—

“PETER has often wanted *grace*,

“But he has never wanted *wit*.

“Yet I will tell you a plain tale,

“And see how far quaint measure will prevail:”

THE

NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,

Professes openly with death to wrestle;

Ent’ring the field against the grimly foe,

Arm’d with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are;

But meet just like prize-fighters, in a Fair,

Who first shake hands before they box,

Then give each other plaguy knocks,

With all the love and kindness of a brother;

So (many a suff'ring Patient saith)
 Tho' the Apothecary fights with Death,
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
 Lived at Newcastle upon Tyne:
 No man could better gild a pill;
 Or make a bill;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed;
 Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*:
 Yet, still, he thought the list not long enough;
 And therefore Midwifery he chose to pin to't
 This balanced things:—for if he hurl'd
 A few score mortals from the world,
 He made amends by bringing others into't

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
 In short, in reputation he was *sobus*:
 All the old women called him "a fine man!"
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, tho' in *trade*,
 (Which oftentimes will Genius fether)
 Read works of fancy, it is said;
 And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthysic?
 Of Poetry tho' Patron-God,
 Apollo patronises physick.

Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight in't
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions, on his labels,
 In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables*;
 Or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?
 'Tis simply honest dealing:—not a crime;—
 When patients swallow physick without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a Patient lying at death's door,
 Some three miles from the town—it might be four;

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical.

And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which, one would think, was clear enough
And terse:—

*“When taken,
“To be well shaken.”*

Next morning, early, Bolus rose;
And to the Patient's house he goes;—
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that's of course:
For what's expected from a horse
With an Apothecary on his back?
Bolus arriv'd; and gave a doubtful tap;—
Between a single and a double rap.—

Knocks of this kind
Are given by Gentlemen who teach to dance;

By Fiddlers, and by Opera-singers:
 One loud, and then a little one behind;
 As if the knocker fell, by chance,
 Out of their fingers.

The Servant lets him in, with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—
 Portending some disaster;
 John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
 As if th' Apothecary had physick'd him,—
 And not his master.

“Well how's the Patient?” Bolus said—

John shook his head,

“Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!

“He took the draught?”—John gave a nod.

“Well,—how?—what then?—speak out, you dunce!”

“Why then”—says John—“we *shook* him once.”

“Shook him!—how?”—Bolus stammer'd out:—

“We jolted him about.”

“Zounds! Shake a Patient, man!—a shake won't do.”

“No, Sir—and so we gave him *two*.”

“Two shakes! od's curse!

“'Twould make the Patient worse.”

“It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried.”

“Well, and what then?”—“then, Sir, my master died.”

Ere WILL had done 'twas waxing wond'rous late;
 And reeling Bucks the streets began to scour;
 While guardian Watchman, with a tottering gait,
 Cried every thing, quite clear, except the hour.

“Another pot,” says TOM, “and then
 “A Song;—and so good night, good Gentlemen!

“I’ve Lyricks, such as *Bons Vivants* indite,
 “In which your bibbers of Champagne delight.—
 “The Poetaster, bawling them in clubs,
 “Obtains a miserably noted name;
 “And every noisy Bacchanalian dubs
 “The Singing-Writer with a bastard Fame.”



LODGINGS

FOR

SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

WHO has e’er been in London, that overgrown
 place,

Has seen "*Lodgings to Let*" stare him full in the face:
 Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well
 known,
 Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious and
 lonely,
 Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
 But WILL was so fat he appear'd like a ton;—
 Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
 But, all the night long, he felt fever'd, and heated;
 And, tho' heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
 He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep,

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next;—and the
 next;
 He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
 Week past after week; till, by weekly succession,
 His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt
 him;

For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about
him.

He sent for a Doctor; and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a
"guinea."

The Doctor look'd wise:—"a slow fever," he said:
Prescrib'd sudorificks,—and going to bed.
"Sudorificks in bed," exclaim'd WILL, "are humbugs!
"I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

WILL kick'd out the Doctor:—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the Doctor don't *always* succeed;
So, calling his host—he said—"Sir, do you know,
"I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago?

"Look'e landlord, I think," argued WILL, with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first *took me in*:
"But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
"I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I caught
"cold."

Quoth the landlord—"till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
"I've let lodgings ten years;—I'm a Baker to boot;

“In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven;
 “And your bed is immediately over my Oven.”

“The Oven!!!” says WILL—says the host, “why this
 passion?

“In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.

“Why so crusty, good Sir?”—“Zounds!” cries WILL,
 in a taking,

“Who would’nt be crusty, with half a year’s baking?”

WILL paid for his rooms;—cried the host, with a sneer,

“Well, I see you’ve been *going away* half a year,”

“Friend, we can’t well agree,”—“yet no quarrel”—

WILL said;—

“But I’d rather not *perish*, while you *make your
 bread*.”*

* This is the conclusion of all that was originally printed under the title of
 “*My Night-gown and Slippers*.”

KNIGHT AND THE FRIAR.

PART FIRST.

IN our Fifth Harry's reign, when 'twas the fashion
 To thump the French, poor creatures! to excess;—
 Tho' Britons, now a days, show more compassion,
 And thump them, certainly, a great deal less;—

In Harry's reign, when flush'd Lancastrian roses
 Of York's pale blossoms had usurp'd the right;*
 As wine drives Nature out of drunkards' noses,
 Till red, triumphantly, eclipses white;—
 In Harry's reign—but let me to my song,
 Or good king Harry's reign may seem too long.

* Roses were not emblems of faction, cries the Critick, till the reign of Henry the Sixth.—Pooh!—This is a figure, not an anachronism. Suppose, Mr. Critick, you and all your decendants should be hanged, although your father died in his bed:—Why then posterity, when talking of your father, may allude to the *family gallows*, which his issue shall have rendered notoriously *symbolical of his House*.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, a gallant knight,
 When this king Harry went to war, in France,
 Girded a sword about his middle;
 Resolving, very lustily, to fight,
 And teach the Frenchmen how to dance,
 Without a fiddle.

And wond'rous bold Sir Thomas prov'd in battle,
 Performing prodigies with spear and shield;
 His valour, like a murrain among cattle,
 Was reckon'd very fatal in the field.
 Yet, tho' Sir Thomas had an iron fist,
 He was, at heart, a mild Philanthropist.

Much did he grieve, when making Frenchmen die,
 To any inconvenience to put'em:
 "It quite distress'd his feelings," he would cry,
 "That he must cut their throats"—and, then he
 cut'em.

Thus, during many a Campaign,
 He cut, and griev'd, and cut, and come again;—
 Pitying, and killing;—
 Lamenting sorely for men's souls,*

While pretty little eyelet holes,
Clean thro' their bodies, he kept drilling:

Till palling on his Laurels, grown so thick,
(As boys pull blackberries, till they are sick)
Homeward he bent his course, to wreath'em;
And in his Castle, near fair Norwich town,
Glutted with glory, he sat down,
In perfect solitude, beneath'em.

Now, sitting under Laurels, Heroes say,
Gives grace, and dignity—and so it may—
When men have done campaigning;
But, certainly, these gentlemen must own
That sitting under Laurels, quite alone,
Is much more dignified than entertaining.

Pious Æneas, who, in his narration
Of his own prowess, felt so great a charm;—
(For, tho' he feign'd great grief in the relation,
He made the story longer than your arm.*)

*——“*Quis talia fando*
“*Temperet a lachrymis?*”

Pious *Aeneas* no more pleasure knew
 Than did our Knight—who could be pious too—
 In telling his exploits, and martial brawls:
 But pious *Thomas* had no Dido near him—
 No Queen—King, Lord, nor Commoner to hear him—
 So he was forc'd to tell them to the walls:

And to his Castle walls, in solemn guise,
 The knight, full often, did soliloquize:—

For “Walls have ears Sir Thomas had been told;
 Yet thought the tedious hours would seem much
 shorter,
 If, now and then, a tale he could unfold
 To ears of flesh and blood, not stone and mortar.

At length his old *Castellum* grew so dull,
 That legions of Blue Devils seized the Knight;

says *Aeneas*, by way of proem; yet, for a Hero, tolerably “used to the melting mood” he talks, on this occasion, much more than he cries; and, though he begins with a wooden Horse, and gives a general account of the burning of Troy, still the “*quorum pars magna fui*,” is, evidently the great inducement to his chattering:—accordingly, he keeps up Queen Dido to a scandalous late hour, after supper, for the good folks of Carthage, to tell her an egotistical story, that occupies two whole books of the *Aeneid*.—Oh, these Heroes!—I once knew a worthy General!—but I won't tell that story.

Megrim invested his belarell'd skull;
Spleen laid embargoes on his appetite;

Till, thro' the day-time, he was haunted, wholly,
By all the imps of "loathed Melancholy!"——
Heaven keep her, and her imps, for ever, from
us!

And Incubus,* whene'er he went to bed,
Sat on his stomach, like a lump of lead,
Making unseemly faces at Sir Thomas.

Plagues such as these might make a Parson swear;
Sir Thomas, being but a Layman,
Swore, very roundly, *à la militaire*,
Or, rather, (from vexation) like a Drayman:

Damning his Walls, out of all line and level;
Sinking his drawbridges and moats;

* Far be it from me to offer a pedantic affront to the Gentlemen who peruse me by explaining the word *Incubus*; which Pliny and others, more learnedly, call *Ephialtes*:— I, modestly, st-te it to mean the *Night-mare*, for the information of the ladies. The chief symptom by which this affliction is vulgarly known, is a heavy pressure upon the stomach, when lying in a supine posture in bed. It would terrify some of my fare readers, who never experienced this characteristic of the *Incubus*, were I to dwell on its effects; and it would irritate others, who are in the habit of labouring under its sensations.

Wishing that he were cutting throats——

And they were at the Devil.

“What’s to be done,” Sir Thomas said, one day,

“To drive *Ennui* away

“How is the evil to be parried?

“What can remind me of my former life?——

“Those happy days I spent in noise and strife!”

The last words struck him——“Zounds!” says he,

“a Wife!”——

And so he married.

Muse! regulate your pace;—

Restrain, awhile, your frisking, and your giggling!

Here is a stately Lady in the case,—

We mustn’t now, be fidgetting, and niggling.

O God of Love! Urchin of spite and play!

Deserter, oft, from saffron Hymen’s quarters;

His torch bedimming, as thou runn’st away

Till half his Votaries become his Martyrs!

Sly, wandering God! whose frolick arrows pass

Thro' hearts of Potentates and Prentice-boys;
 Who mark'st, with Milkmaids' forms, the tell-tale grass,
 And mak'st the fruitful Prude repent her joys!

Drop me one feather, from thy wanton wing,
 Young God of dimples! in thy roguish flight;
 And let thy Poet catch it, now, to sing
 The beauty of the Dame who won the Knight!

Her beauty!—but Sir Thomas's own Sonnet
 Beats all that I can say upon it.



SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM'S*

S O N N E T

ON HIS LADY

1

SUCH *star-like* lustre lights her *Eyes*.

They must have darted from a *Sphere*,
 Our duller *System* to surprise,
 Outshining all the *Planets* here;

* An old Gentlewoman, a great admirer of the **Black Letter**, (as many old Gentlewomen are) presented the Author of these Tales with the *Original MS.*

And having wander'd from their wonted place,
 Fix in the wond'rous *Heaven* of her *Face*.

2

The modest *Rose*, whose blushes speak
 The ardent kisses of the Sun,
 Off'ring a tribute to her *Cheek*,
 Droops, to perceive its *Tint* outdone;
 Then withering with envy and despair,
 Dies on her *Lips*, and leaves its *Fragrance* there.

3

Ringlets, that to her *Breast* descend,
 Increase the beauties they invade;
 Thus branches in luxuriance bend,
 To grace the lovely *Hills* they shade;
 And thus, the glowing *Climate* did entice
 Tendrils to curl, unprun'd, o'er *Paradise*.



of this Sonnet; advising the publication of a *fac-simile* of the Knight's handwriting. It is painful, after this, to advance, that the Sonnet, so far from being genuine, is *one* of the clumsiest literary forgeries that the present times have witnessed. It appears, in this authentic Story, that Sir Thomas Erpingham was married in the reign of Henry the Fifth; and it is evidently intended, that *Moderns* should believe he writ these love-verses almost immediately after his marriage, not only from the ardour with which he celebrates the beauty of his wife, but from the circumstance of a man writing any love verses upon his wife at all;—but the style and language of the lines are most glaringly inconsistent with their pretended date. The fact is, we have here foisted upon us a close

Sir Thomas having clos'd his love-sick strain,
Come, buxom Muse! and let us frisk again!

Close to a Chapel, near the Castle-gates,
Dwelt certain stickers in the Devil's skirts;
Who, with prodigious fervour, shave their pates,
And show a most religious scorn for shirts.

Their House's sole Endowment was our Knight's:—
Thither an Abbot, and twelve Friars, retreating,
Conquer'd (sage, pious men!) their appetites
With that infallible specific—eating.

*Imitation of COWLEY, (vide the MISTRESS) who was not born till the year 1618,—two centuries after the æra in question. Chaucer died, A. D. 1400; and Henry the Fifth (who was king only 9 years, 5 months, and 11 days) began his reign scarcely 13 years after the death of that Poet. Sir Thomas then, must, at least, have written in the obsolete phraseology of Chaucer,—and probably, would have imitated him,—as did Lidgate, Occleve, and others;—nay, Harding, Skelton, &c. who were fifty or sixty years subsequent to Chaucer, were not so modern in their language as their celebrated predecessor. Having, in few words, proved (it is presumed) this Sonnet to be spurious, an apology may be thought necessary for not saying a great deal more;—but this Herculean task is left, in deference, to the disputants on *Vortigern*; who will, doubtless, engage in it, as a matter of great importance, and, once more, lay the world under very heavy obligations, with various *Pamphlets in Folio*, upon the subject:—and, surely, too many acknowledgments cannot be given to men who are so indefatigably generous in their researches, that half the result of them, when published, causes even the sympathetick reader to labour as much as the Writer!*

How ungratefully did Pope say!

“There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,

“Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark;

“A lumber-house of books in every head;

“For ever reading, never to be read!”—*Dunclos.*

'Twould seem, since tenanted by holy Friars,
 That Peace and Harmony reign'd here eternally;—
 Whoever told you so were cursed liars;—
 The holy Friars quarrell'd most infernally.

Not a day past
 Without some chism among these heavenly lodgers;
 But none of their dissensions seem'd to last
 So long as Friar John's and Friar Roger's.

I have been very accurate in my researches,
 And find this Convent (truce with *whys* and *hows*)
 Kept in a constant ferment with the rows
 Of these two quarrelsome fat sons of Churches.

But when Sir Thomas went to his devotions,
 Proceeding thro' their Cloister with his Bride,
 You never could have dream'd of their commotions,
 The stiff-rump'd rascals look'd so sanctified:

And it became the custom of the Knight
 To go to matins every day;—
 He jogg'd his Bride, as soon as it was light,
 Crying, "my dear, 'tis time for us to pray."—

This custom he establish'd, very soon,
After his honey-moon.

Wives of this age might think his zeal surprising;
But much his pious Lady did it please,
To see her Husband, every morning, rising,
And going, instantly, upon his knees.

Never, I ween,
In any person's recollection,
Was such a couple seen,
For genuflection!

Making as great a drudgery of prayer
As humble Curates are obliged to do,—
Whose labour, woe, the while! scarce buys them
cassocks;
And, every morning, whether foul or fair,
Sir Thomas and the Dame were in their pew,
Craw-thumping, upon hassocks.

It could not otherwise befall
(Sir Thomas, and his Wife, this course pursuing)
But that the Lady, affable to all,
Should greet the Friars, on her way

To matins, as she met them, every day,
Good morninging and how d'ye doing:

Now nodding to this Friar, now to that,
 As thro' the Cloister she was wont to trip;
 Stopping sometimes, to have a little chat,
 On casual topicks, with the holy brothers;—
 So condescending was her Ladyship,
 To Roger, John, and all the others.

All this was natural enough
 To any female of urbanity;—
 But holy men are made of as frail stuff
 As all the lighter sons of Vanity!—

And these her Ladyship's chaste condescensions,
 In Friar John bred damnable desire;
 Heterodox, unclean intentions;—
 Abominable in a Friar!

Whene'er she greeted him, his gills grew red,
 While she was quite unconscious of the matter;—
 But he, the beast! was casting sheeps-eyes at her,
 Out of his bullock head.

That coxcombs *were* and *are*, I need not give,
 Nor take the trouble, now, to prove;
 Nor that those dead, like many, now, who live,
 Have thought a Lady's condescension, love.

This happen'd with fat Friar John;—
 Monastick Coxcomb! amorous, and gummy,
 Fill'd with conceit up to his very brim!—
 He thought his guts and garbage doated on,
 By a fair Dame, whose Husband was to *him*
 Hyperion to a mummy.

Burning with flames the Lady never knew,
 Hotter and heavier than toasted cheese,
 He sent her a much warmer *billet-doux*
 Than Abelard e'er writ to Eloïse.

But whether Friar John's fat shape and face,
 Tho' pleading both together,
 Were sorry advocates, in such a case;—
 Or, whether
 He marr'd his hopes, by suffering his pen
 With too much fervour to display'em;—

As very tender Nurses, now and then,
Cuddle their Children, till they overlay'em;—

'Twas plain, his pray'r to decorate the brows
Of good Sir Thomas was so far from granted,
That the Dame went, directly, to her spouse,
And told him what the filthy Friar wanted.

Think, Reader! think! if thou hast ta'en, for life,
A partner to thy bed, for worse or better,
Think what Sir Thomas felt, when his chaste wife
Brandished, before his eyes, the Friar's letter!

He felt, Sir,—Zounds!——
Yes, Zounds! I say, Sir,—for it makes me swear—
More torture than he suffer'd from the wounds
He got among the French, in France;—
Not that I take upon me to advance
The knight was ever wounded there.

Think gravely, Sir, I pray;—fancy the knight—
('Tis quite a Picture)—with his heart's delight!
Fancy you see his virtuous Lady stand,
Holding the Friar's foulness in her hand!—

How should Sir Thomas, Sir, behave?
 Why bounce, and sputter, surely, like a squib:—
 You would have done the same, Sir, if a knave,
 A frowzy Friar, meddled with your Rib.

His bosom almost burst with ire
 Against the Friar?

Rage gave his face an apoplectic hue;
 His cheeks turn'd purple, and his nose turn'd blue;
 He swore with this mock Saint he'd soon be even;—
 He'd have him flay'd, like Saint Bartholomew;—
 And, now again, he'd have him stoned, like Stephen.

But, "*Ira furor brevis est*,"
 As Horace, quaintly, has express'd;—

Therefore the knight, finding his foam and froth
 Work thro' the bung-hole of his mouth like beer,
 Pull'd out the vent-peg of his wrath,
 To let the stream of his revenge run clear:

Debating, with himself, what mode might suit him,
 To trounce the rogue who wanted to cornute him.
 First, an attack against his Foe he plann'd,

Learn'd in the Field, where late he fought so felly;
 That is—to march up, bravely, sword in hand,
 And run the Friar thro' his holy belly.

At last, his better judgment did declare—
 Seeing his honour would as little shine
 By sticking Friars as by killing swine—
 To circumvent him, by a *ruse de guerre*:

And, as the project ripen'd in his head,
 Thus to his virtuous Wife he said:—

“Now sit thee down, my Lady bright!
 And list thy Lord's desire;
 An assignation thou shalt write,
 Beshrew me! to the Friar.

Aread him, at the midnight hour,
 In silent sort to go,
 And bide thy coming, in the Bower—
 For there do Crabsticks grow.

He shall not tarry long;—for why?
 When *Twelve* have striking done,

Then, by the God of Gardens!* I

Will cudgel him till *One*."

The Lady wrote just what Sir Thomas told her;

For, it is not less strange than true,

That Wives did, once, what Husbands bid them do;—

Lord! how this World improves, as we grow older!

She nam'd the midnight hour;—

Telling the Friar to repair

To the sweet, secret Bower;—

But not a word of any crabsticks there.

Thus have I seen a liquorish, black rat

Lured by the Cook, to sniff, and smell her bacon,

And, when he's eager for a bit of fat,

Down goes a trap upon him, and he's taken.

* If the Knight knew the aptness, in its full extent, of his oath, upon the occasion, we must give him more credit for his reading than we are willing to allow to military men of the age in which he flourished;—for, observe: he vows to *cudgel* a man lurking to rob his Lady of her Virtue, in a *bower*;—how appropriately, therefore, does he swear by the *God of the Gardens!* who is represented with a kind of *cudgel* (*falx lignea*) in his right hand; and is, moreover, furnish'd with another weapon of formidable dimensions, (Horace calls it *Palus*) for the express purpose of annoying *Robbers*.

"*Fures dextra coercet,*

"*Obacænoque ruber porrectus ab inguine PALUS.*"

A tiny Page,—for, formerly, a boy
 Was a mere dunce who did not understand
 The doctrines of Sir Pundarus, of Troy,—
 Slipp'd the Dame's note into the Friar's hand,
 As he was walking in the cloister;
 And, then, slipp'd off,—as silent as an oyster.

The Friar read;—the Friar chuckled:—
 For, now the Farce's unities were right:
Videlicet—The argument, a Cuckold;
 The Scene, a Bow'r; Time, Twelve o'clock, at night.

Blithe was fat John!—and dreading no mishap,
 Stole, at the hour appointed, to the *trap*;
 But, so perfum'd, so musk'd, for the occasion.—
 His *tribute* to the nose so like *invasion*,—
 You would have sworn, to smell him, 'twas no rat,
 But a dead, putrified old civet-cat.

It must be confessed that the last mentioned attribute of this Deity was stretched forth to promote pleasure, in some instances, instead of fear;—for it was a sportive custom, in the hilarity of recent marriages, to seat the Bride upon his *Pelvis*;—but this circumstance by no means disproves its efficacy as a dread to Robbers; on the contrary, that implement must have been peculiarly terrific, which could sustain the weight of so many Brides, without detriment to its firmness, or elasticity.

He reach'd the spot, anticipating blisses,
 Soft murmurs, melting sighs, and burning kisses,
 Trances of joy, and mingling of the souls;
 When, whack! Sir Thomas hit him on the joles.

Now, on his head it came, now on his face,
 His neck, and shoulders, arms, legs, breast, and back;
 In short, on almost every place
 We read of in the Almanack.

Blows rattled on him thick as hail;
 Making him rue the day that he was born;—
 Sir Thomas plied his cudgel like a flail,
 And thrash'd as if he had been thrashing corn.

At length, a thump,—(painful the facts, alas!
 Truth urges us Historians to relate!)—
 Took Friar John so smart athwart the pate,
 It acted like a perfect *coup de grace*.

Whether it was a random shot,
 Or aim'd maliciously,—tho' Fame says *not*—
 Certain his soul (the Knight so crack'd his crown)
 Fled from his body; but which way it went,

Or whether Friars' souls fly up or down,
 Remains a matter of nice argument.
 Points so abstruse I dare not dwell upon;
 Enough, for me, his body is not gone;

For I have business, still, in my narration,
 With the fat carcase of this holy porpus;
 And Death, tho' sharp in his Administration,
 Never suspended such an *Habeas Corpus*.

END OF PART I.

—◆—
 T H E

KNIGHT AND THE FRIAR.

PART THE SECOND.

READER! if you have Genius, you'll discover,
 Do what you will to keep it cool,
 It, now and then, in spite of you, boils over,
 Upon a fool.

Haven't you (lucky man if *not*) been vex'd,
 Worn, fretted, and perplex'd,
 By a pert, busy, would-be-clever knave,
 A forward empty, self-sufficient slave?

And haven't you, all christian patience gone,
 At last, put down the puppy, with your wit;—
 On whom it seem'd tho' you had Mines of it,
 Extravagance to spend a jest upon?—

And haven't you, (I'm sure you have, my friend!)
 And when you have laid the puppy low,—
 All little pique, and malice, at an end,
 Been sorry for the blow?—
 And said, (if witty, so would say your Bard)
 "Damn it! I hit that meddling fool too hard?"

Thus did the brave Sir Thomas say;—
 Whose Genius didn't much disturb his pate:
 It rather, in his bones, and muscles, lay,—
 Like many other men's of good estate:

Thus did Sir Thomas say;—and well he might.
 When pity to resentment did succeed;
 For, certainly, (tho' not with *wit*) the Knight

Had hit the Friar very hard, indeed!
 And heads, nineteen in twenty, 'tis confest,
 Can feel a crab-stick sooner than a jest.

There was in the Knight's family, a man
 Cast in the roughest mould Dame Nature boasts;
 With shoulders wider than a dripping-pan,
 And legs as thick, about the calves, as posts.

All the domesticks, viewing, in this hulk,
 So large a specimen of Nature's whims,
 With kitchen wit, allusive to his bulk,
 Had christen'd him the Duke of Limbs.

Thro'out the Castle, every whipper-snapper
 Was canvassing the merits of this strapper:
 Most of the Men voted his size alarming;
 But all the Maids, *nem. con.*, declar'd it charming!

This wight possess'd a quality most rare;—
 I tremble when I mention it, I swear!
 Lest pretty Ladies question my varacity:
 'Twas—when he had a secret in his care,
 To keep it, with the greatest pertinacity.

Pour but a secret in him, and 'twould glue him
Like rosin, on a well-cork'd bottle's snout;
Had twenty devils come with cork-screws to him,
They never could have screw'd the secret out.

Now, when Sir Thomas, in the dark, alone,
Had kill'd a Friar, weighing twenty stone,
Whose carcase must be hid, before the dawn,
Judging he might as hopelessly desire
To move a Convent as the Friar,

He thought on this man's secresy, and brawn;—
And, like a swallow, o'er the lawn he skims,
Up to the Cock-loft of the Duke of Limbs:

Where Somnus, son of Nox, the humble copy
Of his own daughter Mors* had made assault
On the Duke's eye-lids,—not with juice of poppy,
But potent draughts, distill'd from hops and malt.

* There is a terrible jumble in Somnus's family. He was the son of Nox, by Erebus;—and Erebus, according to different accounts, was not only Nox's husband, but her brother,—and even her son, by Chaos;—and Mors was daughter of Somnus, by that devil of a Goddess Nox, the mother of his father and himself! —The heathen Deities held our canonical notions in utter contempt; and must have laughed at the idea (which, surely, nobody does now) of forbidding a man to marry his Grandmother.

Certainly, nothing operates much quicker
 Against two persons' secret dialogues,
 Than one of them being asleep, in liquor,
 Snoring like twenty thousand hogs.

Yet circumstance did, pressingly, require
 The Knight to tell his tale;
 And to instruct his Man, knock'd down with ale,
 That he (Sir Thomas) had knock'd down a Friar.

How wake a man, in such a case?
 Sir, the best method—I have tried a score—
 Is, when his nose is playing thoro' bass,
 To pull it, till you make him roar.

A Sleeper's nose is made on the same plan
 As the small wire 'twixt a Doll's wooden thighs;
 For pull the nose, or wire, the Doll, or Man,
 Will open, in a minute, both their eyes.

This mode Sir Thomas took,—and, in a trice,
 Grasp'd, with his thumb and finger, like a vice,

That feature, which the human face embosses,
And pull'd the Duke of Limbs, by the proboscis;

The Man awoke, and goggled on his masters;—
He saw his Master goggling upon him;—
Fresh from concluding on a Friar's nob,
What Coroners would call an awkward job,
He glar'd, all horror-struck and grim,—
Paler than Paris-plaister!

His hair stuck up, like bristles on a pig;—
So Garrick look'd, when he perform'd *Macbeth*;
Who, ere he enter'd, after Duncan's death,
Rumpled his wig.

The Knight cried, "Follow me!"——with strange
grimaces;
The Man arose,—
And began "sacrificing to the Graces."*
By putting on his clothes;

* *Vide* Lord Chesterfield's Letters.—This noble Author, by the bye, has set his dignified face against risibility. It would be well for us poor devils, who call ourselves Comic Writers, if our efforts were always as successful in raising a *Laugh*, as his Lordship's censure upon it.

But he reversed, in making himself smart,
 A Scotchman's toilet, altogether:
 And merely clapp'd a cover on that part
 The Highlanders expose to wind and weather.

They reached the bower where the Friar lay;
 When, to his Man,
 The Knight began,
 In doleful accents, thus to say:

"Here a fat Friar lyes, kill'd with a mawling,
 "For coming, in the dark, a-catterwauling;
 "Whom I (O cursed spite!) did lay so!"
 Thus, solemnly, Sir Thomas spake, and sighed;—
 To whom the Duke of Limbs replied—
 "Odrabbit it! Sir Thomas! you don't say so!"

Then, taking the huge Friar *per* the hocks,
 He whirl'd the ton of blubber three times round,
 And swung it on his shoulders, from the ground,
 With strength that yields, in any age, to no man's,—
 Tho' Milo's ghost should rise, bearing the Ox
 He carried at the games of the old Romans.

Nay, I opine—let Fame say what it can—
 Of ancient vigour, (Fame is, oft, a Liar)
 That Milo was a pigmy to this Man,
 And his fat Ox quite skinny to the Friar.

Besides,—I hold it in much doubt
 If Roman graziers (should the truth come out)
 Were, like the English, known in the matter;—
 —I wouldn't breed my beast *more Romano*;—
 For, I suspect, in fatt'ning they were dull,
 And when they made an ox out of a bull,
 They fed him ill,—and, then, he got no fatter
 Than a fat opera *Soprano*.*

Over the moat, (the draw-bridge being down)
 Gallantly stalk'd the brawny Duke of Limbs,
 Bearing *Johannes*, of the shaven crown,
 Fam'd, when alive, for spoiling maids, and hymns;
 For mangling *Pater-Nosters*, and goose-pies,
 And telling sundry beads,—and sundry lies.

* I am aware that much has been said, of old, relative to the "*cura boum*," and the "*optima torvæ forma bovis*;"—but, for a show of cattle. I would back Smithfield, or most of our English market Towns, against any *forum boarium* of the Romans.

Across a marsh he strode, with steadier gait
 Than Satan trod the Syrtis, at his fall,
 And perch'd himself, with his monastick weight,
 Upon the Convent-garden's wall;—

Whence, on the grounds within it, as he gazed,
 To find a spot where he might leave his load,
 He 'spied a *House* so *little*, it seem'd raised
 More for Man's visits, than his fix'd abode;—
 And Cynthia aided him to gaze his fill,
 For, now, she sought Endymion, on the hill.

Arise, Tarquinius!* show thy lofty face!
 While I describe, with dignity, the place.
 Snug in an English garden's shadiest spot,
 A structure stands, and welcomes many a breeze;
 Lonely, and simple as a Ploughman's cot,
 Where Monarchs may unbend, who wish for ease.

There sit Philosophers; and sitting read;
 And to some end apply the dullest pages;

* *Tarquinius Superbus*, the last King of Rome;—he was a haughty Monarch,
 and built the *Cleaca maxima*.

And pity the Barbarians, north of Tweed,
 Who scout these fabricks of the southern Sages.

Sure, for an Edifice in estimation,
 Never was any less presuming seen!
 It shrinks. so modestly, from observation!
 And hides behind all sorts of evergreen;—
 Like a coy Maid, design'd for filthy Man,
 Peeping, at his approach, behind her fan.

Into this place, unnoticed by beholders,
 The Duke of Limbs, most circumspectly, stole,
 And shot the Friar off his shoulders,
 Just like a sack of round Newcastle coal:

Not taking any pains,
 Nor caring, in the least,
 How he deposited the Friar's remains,
 No more than if a Friar were a beast.

No funeral, of which you ever heard,
 Was mark'd with ceremonies half so slight;
 For John was left, not like the dead interr'd,
 But like the living, sitting bolt upright!

Has no shrowed Reader, of one sex or t'other,
 Recurring to the facts already stated,
 Thought on a certain Roger?—that same brother
 Who hated John, and whom John hated!

'Tis, now, a necessary thing to say
 That, at this juncture, Roger wasn't well:
 Poor Man! he had been rubbing, all the day,
 His stomach with coarse towels;
 And clapping trenchers, hot as hell,
 Upon his bowels;
 Where spasms were kicking up a furious frolick,
 Afflicting him with mulligrubs and cholick.

He also had imbibed, to sooth his pains,
 Of *pulvis rhei* very many grains;
 And to the garden's deepest shade was bent,
 To give, quite privily, his sorrows vent:

When *there*,—alive and merry to appearance—
 He 'spied his ancient foe, by the moon's light!—
 Who sat erect, with so much perseverance,
 It look'd as if he kept his post in spite.

~

A case it is of piteous distress

**If, carrying a secret grief about,
We wish to bury it in a recess,
And find another there, who keeps us out.**

**Expecting, soon, his enemy to go,
Roger, at first, walk'd to and fro,
With tolerably tranquil pases;
But finding John determined to remain,
Roger, each time he passed, thro' spite or pain,
Made, at his adversary, hideous faces.**

**How misery will lower human pride!
And make us buckle!—
Roger, who, all his life, had John defied,
Was now obliged to speak him fair,—and truckle.**

**“Behold me,” Roger cried, “behold me, John!
“Intreating as a *favour* you’ll be gone;
“Me! your sworn foe, tho’ fellow-lodger;
“Me!—who, in agony, tho’ suing now to you,
“Would, once, have seen you damn’d ere make a bow
“to you,
“Me—Roger!”***

* This is a palpable plagiarism. *Rolla* thus addresses *Pizarro*: “Behold me, at thy feet—Me—*Rolla*!—Me, that never yet have bent or bow’d—in humble

To this address, so fraught with the pathetick,
 John remain'd dumb, as a Pythagorean;
 Seeming to hint, "Roger, you're a plebeian
 "Peripatetick."

When such choice oratory has not hit,
 When it is, e'en, unanswer'd by a grunt,
 Twould justify tame Job to curse a bit,
 And set an Angler swearing, in his punt.

Cholerick Roger could not brook it;—
 So seeing a huge brick-bat, up he took it;
 And aiming, like a marksman at a crow,
 Plump on the breast he hit his deadly foe;
 Who fell, like Pedants' periods, to the ground,—
 Very inanimate, and very round.

Here is another Picture, reader mine!—
 I gave you one in the first Canto;*—
 This is more solemn, mystical, and fine,—
 Like something in the Castle of Otranto.

agony I sue to you."—The theft is more glaring, as the Apostrophe, both here, and in the original, occurs in the midst of a strong incident, and is addressed to an Enemy by a proud spirit, in very moving circumstances,

* *Vide* Part 1st, page 38, lines 17—20.

~~Bring, bring~~ me, now, a Painter, for the work,

Who on the subject will, with furor, rush!

Some Artist who can sup upon raw pork,

To make him dream of horrors, for his brush!

Come, Limners, come! who choke your house's ~~entry~~

With dear, unmeaning lumber, from your easels;

Dull heads of the Nobility and Gentry;

Full length of fubsey Belles, or Beaux like ~~weasels~~!

Come, Limners, hither come! and draw

A finer incident than e'er ye saw!

Here is a John, by moon-light, (a fat monk)

Lying stone *dead*; and, here, a Roger, *quick*!

- And over John stands Roger, in a funk,

Supposing he has kill'd him with a brick!

There, Painters! there!

Now, by Apelles's gamboge, I swear!

Such a dead subject never comes,

Among those *lifeless living* ye display;

Then, thro' your palettes thrust your graphick thumbs,—
And work away!

Seeing John dead as a door nail,
Roger began to wring his hands, and wail;
Calling himself, Beast, Butcher, cruel Turk!
Thrice "*Benedicite!*" he mutter'd;
Thrice, in the eloquence of grief he utter'd;
"I've done a pretty job of journey-work!"

Some people will show symptoms of repentance
When Conscience, like a chastening Angel,
smites 'em;
Some from mere dread of the Law's sentence,
When Newgate, like the very Devil, frights 'em:—
That Virtue's struggles, in the heart, denotes,
This Vice's hints, to men's left ears, and throats.

Now Roger's conscience, it appears,
Was not, by half, so lively as his fears.

His breast, soon after he was born,
Grew like an Hostler's lanthorn, at an Inn;—
All the circumference was dirty horn,
And feebly blink'd the ray of warmth within.

In short, for one of his religious function,
 His Conscience was both cowardly and callous;
 No melting Cherub whisper'd to't "Compunction!"
 But grim Jack Ketch disturb'd it, crying "Gallows!"

And all his sorrow, for this deed abhorr'd
 Was nothing but antipathy to *cord*.

A padlock'd door stood in the garden wall,
 Where John, by Roger's brick-bat, chanced to fall;
 And Roger had a key that could undo it;
 Thro' this same door, at any time of day,
 They brought, into the Convent, corn, and hay;—
 Sometimes, at dusk, a pretty girl come thro' it;
 Just to confess herself, to some grave codger;
 Perhaps, she came to John,—perhaps, to Roger.

Out of this portal Roger made a shift
 To lug his worst of foes;
 For, seizing (as the gout was wont) his toes,
 He dragg'd the load he couldn't lift.

Achilles, thus, drew round the Trojan plain,
 The ten year's Adversary he had slain.—

Yet,—for I scorn a Grecian to disparage,—
 Achilles in more style, and splendour, did it;
 He sported Murder strapp'd behind his carriage,—
 But *bourgeois* Roger sneak'd on foot, and hid it.

Roger, however, labour'd on,—
 Puffing and tugging;
 And hauling John,
 As fishermen, on shore, haul up a boat,
 Till, after a great deal of lugging,
 He lugg'd him to the edge of the Knight's moat;
 And stuck him up so straight upon his rear,
 Touching, almost, the water, with his heels,
 That the defunct might pass, not seen too near,
 For some fat gentleman who bobb'd for eels.

Swiftly did Roger then retrace his ground,
 Lighter than he came out, by many a pound.

So have I seen, on Marlborough downs, a hack,
 Eased of a great man's chaise, and coming back,
 From Bladud's springs, upon the western road;
 No bloated Noble's luggage at his rump,
 Whose doom 's, that dread of pick-pockets, the pump;
 He canters home, from Bath, without his load.

Sir Thomas being scrupulous, and queasy,
 Couldn't, in all this interval, be easy.

He went to bed;—and, there, began to burn;
 Nine times he turn'd, in wondrous perturbation.—
 He woke her Ladyship, at every turn,—
 And gave her, full nine times, complete vexation.

To seek the Duke of Limbs, at length, he rose,
 And prowld with him, lamenting Fortune's stripes:
 Now in the rookery among the Crows,
 Now squashing in the marsh, among the snipes:

Wishing strange wishes;—among many,
 He wish'd,—ere he had clapp'd his eyes on any,
 All Priests, and Crabsticks, thrown into the fire:—
 Or, seeing Providence ordain'd it so,
 That Priest, and Crabstick, (to his grief) must grow,
 He wish'd stout Crabstick could'nt kill fat Friar.

Men's wishes will be partial, now and then;—
 As, in this case, 'tis plainly seen:
 Wherein, Sir Thomas, full of spleen,
 "Wish'd to burn all the Crabs, and Clergymen."

Think ye that *he*,—at wishing tho' a dab,—
 To wish such harm to any *Knight* would urge ye!
 Yet he, a Knight, had taken up a Crab,
 And thump'd to death, with it, one of the Clergy.

As he went wishing on,
 With the great Duke of Limbs behind him,—
 Horror on horror!—he saw John
 Where least of all he ever thought to find him!

Stuck up, on end, in placid grace,
 Like a stuff'd Kangaroo,—tho' vastly fatter,—
 With the full moon upon his chubby face,
 Like a brass pot-lid shining on a platter.

"Sdeath!" quoth the Knight, of half his powers bereft,
 "Didst thou not tell me *where* this Friar was left?
 "Men rise again, to *push us from ours stools!*"*
 To which the Duke replied, with steady phiz,—
 "Them as took pains to push that Friar from *his*,
 "At such a time o'night, was cursed fools."

* Shakespeare certainly borrowed this expression from Sir Thomas.—See *Macbeth*.

“Ah!” sigh’d Sir Thomas, “while I wander here,

“By fortune stamp’d a Homicide, alas!”

(And, as he spoke, a penitential tear

Mingled with Heaven’s dew-drops, on the grass;—

“Will no one from my eyes yon Spectre pull?”

“Sir Thomas,” said the Duke of Limbs, “I wool.”

He would have thrown the garbage in the moat,

But the Knight told him fat was prone to float.

The Lout, at length, having bethought him,

Heav’d up the Friar on his back once more;

And (Castles having armories of yore)

Into the Knight’s old Armory he brought him.

Among the gorgeous, shining Coats of Mail,

That grac’d the walls, on high, in gallant show,—

As pewter pots, in houses fam’d for ale,

Glitter, above the Bar-maid, in a row,—

A curious, antique suit was hoarded,

Cover’d with dust;

Which had, for many years, afforded

An iron dinner to that ostrich, Rust,

Though this was all too little,—in a minute,
 The Duke of Limbs ram'd the fat Friar in it;—
 So a good Housewife takes a narrow skin,
 To make black puddings, and stuffs hog's meat in.

The Knight, who saw this ceremony pass,
 Inquir'd the meaning; when the Duke did say,—
 "I'll tie him on ould Dumpling, that's at grass,
 "And turn him out, a top of the highway."

This Steed,—who now, it seems, was grazing—
 In the French wars had often borne the Knight;—
 His symmetry beyond the power of praising,
 And prouder than Bucephalus, in fight!

Once, how he paw'd the ground, and snuff'd the gale!
 Uncropp'd his ears, undock'd his flowing tail;
 No blemish was within him, nor without him;
 Perfect he was in every part;—
 No barbarous Farrier, with infernal art,
 Had mutilated the least bit about him.

Of high Arabian pedigree,
 Father of many four-foot babes was he;

And sweet hoof'd Beauties still would he be rumpling;
 But counting five and twenty from his birth,
 At grass for life, unwieldy in the girth,
 He had obtain'd, alas! the name of Dumpling.

Now, at the postern stood the gay old Charger;
 Saddled, and housed,—in full caparison!
 Now on his back,—no rider larger,—
 Upright, and stiff, and tied with cords, sat John:
 Arm'd cap-à-piè completely, like a knight
 Going to fight.

A Lance was in the rest, of stately beech,
 Nothing was wanting but a Page, or 'Squire;—
 The Duke, with thistles, switch'd old Dumpling's breech;
 And off he clatter'd, with the martial Friar. —

Now, in the Convent let us take a peep,—
 Where Roger, like Sir Thomas, could'nt sleep:

Instead of singing requiems, and psalms,
 For fat John's soul, he had been seiz'd with qualms,
 Thinking it would be rash to tarry there;—

And having, prudently, resolv'd on flight,
 Knock'd up a neighb'ring miller, in the night,
 And borrow'd his grey Mare.

Thus, trotting off,—beneath a row of trees
 He saw “a sight that made his marrow freeze!”
 A furious Warrior follow'd him, in mail,
 Upon a Charger, close at his Mare's tail!

He cross'd himself!—and, canting, cried,
 Oh; sadly have I sinned!
 Then stuck his heels in his Mare's side;
 And, then old Dumpling whinny'd!

Roger whipp'd, and Roger spurr'd
 Distilling drops of fear!
 But while he spurr'd, still, still he heard
 The wanton Dumpling at his rear.

'Twas dawn!—he look'd behind him, in the chase;
 When, lo! the features of fat John,—
 His beaver up, and pressing on,
 Glar'd, ghastly, in the wretched Roger's face!

The Miller's mare, who oft had gone the way,
Scamper'd with Roger into Norwich town;
And, there, to all the market-folks' dismay,
Old Dumpling beat the mare, with Roger, down.

Brief let me be;—the Story soon took air;—
For Townsmen are inquisitive, of course,
When a live Monk rides in upon a Mare,
Chas'd by a dead one, arm'd upon a Horse.

Sir Thomas up to London sped, full fast,
To beg his life, and lands, of Royal Harry;
And, for his services, in Gallia, past,
His suit did not miscarry:—
For, in those days,—thank Heaven they are mended!—
Kings hang'd poor Rogues, while rich ones were
befriended.

YE CRITICKS, and ye HYPER-CRITICKS!—who
Have deign'd (in reading this my story thro')
A patient, or impatient, ear to lend me,—
If, as I humbly amble, ye complain
I give my Pegasus too loose a rein,
'Tis time to call *my Betters*, to defend me.

Come, **SWIFT!** who made so merry with the **Nine**;
 With thy far bolder Muse, Oh shelter mine!
 When she is styled a slattern, and a trollop;—
 Force stubborn Gravity to doff his gloom;
 Point to thy *Cælia*, and thy Dressing-Room,
 Thy Nymph at bed-time, and thy famed Maw-Wallop!

Come **STERNE!**—whose prose, with all a Poet's art,
 Tickles the fancy, while it melts the heart!—
 Since at apologies I ne'er was handy,—
 Come, while fastidious Readers run me hard,
 And screen, sly playful wag! a hapless Bard,
 Behind one volume of thy *Tristram Shandy*!

Ye Two, alone!—tho' I could bring a score
 Of brilliant names, and high examples, more—
 Plead for me, when 'tis said I misbehave me!
 And, ye *sour Censors!* in your crabbed fits,
 Who will not let them rescue me as *Wits*,
 Prithee, as *Parsons*, suffer'em to save me!

THE

ELDER BROTHER.

CENTRICK, in London noise, and London follies,

Proud Covent Garden blooms, in smoky glory;

For chairmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,

Cabbages, and comedians, fam'd in story!

On this gay spot, (upon a sober plan)

Dwelt a right regular, and staid, young man;—

Much did he early hours and quiet love;

And was entitled Mr. Isasc Shove.

An Orphan he;—yet rich in expectations,

(Which nobody seem'd likely to supplant)

From, that prodigious *bore* of all relations,

A fusty, canting, stiff-rump'd Maiden Aunt:

The wealthy Miss Lucretia Cloghorthy,—

Who had brought Isaac up, and *own'd* to forty.

Shove on this maiden's Will relied securely;

Who vow'd she ne'er would wed, to mar his riches;

Full often would she say of men demurely,—

“I can't abide the filthy things in breeches!”

He had Apartments up two pair of stairs;
 On the first floor lodged Doctor Crow;—
 The Landlord was a torturer of hairs,
 And made a grand display of wigs, below;
 From the beau's Brutus, to the parson's grizzle:—
 Over the door-way was his name;—'twas Twizzle.

Now, you must know,
 This Doctor Crow
 Was not of Law, nor Musick, nor Divinity;—
 He was *obstetrick*;—but, the fact is,
 He didn't in Lucina's *turnpike* practise;
 He took *bye-roads*—reducing Ladies' shapes,
 Who had secur'd themselves from leading apes,
 But kept the reputation of virginity.

Crow had a roomy tenement of brick,
 Enclos'd with walls, one mile from Hyde Park corner;
 Fir trees, and yews, were planted round it, thick;—
 No situation was *forlorn*!*
 Yet, notwithstanding folks might scout it,
 It suited qualmish Spinsters, who fell sick,
 And didn't wish the world to know about it.

* This seems to be a new *comparative*; for which the Author takes to himself due credit;—Novelty being scarce in poetical compositions.

Here many a single gentlewoman came,
Pro tempore,—full tender of her fame!
 Who, for a while, took leave of friends in town—
 “Business, forsooth! to Yorkshire call’d her down,
 “Too weighty to be settled by Attorney!”—
 And in a month’s, or six weeks’ time, came back!
 When every body cried, “Good lack!
 “How monstrous *thin* you’ve grown, upon your
 “journey.”

The Doctor, knowing that a puff of Scandall
 Would blow his private trade to tatters,
 Dreaded to give the smallest handle
 To those who dabble in their neighbours’ matters;
 Therefore, he wisely held it good
 To hide his practice from the neighbourhood—
 And not appear, there, as a resident;
 But merely one who, casually, went
 To see the lodgers in the large brick house;—
 To lounge, and chat, not minding time a souse;—
 Like one to whom all business was quite foreign;—
 And, thus, he visited his female sick,
 Who lay as thick,
 Within his tenement of brick,
 As rabbits in a warren.

He lodged in Covent Garden all the while,
 And, if they sent, in haste, for his assistance,
 He soon was with'em—'twas no mighty distance—
 From the town's end it was but a bare mile.

Now Isaac Shove
 Living above
 This Doctor Crow,
 And knowing Barber Twizzle lived below,
 Thought it might be as well,
 Hearing so many knocks single and double,
 To buy, at his own cost, a street-door bell,
 And save confusion, in the house, and trouble;

Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,
 Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle,
 To ring for him at once;—and not to knock for Crow,—
 Nor Twizzle.

Besides, he now began to feel
 The want of it was rather *ungenteel*;
 For he had, often, thought it a disgrace
 To hear, while sitting in his room, above,
 Twizzle's shrill maid, on the first landing-place,
 Screaming, "a man below vants Mister Shove!"
 The bell was bought; the wire was made to steal
 Round the dark stair-case, like a tortur'd eel,—

Twisting, and twining;
 The jemmy handle Twizzle's door-post graced,
 And, just beneath, a brazen plate was placed,
 Lacquer'd and shining;—

Graven whereon, in characters full clear,
 And legible, did "Mr. Shove" appear;
 And furthermore, which you might read right well,
 Was—"Please to ring the bell."

At half past ten, precisely to a second,—
 Shove, every night, his supper ended;
 And sipp'd his glass of negus, till he reckon'd,
 By his stop-watch, exactly, one more quarter;
 Then, as exactly, he untied one garter;—
 A token 'twas that he for bed intended:
 Yet having, still, a quarter good before him,—
 He leisurely undress'd before the fire,—
 Contriving, as the quarter did expire,
 To be as naked as his mother bore him;

Bating his shirt, and night-cap on his head;—
 Then, as the watchman bawl'd eleven,

He had one foot in bed,
More certainly than cuckolds go to Heaven.

Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity!

But there are swilling Wights, in London town,
Term'd—Jolly dogs,—Choice Spirits,—*alias*, Swine,
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who Life's pleasures, thus out-run,
Dosing, with head-aches, till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of Sun,
By borrowing, too largely, of the Moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tossplot hight,—
Was coming from the Bedford, late at night:

And being *Bacchi plenus*,—full of wine,—
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct,—'twas serpentine,

He work'd, with sinuosities, along,
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew worming thro' a Cork;
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong,
 A Fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
 He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate;
 When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
 And being civil, beyond measure,
 "Ring it!"—says Toby—"very well;
 "I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
 Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.
 He waited full two minutes; no one came;
 He waited full two minutes more;—and then,—
 Says Toby, "if he's deaf, I'm not to blame;
 "I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal 'woke Isaac, in a fright,
 Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
 Sat on his head's *Antipodes*, in bed,—
 Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length he, wisely, to himself did say,—

Calming his fears,—

“Tush!—’tis some fool has rung, and run away;”—

When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jump’d into the middle of the floor;

And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr’d

He groped down stairs, and open’d the street door,

While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac ey’d Toby, fearfully askant,—

And saw he was a strapper,—stout and tall;

Then, put this question;—“Pray, Sir, what d’ye want?”

Says Toby,—“I want nothing, Sir, at all.”

“Want nothing!—Sir, you’ve pull’d my bell, I vow,

“As if you’d jerk it off the wire!”

Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—

“I Pull’d it, Sir, at your desire.”

“At mine!”—“Yes yours—I hope I’ve done it well;

“High time for bed, Sir; I was hast’ning to it;

“But if you write up *Please to ring the bell*,

“Common politeness makes me stop, and do it.”

Isaac, now, waxing wroth apace,
 Slamm'd the street door in Toby's face,
 With all his might;
 And Toby as he shut it, swore
 He was a dirty son of something more
 Than delicacy suffers me to write: *

And, lifting up the knocker, gave a knock,
 So long, and loud, it might have rais'd the dead;
 Twizzle declares his house sustain'd a shock,
 Enough to shake his lodgers out of bed.

Toby, his rage thus vented in the rap,
 Went serpentining home, to take his nap.

'Tis, now, high time to let you know
 That the obstetrick Doctor Crow
 Awoke in the beginning of this matter,
 By Toby's *tintinnabulary* clatter:

And, knowing that the bell belong'd to Shove,
 He listen'd in his bed, but did not move,
 He only did apostrophize—
 Sending to hell

Shove, and his bell,
That wouldn't let him close his eyes.

But when he heard a thundering *knock*,—says he,
“That's certainly, a messenger for *me*;—
“Somebody ill, in the Brick House, no doubt;”—
Then mutter'd, hurrying on his dressing-gown,
“I wish my Ladies, out of town,
“Chose more convenient times for crying out!”

Crow, in the dark, now, reach'd the stare-case head;
Shove, in the dark, was coming up to bed.

A combination of ideas flocking,
Upon the pericranium of Crow,—
Occasioned by the hasty knocking,
Succeeded by a foot he heard below!—

He did, as many folks are apt to do,
Who argue in the dark, and in confusion;—
That is, from the Hypothesis, he drew
A false conclusion;

Concluding Shove to be the person sent,

With an express, from the brick tenement;
 Whom Barber Twizzle, torturer of hairs,
 Had, civilly, let in, and sent up stairs.

As Shove came up, tho' he had, long time, kept
 His character, for patience, very laudably,
 He couldn't help, at every step he stepp'd,
 Grunting, and grumbling in his gizzard, audibly.

For Isaac's mental feelings, you must know,
 Not only were considerably hurt,
 But his corporeal, also—
 Having no other clothing than a shirt;—
 A dress, beyond all doubt, most light and airy,
 It being, then, a frost in January.

When Shove was deep down stairs, the Doctor heard,
 (Being much nearer the stair top)
 Just here and there, a random word,
 Of the Soliloquies that Shove let drop;—
 But, shortly, by progression, brought
 To contact nearer,
 The Doctor, consequently heard him clearer,—
 And then the fag-end of this sentence caught;

Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he shiver'd:—

“Damn Twizzle’s house! and damn the Bell!

“And damn the fool who rang it!—Well

“From all such plagues I’ll quickly be deliver’d.”

“What?—quickly be deliver’d!” echoes Crow;—

“Who is it?—Come, be sharp—reply, reply;

“Who wants to be deliver’d? let me know.”

Recovering his surprise, Shove answer’d, “I;”

“*You be deliver’d!*” says the Doctor,—“‘Sblood!”

Hearing a man’s gruff voice—“You lout! you lob!”

“You be deliver’d!—Come, that’s very good!”

Says Shove, “I will, so help me Bob!”

“Fellow,” cried Crow, “you’re drunk with filthy beer!

“A drunkard, fellow, is a brute’s next neighbour;—

“But Miss Cloghorthy’s time was very near,

“And, I suppose, Lucretia’s now in labour.”

“Zounds!” bellows Shove with rage and wonder wild,

“Why then, my *maiden* Aunt is *big with child!*”

Here was, at once, a sad discovery made!

Lucretia's frolick, now, was past a joke;—
Shove trembled for his Fortune, Crow, his Trade,
Both, both saw ruin,—by one fatal stroke!

But, with his Aunt, when Isaac did discuss,
She hush'd the matter up, by speaking thus;

"Sweet Isaac!" said Lucretia, "spare my fame!—
"Tho', for my babe, I feel as should a mother,
"Your Fortune will continue much the same;
"For,—keep the Secret,—you're his *Elder Brother.*"





[Original Title page.]

POETICAL VAGARIES;

CONTAINING

AN ODE TO **WE**, A HACKNEY'D CRITICK;
OW AMBITION, OR THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. DAW;
A RECKONING WITH TIME;
THE LADY OF THE WRECK, OR CASTLE BLARNEYGIG;
TWO PARSONS, OR THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

AND

VAGARIES VINDICATED;

A POEM,

ADDRESS'D TO THE REVIEWERS;

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

THE SECOND EDITION

OF EACH OF THE ABOVE PUBLICATIONS; WHICH ARE, NOW,
FIRST PRINTED TOGETHER.

'Cohærent inter se.' CICERO.

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Black Horse Court, London.***

TO ORTHOGRAPHERS.

WHEN these Poems were first publish'd, I venture'd to annex to certain words a punctuation contrary to the Fashion of the Press. It relates to the use of the Apostrophy, in Preterits, Participles, and Adjectives; such as *move'd*, instead of *mov'd*, *dance'd*, for *danc'd*, *use'd*, for *us'd*, &c. &c.*

Some Criticks, it seems, have reprobated this attempt; but I have not heard that they have condescended to take the trouble of refuting it; and as it is not, therefore, abandon'd, in the present edition, this opportunity may serve to explain the notions on which it is founded.

Let me premise, however, that, though I respect good spelling, I disclaim pedantry;—that, if I have done wrong, my error proceeds from a desire to preserve what appears to me a requisite limb of Orthography; not from a rage for tricking out it's body with coxcombical appendages;—and, that by the following desultory observations, I only aim at inducing my Superiors to settle my Doubt; not at writing a treatise, dogmatically to contend for a System.

* If it be worth while to refer, it will be found that this punctuation is more uniformly observ'd in the last Poem than the first.

The learned Bishop Lowth, in common with his brother grammarians, informs us, that, 'In English both the Past Time Active, and the Participle Perfect, or Passive, are form'd by adding to the word, *ed*; or *d* only where the word ends in *e*;'—and, that, 'The nature of our language, the *accent* and PRONUNCIATION of it, inclines us to contract all our regular verbs: thus *loved*, *turned*, are commonly PRONOUNCED in one syllable, *lov'd*, *turn'd*.'

It would be absurd to argue against this general *pronunciation*:—but the contraction is an irregularity, and a *license*; it is necessary, therefore, that Authors should distinguish when they mean the reader to use it; and this they do, more or less, as it is every day seen, in modern books, by an Apostrophe.—Now, whether the direction for this admitted mode of speech may have been, by Lowth and others, *properly exhibited to the sight*, is the subject of my present inquiry.

If they have misled their pupils, it were better to have left the spelling undisturb'd, and to have omitted the Apostrophe, altogether: for, in this case, total darkness is preferable to false lights; and to assist utterance by the elision of one letter, thereby leaving others, which, when combine'd, make us, according to analogy, utter wrong, is something like drawing a man's soundest grinders to help his mastication.

It appears from the foregoing extract from the learned Bishop, that the simple addition of *d* to a word ending in *e*, originally produce'd another syllable in utterance; and so it does, to this day, in some instances. In the Church, it heightens the solemnity of prayer; in

the Senate, it often dignifies the grace of rhetorick. Verse, too, employs or rejects it's power, as it is convenient or incommodious to rhythm:—and this augmenting faculty of *d* is so imperious upon us in spelling-books, that we are oblig'd to separate the parent syllable, whence the Preterit is form'd, into two awkward parts, for the immediate service of the Tyro:—as to *rule*, *ru-led*; to *dislike*, *dis-li-ked*.

Yet it is particularly to be observe'd, that, in this division, for the sole purpose of teaching proper utterance, *not one letter of the ORIGINAL syllable, with d attach'd to it, is omitted*; but syllabication is thrust out of it's natural order, before *d* can exercise it's multiplying force:—and when such a division is made as does *not* convey proper utterance, as *ru-ed*, *dis-li-ked*, it doubles the perplexity of the child, (who must be puzzle'd even by the best method, as I shall presently shew,) and disgusts those who know the principles of certain combine'd letters producing certain sounds.

The first mode which I have mention'd of dividing syllables, best instructs a boy in mere Pronunciation; the second bewilders him much more than the former, in it's principles; both confuse him; while both shock the philologer.

Tell the boy to spell *ruled*, in the first manner. He begins—*r, u, ru; l, e, d, led; ru-led*. Very well, child!—but, after all, here is an unfortunate original monosyllable strangely rent in twain, which must confuse the boy in the word *rule*, if he thinks about it at all, and does not learn language like a parrot.—Then try the other way.—*R, u, l, rule; e, d, ed; ru-ed*. Good boy!—but this will not do; for the letters *r, u, l*, do *not* spell *rule*. Once more, as our last hope.—*R, u, l, e, rule*;

Bravo! now for the *d*;—what does *d* by itself spell?—Nothing!—What is the boy to make of all this?—I make the following deducements,

Since, in Schemes to elucidate actual pronunciation, that arrangement is best which divides syllables so that they may impart, as nearly as possible their true sound in the word they help to compose;*—since all such schemes, however they may be, more or less, syllabically vicious, exhibit the right spelling of a word altogether;—it follows, that, the efficacy of a contracting mark (inserted for the purpose of directing us how to speak) may be question'd, whenever we find, from grammatical rules, it not only corrupts the sound of the vowel which precedes it, but violates orthography.

I shall be told that the Apostrophe, as now use'd in Preterits, does neither the one nor the other; that it *implies* the letter in the spelling, which it elides in the utterance; and that, thus, every thing is right, as to spelling, and the sound of the preceding vowel.

Now I beg leave to submit, that, it cuts off the final *e* in the *original word*, instead of the *implied force* of *e* in *d*;—it cripples the parent syllable, under pretence of curtailing the understood power in the adjunct; and strikes at the root of the tree, by way of lopping it's branches.—*D*, when it forms a preterit, by following a *consonant*, always becomes *ed*; as in *turned*, *mended*; and it is, to all intents, *ed* in itself, when attach'd, for the same purpose, to a vowel.

The fact seems to be, that, in downright strictness,

* In support of this opinion, see Lowth's *Introduction to English Grammar*; and Walker's *Pronouncing Dictionary*, under the prefatory article 'Syllabification.'

and according to all analogy bearing upon this *regular* preterit, (which a fashion in printing only has render'd double *irregular*, by contraction upon contraction,) *d* should be written *ed*; as *grace-ed*, *like-ed*:—in this point of view, we perceive the true place for elision, without difficulty; and the Apostrophe, then, points out the proper contraction of sound, without danger of injury to pronunciation, or orthography; as *grace'd*, *like'd*.

If, then, for the sake of avoiding the formality and trouble of printing two *e e* s with a hyphen, as *hateed*, we offer violence to a syllable, and absolutely tear it in two, (as in *ha-ted*,) to accommodate *d* with a borrow'd effect, because we are too indolent and fashionable to make him produce his own dormant attribute,—if we do this, is *d* also, when a contraction is expedient, to perpetrate a cruelty upon the unhappy syllable, because it is no longer wanted upon a supererogatory service?—This is making *d* commit the same barbarity which, among others, has been attributed to Buonaparte,—that of murdering certain soldiers, after they had fought his battles, because he had no further occasion for them: or, rather, as it happen'd in Russia, leaving others to be knock'd on the head, to escape being scratch'd himself.

'Where a vowel is terminated by a consonant, except that consonant be *r*, whether the accent be upon the syllable or not, the vowel has it's *short* sound, which, compare'd with it's long one, may be call'd *shut*.* Thus take away *e* from the verbs to *bane*, to *cure*, &c.

* Walker.

they become *ban* and *cur*, with the remaining vowels shorten'd, (even, here, in the excepted instance of *r*,) which were before long;—and if we still add another consonant, as *d* to form the preterit, it does not mend the matter;* but tends to confirm the short sound still more, if possible; for we know how such a combination of letters is pronounce'd in a *band* of musick, and the *curd* of a sillabub.

To apply the above Rule to the first words that present themselves, (as *laced*, *liked*, *baked*,) let it be display'd, after the present fashion of printing, that a man

lac'd a coat; lik'd his wife; and bak'd his pig:

then, as *c* is *hard* before a consonant, (like *k* every where, when not silent, or like itself and *k* together,) and as the vowels are short, according to orthoepey, we must necessarily pronounce that a man

lack'd a coat; lick'd his wife; and back'd his pig,—

that is, took a ride upon his pig, as he would upon his poney.—If I may judge by my own feelings, it is difficult for grammatical readers, on seeing certain letters in juxtaposition, to avoid thinking of the Principles of Speech, notwithstanding the intervention of the Apostrophe as now employ'd.

What is to be made, at first sight, of the preterits

ak'd, us'd, ic'd, &c.?

and even though habit has, in part, reconcile'd us to

ak'd, us'd, ic'd, &c.,

still there is something painful in looking at them: and

* There are some exceptions to this in the letter *i*;—as in *find*, *child*, &c.

they would absolutely excite disgust, if we had been
accustom'd to the more intelligible

ake'd, use'd, ice'd.

There is a multitude of words, and syllables, now
reduce'd to the same predicament: some that I am bold
to think ought to be exploded by all well-bred persons,
when pronounce'd analogically. To mention only one,
—the last syllable of *ventur'd*, thus depriv'd of it's *e*,
can never be utter'd alone, in any polish'd assembly.

Of *loved* and *turned*,—‘their second person,’ says
Lowth, ‘which was originally *lovedest*, *turnedest*, is be-
come a dissyllable, *lovedst*, *turnedst*.’—But if the *e* be
thrown out in *est*, (without entering, *pro* or *con*, into
the merits of this elision,) another *e* has been, already,
ejected in *lov'd* and *turn'd*: therefore, if both contrac-
tions be admitted, the words must be *lovdst*, *turndst*:
and under this arrangement would, also, come

danedst, fenedst, fiddldst, hobldst, stumbldst;

and a multiplicity of other frightful associations, whose
look ‘does sear mine eyeballs!’—It would almost star-
tle a Dutchman to contemplate such a formidable con-
gress of consonants!

The various instances, and their various branches,
which have induce'd me to employ the Apostrophe as
I have, in preterits form'd by *d* join'd to words ending
in a vowel, might swell to a volume:—but I propose'd

• It may be urge'd that my reasoning is done away, in many cases, by doub-
ling a letter; and that *hop'd*, for instance, cannot be pronounce'd as form'd from
to *hop*, because the preterit of this last word is spelt *hopp'd*:—But the necessity
of foisting *p* upon the adjunct *ed* only corroborates my principle, by contras-

only an outline of my thoughts; and have advance'd sufficient, on this head, to illustrate my general principles.—I have little subsequently to say; for few, if any, I trust, will be offended with my elision of *e* in *ed*, after a *consonant*, as *turn'd* for *turned*; because this method is frequently seen in modern publications, though not so often, I think, as it ought to be: and it is curious to observe how very often the Apostrophe is left out, in such words, when they are intended to be pronounce'd *short*, while it is so repeatedly inserted to maim orthography, and shorten vowels that should be *long*.—I can conceive no motive for this but an odd qualm of conscience; a wish to maintain a bungling kind of moral balance in print, by preserving redundant letters in one place, as a retribution for striking out those that seem indispensable in another.

Walker, indeed, very strongly implies that Preterits, when printed at full length, should always be contracted in reading, as a matter of course.* This doctrine I deny; but it seems to be his general rule; first,

ting it;—for, when neither *hopped* nor *hoped* are abridge'd, as the duplication of a consonant keeps the *o* short in the first word, so only one consonant follow'd by a vowel is necessary to preserve the *o* long in the last.—Take away the *e* in *hope'd*, and the *o* is as effectually shorten'd by the two succeeding consonants as by three, or half a dozen.

A word or two more, on another point.—I have said that when a preterit is form'd by joining *d* to a word ending in *e*, not one letter of the radical syllable is omitted in a spelling-book;—it may, then, be ask'd—how happens *e* to be left out when *ing* is annex'd to it, as in *hoping*, &c. &c.—No doubt, the word is more properly *hoping*; but 'the diphthong *ei*, when unaccented, drops the former vowel, and is pronounce'd like short *i*;'—the total omission of *e* may be, therefore, allowable.

¶ Very often they cannot be contracted; as in the very word itself, *contracted*,—and many others.

by his giving exceptions to it, in *blessed*, *learned*, *curs-ed*,—and in *aged* and *winged*, when these two last words are not compounded with another; and, secondly, by his saying, ‘The *Distressed Mother*, the title of a Tragedy, needs not to be written *Distrest*, (there I agree with him,) as we generally find it, because, though we write in the former manner, it must *necessarily be pronounced* in another.’—Now *Distressed* as plainly appears to say to us ‘utter me in three syllables,’ as *Distress’d* tells us to speak it in two.—*Distress’d*, and not *distrest*, sets the matter right.

But as Walker has quoted the title of a Tragedy, to support (though it does not) his opinion, let me bring forward *King Richard the Third* against him. In the first speech of Shakspeare’s Play of this name, we find the following lines;

‘Our *bruised* arms hung up for monuments.’—
 ‘And, now, instead of mounting *barbed* steeds.’—
 ‘I am *determined* to prove a villain.’

Now if the words printed in Italicks were contracted in the utterance, what would become of the metre?—But, it may be said, men’s ears will direct them in speaking poetry:—yet how few have a good ear for poetry, and how many, who are by no means illiterate, have no ear for poetry at all! In poetry it is, therefore, necessary to insert the Apostrophe, wherever a contraction is meant; and, then, whenever it is omitted, it will be understood that the word is to be spoken at full length.—In the Drama particularly, in Novels, in short, wherever Dialogue is carried on, by persons speaking in character, these distinctions of sound should

always be designated:—to a Quaker in a printed Play the ascertainment of his formal *ed* is of consequence;—and, in *all* books, it helps to obviate some of those errors in pronunciation to which, it is fear'd, the *majority* of readers is liable.

I conclude, then, by saying, that, until the Learned remove my scruples, I shall continue to write *dance'd* for *danc'd*, *walk'd*, for *walked*, &c., &c.; and that, when I omit the Apostrophe, I intend no contraction of speech whatever.

G. C.

5th April, 1814.

AN ODE TO
WE;

A HACKNEY'D CRITICK.

"NOTHING, if not *Critical*." SHAKESPEARE.

I.

HAIL, Plural Unit! who would'st be
A Junto o'er my Muse and me,
With dogmas to control us;
Hail, mystick WE! grand Next-to-None!
Large Body Corporate of One!
Important *OMNES*, *Solus*!

II.

First Person Singular! pray, why
Impregnate, thus, the Pronoun I?
Of madness what a tissue!
To write as if, with passion wild,
Thou oft hadst got thyself with child,
And thou wert Self and Issue!

III.

Thy Voice, which counterfeits, alone,
A score of voices in it's own,
Awhile takes in the Many;
Thus a bad One Pound Note is past
For Twenty Shillings,—and, at last,
Turns out not worth a penny.

IV.

'Tis well for Thee no laws of thine
Can crush vile Followers of the Nine;
Thou *live'st* upon the sinners;
And if all Poets left off writing,
Through thy anonymous inditing,
Why thou must leave off dinners:

V.

For *Thou* could'st ne'er turn Poet, sure,
Laurels, or luncheons, to procure;
Witness thy present calling;
Else why not write thyself a name
So very humble, e'en, in fame
As mine which thou art mauling?

VI.

Yet, hold,—thou may'st, on Pindus' heights,
Have far out-soar'd my lowly flights—

No,—that's a thought I'll smother:
 The meanest Bard, among the mean,
Can he, thus, skulk behind a screen,
 And try to stab a brother?

VII.

But come,—one moment, leave thy pen
 Stuck in thy gall-bottle,—and, then,
 Smooth o'er thy forehead's furrow:
 Let's chat:—Where got'st thou thy employ?
 Art thou of Dublin City, joy?
 Or bonny Edinborough?

VIII.

Or, art John Bull, in garret cramm'd?
 "Spirit of health, or goblin damn'd?"
 Be *something*, for thy credit:
 Perhaps, thou'rt he who (as they say)
 Cut up the last successful Play,
 And never saw nor read it.

IX.

Be what thou wilt,—when all is done,
 To me thou'rt (like Thyself) *All One*;

Thou'rt welcome, still, to flog on;
For, till one addled egg's a brood,
Or twenty WEs a multitude,
My Muse and I will jog on.

X.

Now, should'st thou *praise* me, after all,
Though that, indeed, were comical,
What honour could I pin to't?
If Porridge were my only cheer,
Thy Praise or Blame must both appear
Two tasteless chips thrown into't.

XI.

Then, WE, shake hands, and part!—no breach
No *difference*, twixt us, I beseech!
Although our *business varies*:
Thine is detraction, mine is Jest;
Which occupation, pray, is best,—
Thy Spite, or my *Vagaries*?

LOW AMBITION;

OR,

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. DAW.

Præcordia ludit.

PERSIUS.

Claims the Belly Part.

MOORE'S ALMANACK.

MALEBRANCHE, and Locke, and such brave fellows,
Who were abstracted reasoners, tell us
Much that relates to MAN:—when you have read
All these Philosophers have said,
You'll give them credit for their perspicacity;—
And, after that, (if you should have a head
Of no great ontological capacity)
You'll know as much,
About the matter, as I know of Dutch:

For, when a metaphysick chain
Once gets *entangle'd* in your brain,
The more you rattle it, the more you rave,
And curse, and swear, and misbehave,—

Coming to no conclusion;
And, if, at last, you lose the smallest link,
You may as well go whistle as go think
Of mending the confusion.

Then, leaving Spiritual Truths to those
Who, taking pleasure in the study,
O'er Thoughts on Human Understanding doze,
Till human understanding grows quite muddy;—
One proposition, only, I advance,
(It will not lead Philosophy a dance)
Respecting *Man*;—*videlicet*,
I never met with any, yet,
However thick his pericranium's density,—
Let it be thicker than a post,—
Who has not some astonishing propensity,
Of which he makes a pother, and a boast.

He'll either tell you he can drink, or smoke,
Or play at Whist,—or on the pipe and tabor,—
Or cut a throat, a caper, or a joke,
Much better than his neighbour.

Many will say, they'll settle you the Nation;
And make a Peace,—sod, iland good,—

(I wish they would!)
Sooner than the Administration.

One tells you how a Town is to be taken;
A Second o'er the Fair Sex boasts his power;
Another brags he'll eat six pounds of bacon,
For half a crown, in half an hour.

Thus Nature always brings, in Fortune's spite,
Man's "*ruling passion*," as Pope says, to light.

And I maintain that all these *Ruling Passions*,
Divide them how you will, and subdivide,—
I care not how they're ramified,
Into their different forms, and fashions,—
I say they all proceed from Pride:
And this same Pride is founded on Ambition;
Shades varying, with talents, and condition.

Look at that Rope-Dancer;—observe!
Gods! how he vaults!—'tis all to get a name;
Risking his limbs, and straining every nerve,
To jump himself, poor devil! into Fame.
Mark with what Majesty he wields the pole,
While the Buffoon (his vassal) chalks his sole!

Sir, 'tis his poor Ambition's richest hope
To reign elastic Emperor, and Lord,
O'er all who ever caper'd on a cord,
And be the Buonaparté of the rope.

In short, an itching for renown
Makes some dance ropes, and others storm a Town;—
And an observer must be very dull
If a Jack-Pudding, or a Pierrot,
Don't, sometimes, seem to him as great a Hero
As a Grand Signior, or a Great Mogul.

That lowly men aspire to lowly glory
Here followeth (*exempli gratiâ*) a Story.

GODDESS! whose frolick humour glads the Sky;
Who, oft, with dimple'd cheek, to Momus listen;
Within the lustre of whose lucid eye
Laughter's gay drops, like dew in sunshine, glisten!

Come, sweet EUPHROSYNE! luxuriant MIRTH!
Leave all the Heathen Deities behind;

Decend, and help, ('twill be but kind)
One of the poorest Poets upon earth!

O! now descend! while I devote my page
To one who flourish'd on a London Stage.

She comes!—I sing the Man ycleped Daw,
Whose Mother dress'd the Tragick Queens;
She in the Candle-Snuffer raise'd a flame;
Then quench'd it, like a liberal Dame;
And the first light my Hero ever saw
Was that his Father snuff'd behind the Scenes.

Born to the *Boards*, as Actors say, this Wight
Was, oft, let out, at half a crown, *per* night,
By *tender* parents, after he was wean'd;
At three years old, squab, chubby-cheek'd, and stupid,
Sometimes, he was a little *extra* Fiend,
Sometimes, a supernumerary Cupid.

When Master Daw full fourteen years had told,
He grew, as it is term'd, *hobbedyhoy-ish*;
For Cupidons, and Fäiries, much to old,
For Calibans, and Devils, much too boyish.

This state, grave Fathers say, behind the Scenes,
Often embarrasses their Ways and Means:

And Master Daw was out of size,

For raising the Supplies:—

He was a perfect lout,—a log;—

You never clapt your eyes

Upon an uglier dog!

His voice had broken to a gruffish squeak;

He had grown blear-eye'd, baker-knee'd, and gummy;

And, though he hadn't been too hoarse to speak,

He was too ugly, even, for a dummy.

But hood-wink'd Fortune, Goddess of misprision,

Soon gave her Bandeau's knot a tighter twist;

Or else, that she might have no chance of vision,—

She, certainly, employ'd an Oculist:

Had she but seen no better than the Fowl

The chaste Minerva loves,—yclept an Owl,—

Or had of Seeing the least notion,

She never, never could have found

In Master Daw, that chubby, stupid hound,

A subject for theatrical promotion.

But, lo! 'twas at a *Ballet's* night-rehearsal,—
Perform'd, at last, as Play-Bills often show,
Whether the *Ballet* have been hiss'd or no,
To over-flows, and plaudits universal;—

The Prompter's Boy, a pickle'd, thoughtless knave,
Playing a game at marbles, in the sea,
Happen'd to break his leg upon a wave,
And Master Daw was made his Deputy.

The Office of the Prompter's Boy, perchance,
May not be generally known.
I'll sketch it:—Would I could enhance
The outline with some touches of my own!

The Prompter's Boy, *Messieurs!* must stand
Near the Stage-Door, close at the Prompter's hand;
Holding a Nomenclature that's numerical,
Which tallies with the Book *prompterical*:

And as the Prompter calls, "One, Two, Three, Four,"
Mark'd, accurately, in the Prompt-Book page,
These numbers mean the Boy must leave the Door,
To call the folks refer'd to, for the Stage.

In this capacity, as record saith,
Young Master Daw
Both heard and saw
As much (if not as *two*) as any *one* can;—
He saw the Actor murdering Macbeth,
Whom he had only call'd to murder Duncan.

He saw Anne Boleyn, in the Green-Room, grant
A kiss to Wolsey, dangling at her crupper;
Heard an Archbishop damn a Figurante,
And Shylock order sausages for supper.

During his time, (or Master Daw's a liar)
Three Virgins of the Sun grew wondrous round:
Pluto most narrowly escape'd from fire,
And Neptune in a water-tub was drown'd.

During his time, from the Proscenium ta'en,
Thalia and Melpomene both vanish'd;
The Lion and the Unicorn remain,—
Seeming to hint, to a capricious Age,
"Suffer the Quadrupeds to keep the Stage,"
"The Muses to be banish'd,"

During his time,—psha! let me turn Time's glass.

Reader, old Time (depend on't) will kill Thee;
But, should I grow prolix, alas!

Thou never would'st kill Time by reading Me.

Yet, here, will I apostrophize thee, Time!
If not in reason, why in Crambo Rhime.

A RECKONING WITH TIME.*

I.

COME on, old TIME!—nay, that is stuff;
Gaffer! thou come'st on fast enough;—
Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!—
But, tell me, Sand man! ere thy grains
Have multiplied upon my brains,
So thick to make me stupid;—

II.

Tell me, Death's Journeyman!—but, no;
Hear thou my speech;—I will not grow
Irreverent while I try it;
For, though I mock thy Flight, 'tis said,
The Forelock fills me with such dread,
I—*never take thee by it.*

* This '*Reckoning with Time*' appear'd three or four years ago, at the request of a friend, in a monthly publication;—whence it was copied into a few works of a similar description:—But, as it was first, purposely, written to be introduced in the present Tale, and has been seen, only, in prints a little more fugitive (*perhaps*) than this Book; the Author trusts he may be excuse'd for inserting it in the place of it's original destination.

III.

List, then, old Is-Was-and-To-Be!
I'll state accounts 'twixt Thee and Me;—
Thou gave'st me, first, the measles;
With *teething* would'st have ta'en me off,
Then, made'st me, with the hooping cough,
Thinner than fifty weasels.

IV.

Thou gave'st Small-Pox, (the Dragon, now,
That Jenner combats, on a Cow;)—
And, then, some seeds of knowledge;—
Grains of the Grammar, which the flails
Of Pedants thresh upon our tails,
To fit us for a College.

V.

And, when at Christ-Church, 'twas thy sport
To rack my brains with sloe-juice Port,
And Lectures out of number!—
There Fresh-man Folly quaffs, and sings,
While Graduate Dulness clogs thy wings,
With mathematick lumber.

L

VI.

Thy pinions next,—which, while they wave,
Fan all our Birth-Days to the grave,—
I think ere it was prudent,
Balloone'd me from the Schools to Town,
Where I was *parachuted* down,
A dapper, Temple Student.

VII.

Then, much in Dramas did I look;
Much slighted Thee, and great Lord Coke;
Congreve beat Blackstone hollow;
Shakspeare made all the Statutes stale,
And, in *my* Crown, no Pleas had Hale,
To supersede Apollo.

VIII.

Ah, Time! those raging heats, I find,
Were the mere Dog-Star of my mind;
How cool is retrospection!
Youth's gaudy Summer Solstice o'er,
Experience yields a mellow store,
An Autumn of reflection!

IX.

Why did I let the God of Song
Lure me from Law, to join his throng,—

Gull'd by some slight applause?
What's Verse to A when *versus* B?
Or what John Bull, a Comedy,
To pleading John Bull's causes?

X.

Yet, though my childhood felt disease,
Though my lank purse, unswol'n by fees,
Some ragged Muse has netted,—
Still, honest Chronos! 'tis most true,
To Thee (and faith to *others*, too!)
I'm very much indebted.

XI.

For thou hast made me gaily tough,
Inure'd me to each day that's rough,
In hopes of calm, to-morrow;—
And when, old Mower of us all!
Beneath thy sweeping scythe I fall,
Some *few* DEAR FRIENDS will sorrow.

XII.

Then,—though my idle Prose, or Rhime,
Should, half an hour, out-live me, Time!
Pray bid the Stone-Engravers,

Where'er my bones find Church-Yard room,
Simply to chisel on my tomb,—

“Thank TIME for all his Favours!”



Managers, Actors, Candle-Snuffers,—all,—

Yea, all who write, or damn, or clap a Play,
E'en little Prompters' Boys, who Players call,
(Sad truth to tell!) grow older every day.

Now had the sure Fore-runner of our Fate,

(TIME, whom I have apostrophize'd,)

Who rubs no Russian oil upon his pate,
Scorning a wig, or a transparent *tete*,

Or any cure for baldness advertise'd;—
Time had besprinkle'd, with some years,
My Hero's asinine and vulgar ears.

Daw, now adult, and turn'd of five-and-thirty,

Conceive'd himself miraculously clever:—
His skin was like a Dun Cow's hide, grown dirty,
And his legs knit in bandiness, for ever.

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Coxcombical, malicious, busy, pert,
Brisk as a flea, and ignorant as dirt,
When he began one of his frothy chatters,
Boasting about his knowledge of Stage matters,
He look'd so very, very sage,
You could not, for your soul, talk gravely to him;
He seem'd an *Oran Outang*, come of age,
Connive'd at for a man, by those who knew him.

Many strange faces may be seen;—but Daw's
Look'd like the Knocker of a Door,—whose grin
Has let it's handle tumble from the jaws,
To hinder you from rapping on it's chin.
Three single ladies, and one married,
By looking at him, all miscarried.

No longer Prompter's Boy, he now had gain'd
A rank upon the Stage almost *unique*;
A rank of which I am about to speak;—
Which, with dignity, he long maintain'd.

“Daw on the Stage! too ugly as a lad!”
“And now so frightful, when to manhood grown,”
“That Ugliness had ‘mark'd him for her own,’
“Sure the Proprietors were all gone mad!”

Reader! it ill becometh me
 To say how mad Proprietors may be;—
 But, every night,
 To crowded audiences, did Mr. Daw
 Give Boxes, Pit, and Galleries delight,
 Acting with great *eclat*.

And though he acted so repeatedly,
 (Of which he often talk'd conceitedly)
 Although no Actor, in his line, excell'd him,—
 Yet, in the personation of his part,
 (The fact, I know, will make you start,)
 Not one of his Encomiasts beheld him.

When the Enigma is expounded,
 You'll own 'tis true, and be dumbfounded.

Well was the adage to my Hero known
 That Beauty merely is skin deep;
 But, thinking Ugliness is some skins deeper,
 He, very politickly, tried to creep
 Into *another* skin beside his own;—
 Wherein conceal'd,
 His face and figure couldn't be reveal'd,
 And soon he prov'd a most successful creeper.

Being a persevering rogue,
Through interest, and strong solicitation,
Before *live* cattle came in vogue,
He got, at last, his wish'd-for situation:—
And when *'sham* Beasts came on, it was his pride
To tell,—he always acted the *Inside*.

Thus Daw “with Fortune almost out of suits,”
Unfit to shew himself, or utter words,
Wriggle'd into the Parts of all the Brutes,
And all the larger Birds.

He was the stateliest Ostrich seen, for struts;
Unrivall'd in the bowels of a Boar;
Great, and majestick, in a Lion's guts,
And a fine Tiger, both for walk and roar.

A noted Connoisseur was heard to swear,
(From minor merits far from a detractor)
There was no bearing any outside Bear,
If Mr. Daw were not the inside Actor.

Sometimes, a failure his great name would tarnish;
Once, acting in a Dragon, newly painted,

The ceruse, turpentine, and varnish,
Gave him the cholick,—and the Dragon *fainted*.

Once, too, when drunk in Cerberus,—oh! shame!
He fell asleep within the Dog's internals;—
Thus, Mr. Whitbread's Porter overcame
The Porter to the King of the Internals.

But in Dumb Follies, that succeed the Play,
His reputation rose so fast,
That he was call'd *par excellence*, at last,
The great *Intestine Roscius* of his day.

Yet frequently it has been shewn,
And History hath often stated,
A Hero meets in his career a check;
Sometimes in battle he is overthrown,
Sometimes he is assassinated,
And, sometimes, he's suspended by the neck.—
Sundry the ways, when Fortune's scurvy,
In which a Hero is turn'd topsy-turvy.

Christmas was coming on;—those merry times,
When, in conformity to ancient rules,

Grand classick Theatres give Pantomimes,
For the delight of Innocents, and Fools:—
That is, (if I may make so bold)
For Children who are young,—and Children who
are old.

A pasteboard Elephant, of monstrous size,
Was form'd to bless a Learned Nation's eyes,
And charm the sage Theatrical resorters;
And, as two men were necessary in it,
It was decreed, in an unlucky minute,
That Mr. Daw should fill the hinder quarters.

The *HINDER Quarters!!!*—here was degradation!
Gods! mighty Daw!—what was thy indignation!

He swore a tragick oath;—"by Her who bore him!"
(Meaning the Dresser of the Tragick Queens)
"No individual, behind the scenes,"
"Should walk in any Elephant *before* him."

"He'd rather live on husks,"
"Or dine upon his nails,"
"Than quit First Parts, under the trunks, and tusks,"
"And stoop to Second Rates, beneath the tails!"

"'Twas due to his celebrity, at least,"
"If he should so far condescend"
"To represent the *moiety* of a beast,"
"That he should have the right to chuse *which end*."

The Managers were on the Stage;
To whom he, thus, remonstrated, in rage.
"I've been chief Lion, and first Tiger, here,"
"For fifteen year;—"
"*That*, you may tell me, matters not a souse;"
"But, what is more,"
"All London says, I am the greatest Boar"
You ever had, in all your House.

"Of all *Insides*, the Town likes me the best;"
"Over my head no Underling shall jump:—"
"I'll play your front legs, shoulders, neck, and breast,"
"But damn me if I act your loins and rump!"

Though this Address was coarser than jack-towels,
Although the speaker's face made men abhor him,
Yet, when a man acts nothing else but bowels,
The Managers might have some bowels for him;

And if obdurate Managers *could* feel
A little more than flint, or steel,—
If they had any heart,
On hearing such a forcible appeal,
They might have let the man reject the part.

All the head Manager said to it,
Was, simply, this,—“Daw, you must do it.”

And, after all, the Manager was right;
But how to make the fact appear
Incontrovertible, and clear,
And place it in it's proper light,—
Puzzles me quite!

Come, let me try.—Reader, 'twould make you sweat,
(You'll pardon the expression)
To see two fellows get,
With due discretion,—
One upright, one aslant,—
Into the entrails of an Elephant:

For, if you'll have the goodness to reflect
On the construction of these huge brute creatures,

You'll see the man in front must walk erect;
While he who goes behind must bend,
Stooping, and bringing down his features,
Over the front man's latter end:—
And the Beast's shape requires, particularly,
The tallest man to march first, perpendicularly.

Now, the new inside man, you'll find,
Was taller, by a head, than Daw;
Therefore 'twas fit that Daw should walk behind,
According both to Equity and Law.

Daw, for a time, with jealousy was rack'd,
And with his rival wouldn't act;
Nevertheless,
Like other Politicians in the Nation,
Who can't have all their wishes.
He chose, at last, to *coalesce*,
Rather than lose his situation,
And give up all the loaves, and fishes.

The House was cramm'd: the Elephant appear'd;
With three times three, the Elephant was cheer'd;
Shouts, and Huzzas, the ear confound!
The Building rings; the Building rocks;
The Elephant the Pit, the Elephant each Box,
The Elephant the Galleries resound!

The Elephant walk'd down,
Before the lamps, to fascinate the Town.

Daw, with his ugly face incline'd
Just over his tall rival's skirts
Bore, horizontally, in mind
His Self-Love's bruises, and Ambition's hurts.

Hating the man by whom he was disgrace'd,
Who from his cap had pluck'd the choicest feather,
He bit him in the part where Honour's place'd,
Till his teeth met together.

On this attack from the ferocious Daw,
Upon his *Pais Bas*,
The Man, unable to conceal his pain,

M

Roar'd and writhe'd,
Roar'd and writhe'd,
Roar'd and writhe'd, and roar'd again!

That Beasts should roar is neither new, nor queer,
But, on a repetition of the spite,
How was the House electified to hear
The Elephant say,—“Curse you, Daw, don't bite!”

Daw persevere'd:—unable to get out,
The Tall Man face'd about,
And with great force the mighty Daw assail'd;—
Both, in the dark, were, now, at random, fighting,
Huffing, and cuffing, kicking, scratching, biting,—
Though neither of the Combatants prevail'd.

It was strongest precedent, by far,
In ancient, or in modern story,
Of such a desperate *intestine war*,
Wage'd in so small a territory!

And, in this Civil Brawl, like any other,
Where every Man in Arms his Country shatters,
The two inhabitants thump'd one another

Till they had torn the Elephant to tatters;—
And, thus uncase'd, the Rival Actors
Stood bowing to their generous Benefactors.

Uproar ensue'd!—from every side,
Scene-shifters ran to gather up the hide;
While the Two Bowels, in dismay,
Hiss'd, hooted, damn'd, and pelted,—walk'd away.

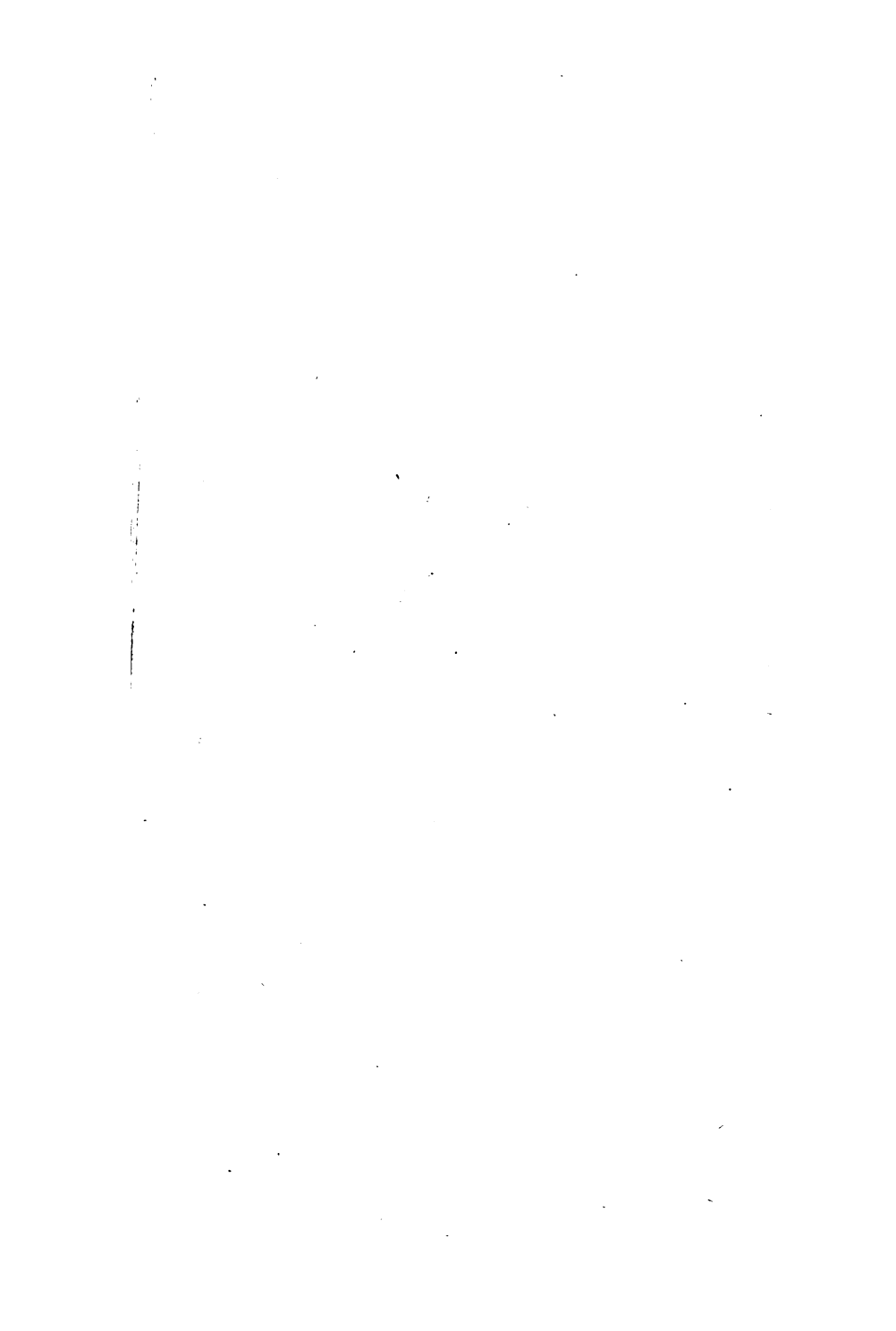
Reader, if you would, further, know
The History of Mr. Daw, 'tis brief;—
He died, not many months ago,
Of mortified AMBITION, and of grief:—
For when *Live* Quadrupeds usurp'd the Stage,
And which are, now, (but mayn't be long) the *rage*,
He went to bed,
And never, afterwards, held up his head.
Awhile, he languish'd, looking pale and wan;
Then, dying, said,—“Daw's occupation's gone!”

THE LADY OF THE WRECK;

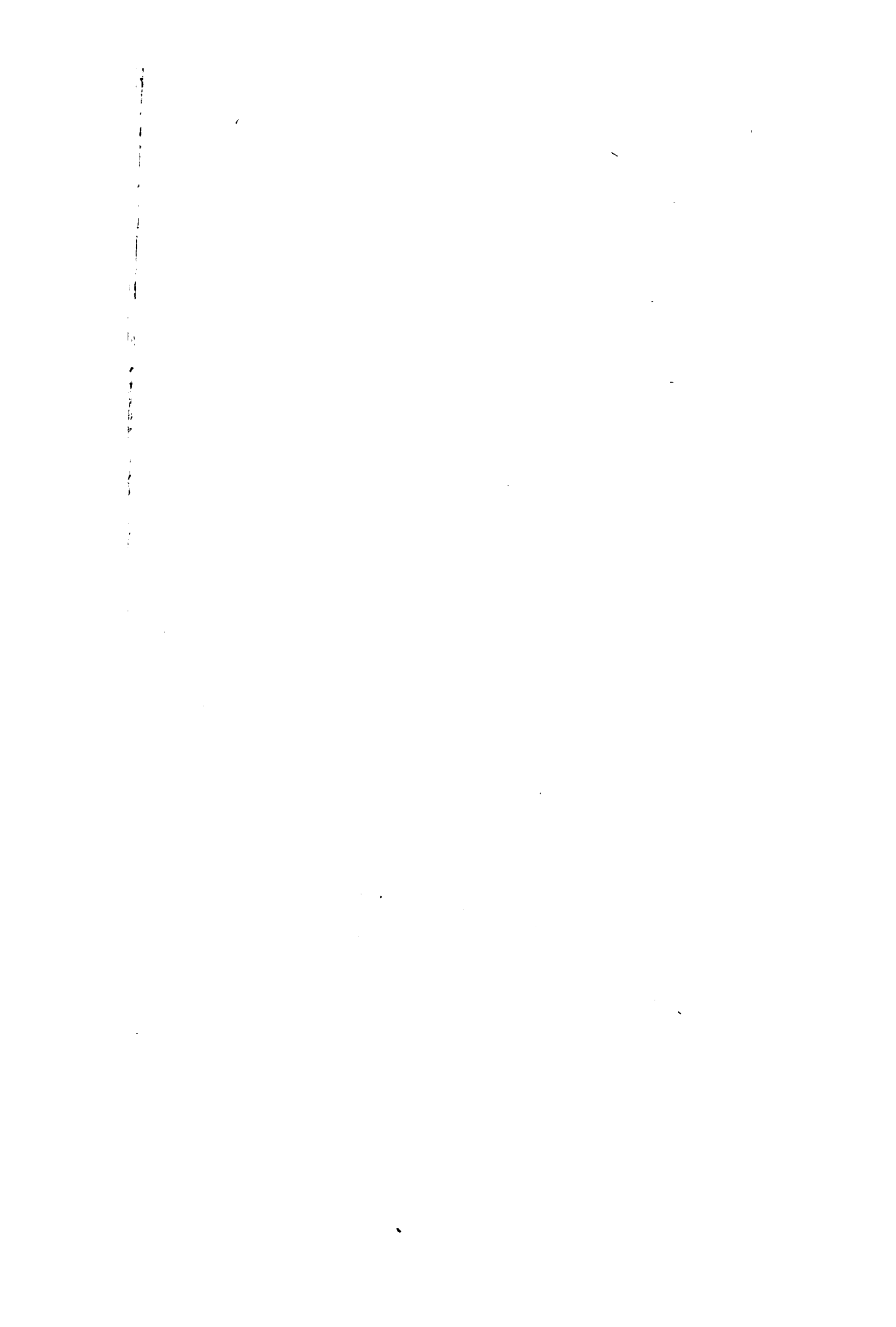
OR,

CASTLE BLARNEYGIG:

A POEM.



TO
THE AUTHOR
OF
THE LADY OF THE LAKE;
WHOSE GIFTED MUSE
NEEDS NO MERETRICIOUS COLOURINGS UPON HER BEAUTY;
WHOSE CHARMS
MIGHT DISDAIN A VEIL OF OBSOLETENESS, TO OBSCURE THEM;
THE FOLLOWING POEM,
OF
THE LADY OF THE WRECK,
OR
CASTLE BLARNEYGIG,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIB'D,
BY
HIS ADMIRER.



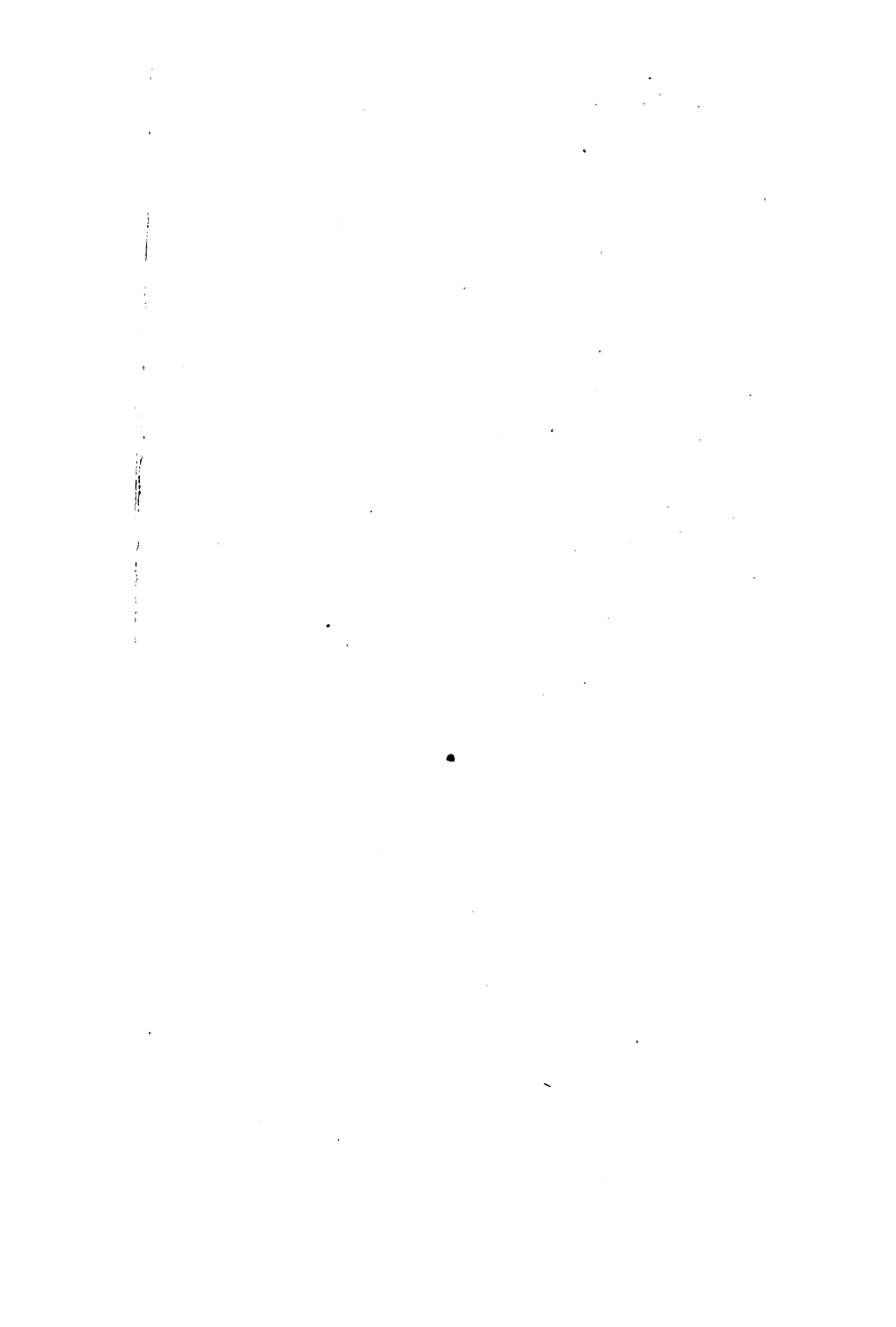
ADVERTISEMENT.

LET not the Reader, whose senses have been delightfully intoxicated by that Scottish *Circe*, the *Lady of the Lake*, accuse the present Author of plagiary. The wild Irish and wild Caledonians bore a great resemblance to each other, in very many particulars;—and two Poets, who have any “method in their madness,” may, naturally, fall into similar strains of wildness, when handling subjects equally wild, and remote.—’Tis a wild World, my Masters!—The Author of this Work, has, merely, adopted the Style which a northern GENIUS has, of late, render’d the Fashion, and the *Rage*:—He has attempted, in this instance, to become a maker of the *Modern-Antique*; a Vender of a new Coinage, begrime’d with the ancient *æru*go;—a Constructor of *the dear pretty Sublime*, and *sweet little Grand*;—a Writer of a Short Epick Poem, stuff’d with Romantick Knick-knackeries; and interlarded with Songs and Ballads, *à la mode de Chevy Chase*, Edom o’Gordon, Sir Lancelot du Lake, &c. &c. How is such a Writer to be class’d?

“*Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne Poetas?*”

“*An quas et præsens et postera respuet ætas?*”

HOR. EPIST. 1. LIB. 2



THE LADY OF THE WRECK.

—"quædam nimis antiquè—pleraque dura."—HOR.

"Thus have I, (my dear Countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, discover'd the hidden sources of the BATHOS, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this GREAT DEEP."

MART. SCRIB. *ædip* BACOTÆ.

CANTO FIRST.

HARP of the PATS!* that rotting long hast lain

On the soft bosom of St. Allan's bog,

And, when the *Wind had fits*,† would'st twang a strain,

Till envious mud did all thy musick clog,

E'en just as too much pudding chokes a dog;—

Oh! Paddy's Harp! still sleeps thine accent's pride?

Will nobody be giving it a jog?

Still must thou silent be, as when espied

Upon an Irish, old, old halfpenny's back side?

* "If it be allow'd that the Harp was in use among the ancient Caledonians, it can hardly be denied that they borrow'd it from the Irish."

Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards.

† The same idea occurs in the beautiful opening of the *Lady of the Lake*;—where it is said that the Scotch Harp hung

"On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's Spring,"

and "stung it's numbers" down the "*fitful breeze*."—Indeed, the whole of the present Invocation to the Irish Harp is a tolerably close, though humble, imitation of the commencement of the Poem above mention'd.

Not thus, when Erin wore a wilder shape,
Thy Voice was speechless in an Irish Town;
It rouse'd the hopeless Lover to a rape,
Made timorous Tenants knock proud Landlords
down;
Whisky, at every pause, the feast did crown;—
Now, by the powers! the fun was never slack;
The *O*s and *Mac*s were frisky as the Clown;
For, still, the burthen (growing now a hack)
Was Hubbaboo, dear joys! and Didderoo! and Whack!

Och! wake again! arrah, get up once more!
And let me venture just to take a thrum:—
Wake, and be damn'd! you've had a tightish snore!—
Perhaps, I'd better let you lie there, dumb:
Yet, if one Ballad-Monger like my strain,
Though I've a clumsy finger and a thumb,
I shan't have jingle'd Minstrelsy in vain;
So, Wizard, be alive! old Witch, get up again!

I.

The Pig, at eve, was lank, and faint,
Where Patrick is the Patron Saint,
And with his peasant Lord, unfed,
Went, grunting to their common bed:

But when black Night her sables threw
 Athwart the slough of Ballyloo,*
 The deep-mouth'd thunder's angry roar
 Rebellow'd on the Ulster shore,
 And hailstones pelted, mighty big,
 The towers of Castle Blarneygig.

II.

Aloft, where, erst, tyrannick Fear
 Place'd lynx-eye'd Vigilance to peer,†
 And listen, in the dunnest dark,
 Whether a feudal cur should bark,
 Drunk, deaf, and purblind, in the din,
 Doze'd the old Warder, Rory Flinn.
 Before the antique Hall's turf fire,
 Was stretch'd the Porter, Con Macguire,
 Who, at stout Usquebagh's command,
 Snore'd with his proker‡ in his hand.

In the latest Chorography of Ireland, *Ballyloo* is not to be found in the Maps. Ious other places, mention'd in this Poem, are, also, totally omitted.— But, the discoveries of *Captain Lemuel Gulliver*, so long ago as the time of Queen ie, are look'd for in vain, except in the Charts which are bound up in his publication.— Shameful negligence!

i. e. The Watch-Tower;—in which a man was, formerly, station'd, to give ce of danger, real, or apprehend'd, from the approach of any party, or par, whatsoever.—No vestige of this personage's office remains, in the rural des of our modern Nobility. In, and around, the Metropolis, and in great vincial Towns, and their suburbs, *Warders*, still, exist:—but they are situated he ground; on the outside of Mansions, which they pretend, and are not sup'd, to guard; in small *Wooden-Boxes*, just capable of containing them,—rein they doze, as conveniently as their predecessor *Rory Flinn*, in this Po-recorded.

Hibernice; proker; *Anglice*, poker.

N

Kathlane, who very ill could dish
 Wild Ballyshannon's springy fish,
 And Sheelah, who had lately come
 To spider-brush, from Blunderdrum,
 Were dreaming, in a stole'n embrace,
 With Roger Moyle, and Redmond Scrace;
 And all the Vassals' senses lay
 Drown'd in the Whisky of the day.—
 Still rage'd the storm;—still, records run,
 All slept in Blarneygig, save one,
 Lord of the Castle, and Domain,
 Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane.*

III.

He heard, or thought he heard, a song
 Pierce through the hurly-burly round;
 A shriek,—a yell,—he knew not what,—
 So from his night-couch up he got;
 Then through a peep-hole popt his head,
 And thus Sir Tooleywhagg he said;

* After a certain period, Irishmen adopted *Surnames*, for the convenience of designation; and to prevent that *confusion* from which they have, to this day, kept so *proverbially clear*.—Hence, arose the '*Os* and *Macs*,'—meaning the '*Sons of*.'—The *O'Tooles* were, formerly, of high celebrity in Ireland, in times of convulsion, and insurrection; military of course;—even the Clergy fought.—*Ware* informs us (referring to a piece of Biography, publish'd by *Puriss*,) that "*Laurence O'Tool* had an Archbishoprick." It was a Dublin one. From the surname of the Knight of Blarneygig Castle, it is probable that the families of the *O'Tooles* and *O'Shaughnashanes* were allied, by intermarriages.

Standing the while, though something loth,
In a short shirt of Irish cloth.

IV.

"Spake out," he cried, "whose voice is that,"
"Shrill as a Tom Balruddery Cat?"*
"Come you a Fairy, good or ill,"
"My Bullocks to presarve or kill?"
"Or, only, does a Bansheet† prowl,"
"For somebody's departing sowl?"—
"Haply you lurk, from Foemen nigh,"
"My sea-side Castle's strength to spy,"
"Who, on the morrow, may think fit"
"To bother Blarneygig a bit:"
"Och! if the latter,—soon as light"
"Peeps over Murroughlaughlin's height,"
"My Kernes, and Gallowglasses,‡ here,"
"Will shew you sport, with sparthe,§ and spear,"

* "*Balruddery Cat*."—The squall of a *Balruddery* Cat is very annoying to one whose organs of hearing are unaccustom'd to it :—and equally so is the yell of any Cat, in any other place;—which may somewhat tend to diminish the peculiarity of the Cats of *Balruddery*.

† "*A Banshee*:"—a friendly Spirit, that gave a strong hint of an approaching death, in an Irish Family.—There has been, it seems, a similar supernatural being in Scotland;—denominated, by my great North-British Prototype in poetry, a *Ben-Shie*:—the last syllable, possibly, from the French, *chier*.

‡ "The Irish of the middle ages had two sorts of Foot-Men, some call'd *Gallowglasses*, arm'd, &c. &c.—Others lighter arm'd, call'd *Turbiculi*, by some *Timariot*, but, commonly, *Kerns*."—*Ware's Antiq. and Hist. of Ireland*.

A *Sparthe* was an Irish weapon of war.

"And, salleying on my spalpeen Foe,"

"Shout—Forroch! Forroch*! Bugg-abo!†

V.

Scarce had he said, when lightning play'd

Full on the features of a Maid,

Who, in the elemental shock,

Stuck, like a limpet, to the rock.

Rear'd o'er the surface of the flood,

Her pallid cheek, her lip's life-blood,

The blended colours seem'd to shew

Of pearl, and coral, from below.

Save that her dank dishevell'd hair

Half hid her breast, her breast was bare;—

What *could* be seen look'd firm, and white,

As the rude rock she held so tight:

Bare too was all her beauteous form,

Stript by the unrelenting storm!

* *Forroch, Farah, or Ferragh.*—"When they (*the Irish*) approach'd the Enemy so near as to be heard, they used this martial Cry—*Farah! Farah!*"—*Ware's Antiq. and Hist. of Ireland.*

"The vulgar Irish suppose this War-song to have been *Forroch, or Ferragh.*"—*Spencer's State of Ireland.*"

† *Bugg-abo.*—"They, likewise, call upon their Captain's name, or the word of their Ancestors:—as under O'Neale they cry *Landarg-abo!*" &c. &c.—*Spencer*

In short, *Abó* was a term of exultation, tantamount to '*for ever!*' tack'd to, and shouted with, the principal part of the Estate which their Chieftain possess'd.—It is to be suppose'd, therefore, that a great part of Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane's territory was BUGG.

But, half in sea, and half on shore,
 A liquid petticoat she wore;
 And, as the undulating surge
 Did, to and fro, it's fury urge,
 Just now and then, it left the tips
 Expose'd of two round polish'd hips;
 All downward else, her blush to save,
 Lay cover'd by the wanton wave:—
 But, oh! her voice, from out the main,
 Seem'd sweeter than a Syren's strain;
 And, while below the cliff she clung,
 Thus to Sir Tooleywhagg she sung.

VI.

Song.

‘What linen so fine has the Bride put on?’
 “What torch is her chamber bright’ning?”
 ‘The Bride is adrift, in a salt-water shift,’
 “And her candles are flashes of lightning.”

“O! Thady Rann! the Isle of Man”*

“I left, and sail’d for you;”

“I am very ill luck’d all night to be duck’d,”

“For keeping my promise true!”

* “O Alice Brand, my native land”

“I left for love of you.”

See the admirable Poem of the Lady of the Lake.

"O! Thady, your Bride cannot sleep by your side,"

"Go to bed to another lady;"—

"I must lie in the dark, with a whale, or a shark,

"Instead of my darling Thady."

VII.

She pause'd;—for to the rock rush'd in
 A booming wave, above her chin;—
 Which, haply, work'd her body's good,
 For wholesome flows the briny flood,
 And, if the mouth a pint have caught,
 A fine aperient 'tis thought.
 Sir Tooleywhagg, who heard the pause,*
 Was little concious of the cause;
 For, now, pitch-dark was all the shore,
 And much he wish'd for an *encore*,
 Soon did the duck'd, recovering Fair,
 In varied strains, renew her air;—
 Renew'd it, much in hopes to gain
 Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane:
 For, when he first put out his head,
 Grace'd with a night-cap, died in red,
 Fire, that fore-runs the thunder-clap,

* The power of *hearing a pause* is a gift peculiar to the natives of Ireland.

Blaze'd on him, redder than his cap.
'Twas then she mark'd his face, and mien,
Plain, through his peep-hole, to be seen;
His eagle eye's commanding glance,
His shoulder's broad, superb, expanse,
His strong, uncover'd, ample chest,
That look'd like so much brawn undrest:
All that, in days of Chivalry,
Fair Ladies wish'd their Knights to be!—
She mark'd,—and murmur'd, sighing deep,
While through his hole he crouch'd to peep,
“If, stooping, with such charms he's deckt,”
“Gods! what a man when he's erect!”
“Yea, on a modest maiden's word,”
“This, this must be the Castle's Lord.”

VIII.

Well, too, she mark'd, with anxious eyes,
A Bucket of capacious size,
Suspended o'er the craggy beach,
And close within the Chieftain's reach;
With many a roll of cord, to be
Let down, at pleasure, to the sea;—
Which for the Castle's use was made,
Whene'er it suffer'd a blockade;

To draw up succours from the strand,
 When the besieger press'd, on land:—
 And, thus her, plaint she warble'd strong,
 In all the euphony of song:

Song continue'd.

“Chieftain! if thou canst at all”
 “For a shipwreck'd Lady angle,”
 “Clew me up thy Castle wall;”
 “Near thee doth a Bucket dangle.”

“Chieftain! leave me not to drown;”
 “Save a Maid without a smicket!”
 “If the Bucket come not down,”
 “Soon shall I be doom'd to kick it.”*

“Quick, oh! quick unwind the rope!”
 “If thou answer'st to my hope,”
 “Then, on Thee when Fate is frowning,”
 “May a Rope prevent thy drowning!”

IX.

Ye sons of Erin! well 'tis known

* This proves that the modern *slang* phrase of *kicking the bucket*, i. e. to die is borrow'd from our ancestors. *Multa renascentur, &c.*

Your nature to the Sex is prone.
 South from Lough Swilly, to Tramore,
 From Kilcock to Knockealy's shore,*
 Can ye resist, throughout your Isle,
 A Woman's tear,—a Woman's smile?—
 And when did Beauty pour in vain
 Her plaint to an O'Shaughnashane?
 When did a Maid, without a rag,
 Fail to affect a Tooleywhagg?
 Harsh creek'd the rope in its descent,
 And wagging down the Bucket went;
 With fresh provisions to be fraught,
 Fresher than ever yet it brought!
 It reach'd the rock:—with eager hope,
 The sea-drench'd Fair One caught the rope;
 She sprang, the Bucket's mouth to win,
 And, light as gossamer, leapt in!

X.

Gaily the Chieftain plied his arms,
 Winding his welcome load of charms;
 At every twist, the dizzied Fair

* These places are selected as cardinal points; being nearly the extremities of the North, East, West, and South, of the Island.

"Kilcock is further from the Sea"

"Than any of the other three."—*Don.*

Rose, vacillating, in the air.
He heard her shriek,—soon heard her gasp,
Then, caught the trembler in his grasp.
Quick to the couch his Prize he bore,
And chafe'd her shivering limbs all o'er:—
Strenuous to make the colour
It's wonted course upon¹ ¹ week,
So well he minister'd his aid,
To comfort, and revive the Maid,
That, ere the Sky-lark plume'd his wing,
The Maid was quite another thing!

XI.

Now, on the oaks of Faughanvail,*
Dash'd in cold globules by the gale,
The pendent thunder-drops of Night
Glitter'd, like gems, in orient light.
Now vanish'd from the Chieftain's room,
The winking lamp's propitious gloom,
And on the Fair One, as she lay,
Morn's golden Tell-tale shot his ray.
Ah! when did Sun, declining, leave
No Swain forsworn, twixt dawn and eve?

* This place *may* be found in the Maps.

When did the Day-Spring's glimmer find,
 Twixt eve and dawn, no Woman's mind
 Had veer'd, like Dunfanaghy's* wind?
 Bent, blushing, o'er the Chieftain's neck,
 Thus spoke the Lady of the Wreck.

}

“Oh! mighty Chief! oh! potent man!”
 “Send me not, now, to Thady Rann!”
 “What though (when from my native Isle”
 “He sail'd, where he had moor'd awhile,)”
 “I rashly pledge'd my maiden truth”
 “To follow soon that Ulster Youth;”
 “Then left *my* home, *his* home to seek;”
 “Near the cascades of moist Belleek;”†
 “What though he hope'd the last night's tide”
 “Would waft into his arms a Bride;—”
 “If, now, such silly bonds I burst,”
 “’Twas He was the Deceiver first;”
 “’Twas Thady Rann decoy'd, and play'd”

* This spot is, also, notice'd in the Maps of Ireland;—and the wind has been observe'd to vary there quite as much as in any common situation upon a sea-coast.

† “Passing, then, through the village of Belleek, I observe'd a succession of small *Cascades* continued for near two miles.” *Twiss's Tour in Ireland*,—This Author's testimony is indisputable.—The Ladies and Gentlemen of Erin say, still remember how many *cascades* and *rills* he experience'd even after his taking leave of the Island.

"Upon the greenness of a maid;"
"Who, by her ancient parents mew'd,"
"Scarce any face but his had view'd;"
"And gaze'd, in ignorant surprise,"
"On his red locks, and vacant eyes."—
"Sudden my Change!—but, tell me true,"
"(For, oh! I feel 'tis wrought by you!)"
"Does female Judgment, as 'tis call'd"
"By all the wrinkled, and the bald,"
"Creep o'er the mind by dull degrees?"
"Is Judgment slow in growth as Trees?"
"Or comes it not, like lightning's flame,"
"Darting direct into our frame?"
"Sure 'tis the last;—and, sure, since night,"
"My hour's arriv'd to judge aright."
"And why, Discernment's heights to climb,"
"Must Woman mount the steps of Time?"
"Age grasps, with her experience'd lore,"
"But what young Talent grasps before;"
"And no more knows the Matron dunce"
"Than Penetration shews, at once."—
"Oh! Chief! since, shipwreck'd on your shore,"
"I feel myself Myself no more,"
"Since I am, now, another I,"
"Here let me ever live,—and die!"

XIII.

The Hunter, who, upon the sands

Of Innisfallen's* islet stands,
And marks the Stag, from steepy wood,
Plunge, panting, in Killarney's flood,
While mountains,—on whose shaggy head,
Clouds, from the vast Atlantick, spread,—
Re-echo to the mellow sounds
Of merry horns, and opening hounds,—
The Hunter, then, feels less delight
Than, now, did Blarneygig's gay Knight.
“Darling!” he said, “when Thady Rann”
“Bother'd you, in the Isle of Man,”
“You knew not, 'tis exceeding plain,”
“Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane;”
“Knew not what difference must be”
“Twixt that Belleek Spalpeen and me:”
“Then let not on your conscience fall”
“The smallest qualm, at all, at all.”
“For your request,—I know not, I,”
“How, while you ever live, you'll die;”—
“Unless you make (the heart o'erfull)”
“What Strangers call an Irish Bull;”—
“If so, then live with me you may,”
“And, living, die the Irish way.”

* In the lake of Killarney.

The Castle's Mistress, now, array'd,
 "The Lady of the Wreck" was made:
 Soon did the deep Cream Crutin* twang,
 And, thus, as loud the Chorus-rang,
 The Vassals, at the Banquet, sang.

}

BANQUET SONG.†

XIV.

Hail to our Chief! now he's wet through with Whiskey;
 Long Life to the Lady come from the salt seas!
 Strike up, blind Harper! skip high to be frisky!
 For what is so gay as a bag-full of fleas?

* "*Creamshine Crut*, or *Cream Crutin*, by the name imports the *Harp* (or *Cruit*) use'd at potations, or carousals; whence *Cream-sual*, a noisy drunken Company."—*Fallancey*.

Although the *Cream Crutan* (or *Harp*) be extinct, the *Cream-sual* (or noisy drunken Company) is to be found, without any difficulty of research, in almost every part of the United Empire of Great Britain.

† Here is to be observe'd the astonishing similarity of manners, and customs, between the Irish and Scotch, in former days. How close is

"Whack for Q'Shaughnashane!—Tosleywhagg ha!"

to

"*Roderigh Fich Alpine Dhu! ho ierhoe!*"—See the *Lady of the Lake*.

In the present instance, 'tis a *Song at a Banquet*; in the latter, 'tis a *Song to a Boat*.—'Tis, merely, the difference betwixt Wine and Water.—The *Vassals*, on both occasions, express their attachment to their Chief, and their ardour for his *Crest*;—One being an *Evergreen Pine*, the other a *Potato*.

Crest of O'Shaughnashane!—
That's a Potato, plain,—
Long may your root every Irishman know!
Pats long have stuck to it.
Long bid good luck to it;
Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Toolywhagg, ho!

XV.

Our's is an esculent lusty, and lasting;
No turnip, nor other weak babe of the ground;
Waxy, or mealy, it hinders from fasting.
Half Erin's inhabitants, all the year round.
Wants the soil, where 'tis flung,
Hog's, cow's, or horse's dung,
Still does the Crest of O'Shaughnashane grow:
Shout for it, Ulster men,
Till the bogs quake again!
Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—Tooleywhagg, ho!

XVI.

Drink, Paddies, drink to the Lady so shining!
While flowret shall open, and bog-trotter dig,
So long may the sweet Rose of Beauty be twining
Around the Potato of proud Blarneygig!
While the plant vegetates,

While Whiskey recreates,
 Wash down the root, from the horns that o'erflow;
 Shake your shillalahs, boys!
 Screeching drunk, scream your joys!
 Whack for O'Shaughnashane! Tooleywhagg, ho!

XVII.

Time rolls his course;*—now seems in haste,
 And now seems slow,—as Cooks roll paste;
 Rolling out vows from human dust,
 Soon to be broken,—soon as crust!
 All, under Time, to ruin falls,
 Like Blarneygig's now moulder'd walls.
 The Lover's, and the Dicer's oath,
 The Patriot's,—falsér, far, than both!—
 As Places, Luck, and Love decay,
 Like fleeting visions, pass away:—
 Nay, e'en thy holy Nuns, Kildare,
 Were doom'd Time's rolling-pin to share!

* The Writer fears that he may, here, be thought to have *stolen* from the admirable Author of the *Lady of the Lake*:—He, only, *borrows*;—and not all that the Author had to lend:—for the original runs

“Time rolls his *ceaseless* course;”—

and, as every body knows, Time to be ceaseless, the present Writer (with all his poverty of expression) felt no occasion to “*spring a loan*,” for the epithet.—But the Author, above alluded to, has much to spare, and *very* much that is too good to relinquish.

In thy chaste glooms, though Vestals swore
 To feed a flame for evermore,—
 No flame unsanctifiedly light,
 But on St. Bridget's altar bright,—
 E'en that,—yes, e'en *perpetual* fire
 (At least in Ireland,) could expire;
 When England's King, the Pope to rout,
 Both Fire and Nuns, at once, put out.*
 No wonder, then, when three long years
 Had roll'd their course o'er mortal ears,
 The Lady of the Wreck should mark,
 Since first she swung up, in the dark,
 Affection wofully to flag,
 In all she prize'd,—Sir Tooleywhagg.

XVIII.

The grief of slighted love, supprest,
 Scarce dull'd her eye, scarce heave'd her breast:
 Or if a Tear, she strove to check,
 A truant Tear, stole down her neck,
 It seem'd a drop that, with his bill,
 The Linnet scatters from a rill,

* *Giraldus Cambrensis* gives an account of this *perpetual fire*. *Henry the Eighth*, of *England*, extinguish'd it; and turn'd the Nuns adrift, to go the way of all flesh.

Flirting his sweet, and tiny, shower
Upon a milk-white April flower:—
Or if a Sigh, breathe'd soft, and low,
Escape'd her fragrant lips, e'en so
The zephyr will, in heat of day,
Between two rose-leaves fan it's way.
Not thus the Knight his tedium brook'd,
Whene'er he from his peep-hole look'd:
Oft as he look'd still, high in air,
He saw the Bucket dangling there;
Then heave'd no sigh,—but gave a groan,
And grunted, loud, "Och, Hone! Och, Hone!"
"Och, Hone!" he cried, "my pleasure's cup"
"Was full that night I wound her up!"
"How will that night my pleasures crown,"
"If e'er it come, I wind her down!"
Ne'er came that night of joy;—but, oh!
Soon came a moment full of wo;
A moment horror-fraught!—which, oft,
On the black peak of Klintertoft,
Beneath whose base the waters howl,
Is boded by the fatal owl.

XIX.

Who best, in cattle, and domain,

Could vie with the O'Shaughnashanes?
Who but the Chief of stature tall,
Baron Fitz Gallyhogmagawl?
The Vulture, in his sweeping flight,
Sail'd leagues and kept his grounds in sight;
Nor could the swiftest Roebuck run
Across his land twixt sun and sun:
His towers were bosom'd high in wood,
And at his gate fierce Wolf-Dogs stood.
He had a Daughter passing fair,
Once buxom, blithe, and debonnair:
A year had flown since, first, it chance'd,
With Blarneygig's bold Kight she dance'd;
From that time forth, to bowers she crept,
There pine'd in thought, and silent wept.
Her Father, who, from day to day,
Observe'd his daughter's health decay,
Question'd her close;—she made a pause—
Blush'd deep,—then, faltering, own'd the cause;
Own'd all that made her spirits flag
Was—thinking on Sir Tooleywhagg.
“Cease, Judy!” cried the Baron, “cease”
“To grieve, for much I prize your Peace!”
A hint, although the point was nice,
Brought the wish'd Bridegroom, in a trice;

For both desire and interest sway'd
 The ready Knight to wed the Maid;
 And his resolves, in accents cold,
 The Lady of the Wreck he told.

XX.

She heard.—and pallid grew her cheek,
 Nor did she soon essay to speak.
 Her fiery eyeball shot a gleam
 That scarce from mortal eye could stream;
 Her ghastly form assume'd the cast
 Of withering Spectres, when they blast.*
 At length, as tight his hand she grasp'd,
 And with a Ring his finger clasp'd,
 A dismal hollow laugh she gave,
 Like sounds that issue from a grave.
 "Thy Bridal Couch," she cried, "bedeck"
 "Far from the Lady of the Wreck;"
 "But, oh, beware!—this Ring, false heart!"
 "Must never from thy finger part:"

* This word, formerly of awful dignity, is now so vulgarly familiarize'd, that it shocks us, every day, from the mouths of low wretches, when applied to the *eyes* and *limbs* of the human species.—It should not, however, lose its consequence, and force, because it is abuse'd.—Shakspeare introduces it energetically, when talking of the Ghost in Hamlet:—

"I'll cross it, though it *blast* thee!"

"When off 'tis ta'en"—she could no more,
But, headlong, to the billows' roar,
Sprang, from his chamber, to the shore. }
The while her fearful leap she took,
'Tis said, the Giant's Causeway shook;—
Death on the waves to meet her roll'd,
And wrapp'd her in a watery fold.

END OF CANTO FIRST.



THE LADY OF THE WRECK;

OR,

CASTLE BLARNEYGIG.

CANTO SECOND.

'A Rat, a Rat!—dead, for a ducat!'—SHAKESPEARE.

'Out, out, brief Candle!'—DITTO.



I.

“THE Egg is daintiest when 'tis swallow'd new,”*

“And Love is sweetest in the Honey-moon;”

“The egg grows musty, kept a whole month through,”

* The *tournure* of thought, in this Stanza, is, confessedly, indebted to that sweet commencement of the fourth Canto in the *Lady of the Lake*; where a Bridegroom “*Stands a wakeful Sentinel*,”—and then *plucks a Rose*. What a happiness! what an elegant novelty in that idea!—to make the Bridegroom perform the usual business of the Bride!—to convert the expression of “*plucking a Rose*,” which has, hitherto, been, figuratively, applied to the mystick garden irrigations of a Lady, into a much more proper matter-of-fact operation of a Gentleman.

The Rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,” &c. &c.

See Lady of the Lake.—4th Canto.

"And marriage bliss will turn to strife as soon."

"O! butter'd egg! best eaten with a spoon,"

"I bid your yelk glide down my throat's red lane;"

"Emblem of Love, and Strife, in Wedlock's boon!"—

Thus spake, at breakfast, the O'Shaughnashane,
What time his Bride, in bed, napping full late was lain.

II.

Conceits more fond than this he pour'd,—†

Conceits with which False Taste is store'd;

Such as, of late, alas! are broach'd

By those who have the spot approach'd

Where Poesy, once, cradle'd lay,

And stole'n her baby-clothes away:—

Conceits, in Song's primeval dress,

Of, oh! such pretty prettiness!

That the inveigling beldame Muse

Seems a sham Virgin from the stews;

Or, in her second childhood wild,

* Young Norman says to the Rose,—(how pretty to talk to the Rose!)

"I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave."

If the weather were quite calm, he, probably, shook his head, with his bonnet on;—otherwise it may be suppose'd he had much less chance of being obey'd by the rose, than Sir Tooleywhagg by the egg, who was popping it down his throat with a spoon.

† "Such fond Conceit, half said, half sung."

Lady of the Lake, 4th Canto.

The doating Nurse that *apes* the Child.—
 With such conceits, such feathery lead,*
 Which either may be *sung or said*,
 Mock Fancy fill'd the Bridegroom's head;
 While the first egg-shell he scoop'd clean,
 Since he a Married Man had been.
 'Twas only on the night before
 That Father Murtoch, of Kilmore,
 Had join'd him to his all in all,
 Judy Fitz Gallyhogmagawl.

}

III.

Revere'd by all was Murtoch's worth,
 Though mistery involve'd his birth:†

* "O heavy lightness! serious vanity!"

"Mis-shapen chaos of well-sooming forms!"

"FEATHER OF LEAD, bright smoke!" &c.

Thus says Shakspeare of Love:—but far be it from the Author of this idle Poem to speak thus, generally, of the *Lady of the Lake*!

† See Brian, the Priest. (*Lady of the Lake*, Canto 3d.)—In a Note, relative to this personage, proving that the idea of his origin arose from a traditional story, a curious passage is quoted from *Macfarlane*; who gives an account of one *Gillt-Doir-Magrevellich*. This tooth-breaking name signifies the *Black Child, son to the Bones*.

The Black Child's mamma went to a hill, one day, on a party of pleasure, with "both wenches and youths," to gather the bones of dead men!—and they made a fire on the spot. "At last, they did all remove from the fire, except one maid, or wench:—She being quietlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come, and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of one man-child."—How much more appropriately than *Eneas* might *Gillt-Doir-Magrevellich* have invoked the "*cineres et ossa parentis*!"

For when his Mother, on a mat,
Watching a Corpse, at midnight, sat,
The Body rose, and strain'd her charms;
Almost two minutes, in it's arms.
From which embrace, too soon, she found
Her face grow long, her waist grow round
'Till, Prudes, first, tattling o'er her fate,
Bid Scorn proclaim her in a state
Which Woman wish to be, 'tis said,
Who love their Lords, *before* they're dead.
Exact at midnight, nine months o'er,
A little Skeleton she bore.
Soon as produce'd, amid the gloom,
Two glow-worms crept into the room,
Up to it's skull began to rise,
The sockets fill'd, and gave it eyes.
O'er every joint did spiders rove,
Where, busily, their webs they wove;
The Cabin smoke their texture thin
Soon thicken'd, 'till it form'd a skin,
"Now it may pass," the Mother cried,
"May pass for human!"—and she died.

IV.

This Tale was told by Age and Youth;

Bnt who can vouch for Rumour's truth?
And, yet, though falsehood quick is hatch'd,
'Tis certain, when the Corpse she watch'd
She watch'd alone;—or watch'd, at least,
With no one,—save a reverend Priest;
Whose duty 'twas to see the clay
Mingle'd with kindred earth, next day.
True, he was ruddy, tall, and stout,
And young,—but then he was devout;—
A rigid, stanch, and upright soul,
And excellent, upon the whole.
Much could he have divulge'd, but fled
From questioning, and shook his head.
Yet, once, it hapt, when closely task'd,
With much solemnity he ask'd,
“If unbegotten 'tis by Me,”
“Whose but the Corpse's *can* it be?”
This Speech, that spread from roof to roof,
To Irishmen was certain proof:
Proof that,—when mooted whether Shade
Or Substance can have force'd a Maid,—
Not he who still Life's course must run,
But that a Dead Man gets a Son.

V.

The little Murtoch's early joy

Was frolick of a Corpse's boy.
Ne'er by a stick his hoop was whirl'd,
But with a human thigh-bone twirl'd:
His leaden lips a laugh exprest
Whene'er he robb'd a screech-owl's nest,
He scratch'd for worms when showers came,
And made a boding Raven tame.
Oft, with a yew-bough in his hand,
He love'd upon a grave to stand,
(His Father's grave!) and there, by night,
Arrest the Bat's low-wheeling flight.
Such, in his youth, was Murtoch known;
But, when to skinny manhood grown,
Church zeal could scarcely fail to fire
The offspring of a Church-yard Sire.
His smooth skull, whiten'd by the air,
Unconscious of disdainful hair,
In meek and ready baldness stood
To court the cover of a hood.
Soon in the Cloister's gloom he sunk,
Amid the plump, a juiceless Monk;
Renouncing errors, stale or fresh,
Of (what he never had) the Flesh;
For, ever, as to prayer he stalk'd,
His dry joints rattle'd as he walk'd.

As years revolve'd, sage Murtoch's name
Stood foremost in monastick fame.
'Twas thought, whene'er he plodded o'er
A volume fraught with pious lore,
His glow-worm eyeballs, in the dark,
Gave ample light the text to mark.
A Relick 'twas his pride to own,
A precious wonder, seldom shewn;—
A Sleeve of great Saint Patrick's clothes,
Whereon was place'd Saint Patrick's Nose;
His noble Nose, of gristly strength,
And measuring twelve inches' length,*
Mark'd when the Saint, to keep it warm,
Carried his head beneath his arm.

VI.

But, Hark! the Castle's parlour-door
(Whose hinge no Vassal smear'd, of yore,
With smooth, subservient, supple oil,
It's rusty lordliness to spoil,)
Now creaks,—the entrance to proclaim
Of the last night's new-wedded Dame.

* After all, this is no such mighty Nose to brag of. In *Slawkenbergius's* time, Noses, at the Promontory, beat St. Patrick's hollow.

How look'd the Bride?—they best can tell
Who Nature mark, and mark her well.
Movements there are which most reveal
What most they labour to conceal,
And, in rebellion to the will,
Make Bashfulness more bashful still.
The undetermine'd, shifting Eye,
(That sure betrayer of the shy!)
Which, when another's glance it meets,
In sidelong sheepishness retreats,
Striving to note, what scarce it sees,
With much uneasiness of ease,
Chairs, tables, pictures, clouds, or trees;—
The Tongue, that plunges into chat,
Flound'ring in haste from this to that,
On service force'd by nervous Fear,
Till Nonsense comes a Volunteer,
And proves the seat of the campaign
Far distant from the heart or brain;—
And, when the Tongue from fight withdraws,
The silly, the distressing Pause!—
Such symptoms shew'd,—yea, shew'd them all,
Late Miss Fitz Gallyhogmagawl;
Till, while on fancies fancies rush'd,
She met her Husband's leer,—and blush'd.

VII.

Hail, Blush of the new-risen Bride!
Promoter of the Husband's pride,
The old Maid's envy, young Maid's fear,
The Wag's stale Wit, the Widow's sneer!
Ye blushing Brides, new-risen, Hail!
So, in wild Flammagarty's vale,
Blush the red blossoms, in the morn,
When newly open'd, by a Thorn.

VIII.

If strange sensations of the breast
Rush into Woman's face, confest,
And there a transient hecick spread,
Vermillioning Health's softer red,
How quickly, then, her heart repays
Man's kind forbearance of his gaze!—
His mercifully heedless air,
His careless conversation's care,
On topicks turn'd to hush alarms,
In pity to her ruffle'd charms!—
How oft her thoughts, that own the cheat,
Dwell on the delicate deceit,
Which mark'd her soft suffusions float,
And, nothing, never seem'd to note.

Ideas that evince a mind
To character the man refine'd
Did not on the sensorium light
Of Blarneygig's puissant Knight.
Staring on his embarrass'd Bride,
"Lady O'Shaughnashane," he cried,
"Arrah, what makes you blush? come here,"
"And sit upon my knee, my dear!"

IX.

Obe'y'd she?—yes:—for, then, a Spouse
(Times alter!) seldom broke her vows;
Nor thought all other vows efface'd
While marriage-beds were not disgrace'd:
As if Love, Honour, and Obey,
(Oaths, now, of form, on Life's high-way,)
Like paltry passengers, were lost
In Virtue's terrible hard frost.
Much did Sir Tooleywhagg rejoice
To see the Lady of his choice
Sitting, while he sat in his cap,
Obediently upon his lap.
His satisfaction grew so strong,
It popp'd out, rampart, in a Song;
And many a harsh discordant note
Came, bellowing, through his rusty throat.

Such through thy caves, Loch-Derg, were sent,
 When wild winds struggle'd for a vent,
 Which, as their boisterous road they took,
 Saint Patrick's Purgatory* shook.

Song of the Bridegroom.

X.

Don't, now, be after being coy;
 Sit still upon my lap, dear joy!
 And let us, at our breakfast, toy,
 For thou art Wife to me, Judy!†

* "Of this Cave, strange and incredible things are related. It was demolish'd, a fictitious thing, on St. Patrick's day, in the year 1497, by authority of Pope Alexander VI, by the *Guardian* of the House of *Minorits* of *Donegall*, and here, says the Author of the *Ulster Annals*, who then liv'd. Yet it was, afterwards, restore'd, and frequently visited by Pilgrims."

Ware's Antiq. of Ireland.

† The world has been much be-Mary'd, of late, by modern Poets of prettiness;—and we have innumerable sweet little Stanzas of Simplicity, ending with *my Mary*," and "*my Mary*," to the end of the Chapter;—Much after the following manner:—

To-morrow, let it shine or pour,
 Precisely at the hour of four,
 Drive me the carriage to the door,
 My Coachman!
 For I must dine with Doctor Brown,
 And to his Villa must go down,—
 Thou know'st the way to Kentish Town,
 My Coachman!

And I am bound, by wedlock's chain,
Thy humble sarvant to remain,
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane,
 The Husband unto thee, Judy!
Each Vassal, at our Wedding-Feast,
Blind drunk, last night, as any beast,
Roar'd till the daylight streak'd the East,
 Which spoil'd the sleep of thee, Judy!
Feasts in the Honey-Moon are right;
But, that once o'er, my heart's delight!
Nought shall disturb thee, all the night,
 Or ever waken me, Judy!

The skins of Wolves,—by me they bled,—
Are covers to our Marriage-Bed;
Should one, in hunting, bite me dead,
 A Widow thou wilt be, Judy!
Howl at my Wake! 'twill be but kind;
And, if I leave, as I've design'd,
Some little Tooleywhaggs behind,
 They'll sarve to comfort thee, Judy!

XI.

Touch'd by the pathos of the Song,
Though every note was rumble'd wrong

Scarce could the sympathetick Bride
Her conjugal emotions hide.—
To see her husband's Corse!—and, oh!
A Wolf to bite him from her so!
A Wolf!—all Erin's Saints forbid!
Whose skin was but her coverlid!
Beneath that softness lurk'd their life
To make a Widow of a Wife!
To make her Lord resign his breath!
To make her see him stiff in death!—
Ye modern Spouses! never scoff
At the fond Tear she hurried off;
But, as she dash'd the tear away,
She smile'd,—and labour'd to be gay.

XII.

“What is this Ring,” she said, “Sir Knight,”
“That on your finger looks so bright;”
“Outshining the fair Star of Morn?”
“Some old love-token, I'll be sworn!”
“I'll pull it off, dear!”—at the word,
Thunder, far off, was muttering heard;
And Lightning faintly play'd, to own
It quiver'd for the mystick stone.—
Then all was hush'd as Death again;

Save that a sound swung down the glen,
 As, tolling, on the ear it fell,
 From Bunamargy-Friery bell.
 Dull wax'd the Sun,—a dusky red
 Through the dense atmosphere was spread;
 Rooks to their tree-tops caw'd retreat,
 Oppress'd with suffocating heat.

XIII.

The Chief (confusion mark'd his brow)
 Cried, "Bathershane! be asy, now!"
 "Tis but a toy,—a gift to me;"
 "Sent from a dead friend, now at sea."—
 Here Conscience wisper'd—Many a wave
 Thou Lust's, thou Avarice's Slave!
 Is rolling o'er a luckless Fair,
 Driven, by thy falsehood, to despair.
 Turn from thy Wife!—thou wilt be found
 As false to her as her that's drown'd.
 Turn from thy Wife—thy dalliance check;
 Cease paddling in her ivory neck;*
 Think on the Lady of the Wreck!

XIV.

"Sent from a friend at sea, who's dead!"

* "Paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers."—*Shakspeare*

The, now half-jealous, Lady said,
"Would'st into life the lifeless drag?"—
"Thou banter'st me, my Tooleywhagg!"
"Dead men, who sometimes float, I hear,"
"Transmit no presents home, my dear."
"Come, come! this toy,—this gewgaw thing,"
"This shewy, baubling, foppish Ring,"
"Befits thy manly finger ill;"—
"Have it I mnst, Sir Knight, and will."
Quick from his hand she twitch'd the stone,
And, laughing, fix'd it on her own.—
That instant, burst a bombard cloud,
O'er Blarneygig's high turrets, loud;
And, while it's grand Artillery roar'd,
Both sheeted fires and waters pour'd.
Earth's huge maternal sides up-born,
With horrid labour-throes were torn:—
Then, Wicklow, first, thy mountains bold
Fear tinge'd with something much like gold;*
Moneykillcark's unfathom'd bog
Rush'd o'er the vales of Tullyhog;
The Forest shudder'd o'er the Buck;

* Gold is suppose'd to have been lately discover'd in the Wicklow Mountains—but many doubt whether it be really gold, or only *something like it*. Be it the one or the other, it is a sign of *good luck* to the discoverers.

The shrinking Pond left dry the Duck;
 Who, thrown upon her glossy back,
 Flutter'd, but quake'd too much to quack;
 The Craven from his dunghil flew,
 And still'd his Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

XV.

Nature, as sea-girt Erin shook,
 Her laws of gravity forsook.
 The Bucket's cordage, crack'd in twain,
 That wound the Lady from the main,—
 The Bucket then, ne'er meant to fly,
 Disdain'd the beach, and sought the sky;
 The lofty Watch-Tower's roof beat in,
 And crush'd the Warder, Rory Flinn:
 Expiring drunk, he "Whiskey" cried,
 All Water-Buckets damn'd, and died.
 The Sea, that lave'd the Castle's base,
 Arose, the battlements to face;
 Fronting the windows, foaming, came,
 Where sat the Chieftain with his Dame,
 And, full a minute ere it's fall,

* The *Craven* is the dunghil-sock; and is use'd, *objectively*, by old Auth^{rs} as an epithet of cowardice. Individuals of a noble family, now existing, have reverse'd the definition of this Epithet; and attach'd to the name of *Craven* every thing that is spirited, and estimable, in society.

Spread a broad, waving, watery wall!
Sudden it sunk:—the orb of Day
Now Struggling with the clouds for sway,
The awful Tempest roll'd away. }
Strew'd o'er the chamber, from the strand,
Lay sea-weed, cockle-shells, and sand;
And, in a corner, shivering, sat,
Wet through with brine, a Water-Rat:
On the O'Shaughnashane it fix'd
It's eyes, with anger, sorrow-mixt;
Shew'd it's sharp teeth, in doleful spite,
And knapp'd, and chatter'd, at the Knight.

XVI.

"Say, is the Tempest past?" inquire'd
The Dame, who from a swoon respire'd.
"Say, is the Tempest—ah! what's that?"
"Save me, Saint Roger! 'tis a Rat!"
"What eyes! what teeth! what ears! what hair!"
"Look at its whiskers!—what a pair!"
"And, oh! Sir Tooleywhagg! see what"
"A long, thick, swinging tail 'thas got!"
"Destroy it, or I faint again;"
"Throw, throw it back into the main!"
Perk'd on it's dripping haunches stood
The bristling Reptile of the Flood,
And utter'd to the Bride a squeak,

That seem'd almost a human shriek!
 The shrieking Bride, sore, sore dismay'd,
 Almost a rat-like squeak repaid;
 And hurried from the spot, to yield
 The Rat possession of the Field.

XVII.

Muse'd not the Chieftain, when his dear
 Fled the apartment, pale with fear?
 Muse'd he not on the mystick Ring?
 The Storm? the Rat?—the everything?
 Sat he not wrapt in doubt, and wo,
 And trance'd in cogitation?—no.
 The shallow cellules of his head
 Were so pre-occupied with lead,
 That, wanting intellectual space,
 Reflection could not find a place.
 But a rich Fool,* whose stars ordain
 His pate shall be one blank of brain,
 Ne'er long sits motionless alone,—
 He cannot *think* himself to stone;
 Nor like the wise, or would-be wise,
 Read, write, combine, philosophize;
 Still, with no labour of the mind,
 Work, for his limbs, he's sure to find.

* This is by no means intended to insinuate that a man who is rich is consequently, be foolish; but that a fool who is affluent can afford to have business, or study.

His Body's action whiles away
His listless life, in tiresome play,
And helps the cranium of the Ass
Folly's long holidays to pass.
Left, by his Lady's sudden flight,
The busy-bodied, brainless Knight,
Barren of thought, deprive'd of chat,
Threw bread and butter to the Rat.
The reptile, in a sullen mood,
It's whiskers twirl'd, and spurn'd the food.

XVIII.

As the long Angler, patient man!
At Newry-Water, or the Banne,*
Leaves off, against his placid wish,
Empaling worms, to torture fish;
As dull, at dusk, he plods to rest,
Not, even, with a nibble blest,—
So from the Rat retire'd the Knight,
Convince'd he could not get a bite.
When to the Anti-room he came,
A rat again!—the very same!

* Rivers, in Ulster.

He left it, straight, and sought the stair,—
 The animal sat crouching there.
 He range'd his grand apartments through,—
 The yellow Chamber, green, red, blue,—
 There was the water-reptile too! }
 Where could he go? where stay? where look?
 At every turn, in every nook,
 He fear'd the Rat would be espied,
 And all his fears were *ratified*.

XIX.

Months fled, since the earthquake's shock;
 Meanwhile, at Allyballyknock,
 Grand feasts were given, in the Hall
 Of Lord Fitz Gallyhogmagawl;
 Others at Craughternaughter Hill,
 Where dwelt the pale Mac Twiddledill;—
 There came the Knight;—and thither sped
 The little hairy Quadruped;
 Whom Host, and Guests, essay'd, in vain,
 To drive from the O'Shaughnashane.
 Where'er he went, whate'er the hour,
 On plain, or hill, in hall, or bower,

At prayer, meals, sport,—all matters that
 An Irish Chieftain *could* be at,
 There grinn'd the same, eternal Rat;
 Eluding every effort, still,
 To hurt, to catch it, or to kill.

}

XX.

On Blarneygig's high Gateway rear'd,
 A Manifesto, now, appear'd;
 Sir Tooleywhagg's most strict command,
 Writ in his own, improper hand;
 From which, with pure, and classick dread,
 Orthography and Grammar, fled.
 Five minutes' shower wash'd away
 "*Rade, and tak notis, every day.*"
 What matter'd?—for each Vassal knew
 His duty he was bound to do;—
 But, in default of it, might plead
 Not one of them had learn'd to read.
 By word of mouth the Order, then,
 Was given,—and spread among the men;—
 That, through the territory sought,
 To each apartment must be brought

That foe instinctive to the rat,
That Tiger's miniature,—the Cat.

XXI.

Bagg'd, from a Cabin, on the skirt
Of thy morass, soft Grannyfert!
First, came a Cotty^r's* half-starve'd Tom,
Whom Famine had deducted from;
Deducted, till it seem'd, through Fast,
That eight of his nine lives were past.
But soon his Cat-Star crying "eat,"
Relented, in the shape of meat;
New sleek'd his coat, re-plump'd his flesh,
And gave him his lost lives, afresh.
Then, like the amorous Turk, he saw,
Though only a One-Tail'd Bashaw,
Around his wawling presence swell
A huge Seraglio, stock'd, pell-mell,
With black, white, tabby, tortoise-shell. }
Yet, when about the Rat they range'd,
Their natural feline fury change'd;

* "They were persons who, not holding, or unable to hold, any lands on their own account, were oblig'd to work for their subsistence, throughout the whole year, for such cultivators of land as call'd themselves gentlemen. These labourers went by the name of Cottyers,"—*Bell's Description of the Peasantry of Ireland.*"

The Rat no symptom shew'd of fright,
The Cats forgot to pounce, or bite;
Each claw was shut; and all the furr'd,
As if in love, and pity, purr'd.
Thus Wolves, before our Mother's vice,
Caress'd the Kid, in Paradise;
The Lamb, thus, calmly, cropt the plain,
Beneath the peaceful Lion's mane;
While, on the branch, that bloom'd above,
The Hawk sat billing with the Dove.

XXII.

Thrice, through the Zodiack's signs, the Sun
His annual wheeling race had run,
While kept the Water-Fiend it's pace,
Haunting the Knight, from place to place.
Worn with the pest, on travel bent,
From rocky Blarneygig he went:—
Traverse'd the sea; all Europe view'd;
Still, still, the cursed Rat pursue'd!
No change it manifested;—save
That which the various Nations gave.
In France, thy Dressing-room, Oh World!
It's whiskers seem'd more smartly curl'd;

Through Italy, a mellower note
 Squeak'd, like a quaver, from it's throat;
 Among the Germans, all the day,
 It look'd not sober, though not gay,
 And gravely studied to maintain
 A haughty toss of nose in Spain.
 As, hopeless, home, the Chief, at last,
 O'er Scotia's barren Highlands past,
 The Reptile, shedding half it's hair,
 Grew hide-bound, till it's breech was bare:
 And scratch'd, while Hunger mark'd its jaws,
 Incessantly, between the claws.*

XXIII.

The Chief (his breast with sorrow big)
 Re-enter'd Castle Blarneygig.
 "Bother!" he cried, "'tis all in vain,"
 "Lady of the O'Shaughnashane!"
 "As I return, returns my Foe!"—
 "We've made the Tour of Europe, through."

* Although the Author indulges in an illusion to a common-place national jest, he feels a sincere respect for the Scotch, as an honourable, brave, and acute people:—and he knows not that even the lower orders of North-Britons are, in fact, trouble'd with the Itch, any more than that Englishmen hang and drown themselves in November.—He live'd three years in Scotland, and never observe'd one instance of the above-mention'd cutaneous disorder.

“But to what purpose did I roam?”

“What, Judy,—what have I brought home?”

“Like many a travell’d fool, no doubt,”

“No more, nor less, than I took out!”

Next morn, he rose to chase the Deer,

In the thick tangles of Dunleer.

’Twere long to tell who in the mud

Was left, chin-deep, at Guddrybrud;

What horse, or rider, at Kilcleck,

Now broke his wind, and now his neck:

Enough that, when the lengthen’d shade

Of oaks had vanish’d from the glade,—

When a chill, sullen, star-less night,

Was pressing dew-dript Evening’s flight,—

Dismounted, in a luckless hour,

(Far from his own, or any, tower,)

Upon a wind, and swampy plain,

Wander’d the lone O’Shaughnashane.

“How am I worn,” he sigh’d, “Och Hone”

“With melancholy to the bone!”—

Then sat him down upon a stone;

To while the hours, till morning-tide,

With the Rat perking by his side.

’Twas then he heard,—no Minstrel nigh,—

A Kearnine* twang his Lullaby.

Song.

XXIV.

Huntsman, sleep!†—the Deer has jogg'd
From thy Hounds, not worth the chiding;
Huntsman, sleep! thy Steed lies bogg'd,
Glander'd, spavin'd, not worth riding.

Huntsman! 'tis thy fate to own
Leather lost, and empty belly!
Stick thy bottom on the stone,
Till the Rat shall squeak reveillie.

Huntsman, snore!—for up thou'rt done;‡
And, before the rising sun,
To awaken, and assail ye,
Will the reptile squeak reveillie.

XXV.

Light lingering, still, upon the ground,

* *Kearnine*. "This word is translated by Vallancey, a small harp."—*Walker's Irish Bards*.

† *Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done.*—See *Lady of the Lake: Canto I.*

‡ The modern phrase, to be *done up*, has descended to us from the *Slengi* of the ancients.

The Wanderer cast his eyes around.
The Reptile, with the Chase o'ertoil'd,
Into a hairy ball was coil'd;
And slept upon a heathery stump,
Spite of the hail, that beat it's rump.
While, turning from the storm, it doze'd,
It's rear was to the Knight expose'd.
"Now, by the powers!" he utter'd low,
"I've taken by surprise the Foe!"
"Och! devil! have I, five years past,"
"Caught you, here, napping, now, at last!"
He tiptoe'd, eager, through the hail,
And seize'd his torment by the tail.
The Vermin squeak'd!—Oh, well-a-way!
Should vermin talk, in future day,
No rhetorick could better teach
A Rat to make it's dying speech.
Against the stone he dash'd it's head,
And saw his plague, at length, lie dead.
It's blood, while Man runs mortal race,
Tempest, nor Time, will e'er efface.
E'en now, the Antiquary pores
O'er the grey stone; and, there, explores
(What cannot Antiquaries see!)

Marks that ne'er were, nor e'er will be:—
 He traces, on a barbarous strand,
 A Fair denuded;—in her hand
 A Scroll, with two *O*s following *T*,
 And, after that, discovers *LEY*,
 Then *W*, *H*, *A*, double *G*:—
 Which, put together, make, full sure,
 To lovers of the old obscure,
 A ship-wreck'd Maid, dead many a year,
 Still grasping all she held most dear;
 And cast on History a light,
 Touching the Lady, and the Knight.

XXVI.

Say how far off, as grey crow flies,
 Did Blarneygig's dark turrets rise,
 From the morrasses, where was slain
 The Rat, by the O'Shaughnashane?—
 A toilsome length!—four leagues, at least;—
 Wind whistle'd, chilly, from the East;
 And eastward from the Castle lay
 The swamps whereon the Chief did stray,
 Wafting it's sounds the adverse way.
 Yet, when the wretched Rat was crush'd,
 Loud, on the heath, a twangle rush'd,

That rung out Supper, grand and big,
From the crack'd Bell of Blarneygig.
The festive metal's blundering tone
Well to Sir Tooleywhagg was known;
Who, ear-directed by it's sound,
Squash'd, darkling, through the rotten ground.
So, erst, did Satan,—(as 'tis sung
By Thee, great Bard!* who England's tongue
To such sublime perfection wrought,
It only sunk beneath thy thought!—
By Thee! who, loyal to the Muse,
Thy King didst prosingly abuse!†
By Thee, like Homer, reft of sight,
Like Homer, gifted to delight!)—
So, erst, did Satan drag his tail,
O'er bog, o'er steep, or moory dale,
And wading through mud, mire, and clay,
With head, hands, feet, persue his way.
At length, against his Castle-gate,
A Hubaboo hé gave full late.
The muzzy Porter, Con Macguire,
Rouse'd his blown carcass from the fire,
And ope'd the portal;—swift as light,

* Milton.

† " 'Tis in vain to dissemble, and far be it from me to defend, his engaging with a Party combine'd in the destruction of our Church and Monarchy." *Fenton's Life of Milton*.—See, also, *Milton's Prose Works*.

Passing his Vassal, shot the Knight;
 When past, the Vassal lock'd, with care,
 The Gate, and mutter'd, "Who goes there?"
 O'ercome with transport, and fatigue,
 (Oh, he had zig-zagg'd many a league!)
 Is to his Dame, in slumbers hush'd,
 The great Sir Tooleywhagg he push'd;
 And, falling on his stomach flat,
 Roar'd, "Judy, I have kill'd the Rat!"

XXVII.

"Speed, Looney, speed!"* next morning, cried
 The jocund Chief, "for thou must ride"
 "Fleet as the bolt that rends the tree,"
 "On rocky Cloghernochartee."
 "Speed, Looney! speed to every guest;"
 "Ride North and South, ride East and West!"
 "Saddle grey Golloch! spur him hard,"
 "From Glartyflarty, to Klanard;"
 "From Killybegs, to Killaleagh;"
 "Cross Ulster's Province;—haste away!"

* "*Speed Malise, speed!*"—Malise, in the Lady of the Lake, is sent in great haste, to invite gentlemen to a battle, instead of a dinner.—His master bids him *take a short stick, and punch it:—*

"A cubit's length, in measure due;"

"The shaft and limb were rods of yew."

With this signal for war, which has been thrust into the fire, he runs through the country.

“ Speed, Looney, speed!—invite them all;”—
“ Baron Fitz Gallyhogmagawl,”
“ Dennis O’Rourke, of Ballyswill,”
“ D’Arcy, and pale Mac Twiddledill,”
“ All the O’Brans, O’Finns, O’Blanes,”
“ Mac Gras, Mac Naughtans, and Mac Shanes.”
“ I hold a Feast;—thou know’st the day;”
“ Speed, Looney!— Looney, haste away!”

XXVIII.

The day arrive’d; the Guests were met;
High in his Hall the Chief was set.
The horn he emptied, soon as fill’d,
And, filling soon as empty,—swill’d.
All swill’d alike,—each Erin’s son
Appear’d a bursting, living ton.—
’Twas at that crisis of the Feast
When purple’d Man is almost Beast;
When, either, friend his friend provokes,
By hiccuping affronts, for jokes,
Or goblets at the head are sent,
Before affronts are given, or meant;—
A Vassal (now ’twas waxing late)
Announce’d a Stranger at the Gate.
“ A Stranger!” splutter’d forth the Knight,

" Tell him he's welcome to alight."
 " Plase you," return'd the Vassal, pale,
 " She is, my Chieftain, not a Male!"
 " She's mantle'd in a sea-green weed,"*
 " And mounted on a rat-tail'd Steed;"
 " Her face is cover'd; but she speaks"
 " Like murmuring waves; her Stallion squeaks:"
 " And such a Rider, such a Nag,"
 " You never saw, Sir Tooleywhagg."
 Startle'd, half-sober'd, sore displeas'd,
 The Knight a swaling Candle seize'd,
 And staggering through his Castle Court,
 He reach'd the Spectre, at the port.
 The Apparation raise'd its veil,
 And shew'd the features, ashy pale!
 With ringlets, blood-drench'd, in her neck,
 Of the sad Lady of the Wreck.

XXIX.

" Perjure'd Seducer, list!" she said,
 " And tremble at the doubly dead:"
 " By Thee, to desperation urge'd,"
 " I plunge'd, and drown'd,—for Thee, emerge'd."

* Weed, formerly, signified a garment.—We, still, say *Widow's weeds*.

“ The Ring drawn off, it gave me power,”
“ (For know ’twas charm’d) from that same hour,”
“ To join thee, cruellest of men!”
“ In one shape more, till death, again.”
“ Doting, I came; to Thee I fled,”
“ A little faithful quadruped;”
“ Doting, with Thee, from shore to shore,”
“ I swam, and trotted, Europe o’er.”
“ Was I not constant as thy Bride?”
“ Why drive me, first, down Erin’s tide,”
“ Then kill me, since my Suicide?”
“ Perjure’d Seducer, list!—thy doom”
“ Approaches;—seek thy Banquet-Room;”
“ Back to thy guests; renew the sport;”
“ Be thy life merry, as ’tis short!”
“ For learn, thy latest vital gasp”
“ Ends with the Candle in thy grasp.”
“ Soon as burnt down, beyond all doubt,”
“ Sir Tooleywhagg, thy life is out.”

She cease’d;—a sea-wave roll’d to meet
Her squeaking, rat-tail’d, Palfrey’s feet;
And, foaming past the palsied Knight,
Swept Horse, and Rider, from his sight,

XXX.

Wan as the Spectre of the Flood,
 Before his guests the Chieftain stood.
 With trembling voice, he told them all:
 "Fate," cried Fitz Gallyhogmagawl,
 "To thee, my son-in-law, doth give"
 "Longer than other men to live."
 "If thou canst wave thy dying day,"
 "Until the Candle burns away,"
 "Thou may'st immortal be, Sir Knight,"
 "Only by turning down the light."
 Oh! happy, happy thought!—'twas done;
 Sir Tooleywhagg a race might run,
 And only burn out with the Sun.

}

XXXI

Again the horns were fill'd by all,
 And ululations shook the Hall.—
 While noise and Whiskey rack'd the brain,
 Still, kept the great O'Shaughnashane
 (Who now mortality defied)
 The turn'd-down Candle by his side:—
 Till sapping, at each feverish Toast,
 The little sense a Sot can boast,

Quite vanquish'd, by potations deep,
The human swine all sunk to sleep.
What time they snorted loud, the fire,
And every taper, did expire.
A Vassal enter'd; all was dark;
The turf he blew,—but not a spark!
He grope'd the slopp'd oak-table round,
And there, at last, a Candle found;
The fatal Candle!—at a lamp,
Upon the stair-case, dim with damp,
Relumining the wick that gave
The Chief of Blarneygig his Grave,
He place'd it where his Lord might take
The light, whenever he should wake.
Soon as the Candle 'gan to burn,
Sir Tooleywhagg he gave a turn;—
And groan'd;—but still his eyes were close'd,—
Death hovering round him while he doze'd!
He dreamt of Tempest, of a Rat,
And Night-Mares rode him, as he sat.
A Thief within the Candle got,—
The heated Chieftain grew more hot;
The Candle in the socket blaze'd;
He ope'd his eyes,—his head he raise'd;

That moment he had raise'd his head,
The Light expire'd,—the Knight was dead!

Harp of the Pats! farewell! for, truly, I
Am growing very sick of Minstrelsy;—
So get thee to the Bog again! Good bye!

}

TWO PARSONS;

OR,

THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

Paupertas omnes artes perdocet.—PLAUTUS.

ADAM and Eve were, at the World's beginning,
Ashame'd of nothing, till they took to sinning:
But after Adam's slip,—the first was Eve's,—

With sorrow big,

They sought the Fig,

To cool their blushes, with its banging leaves.

Whereby, we find

That, when all things were recent,

(So paradoxical is human kind!)

Till folks grew naughty, they were *barely* decent.

Thus, Dress may date its origin

From Sin;

Which proves, beyond the shadow of dispute,

How many owe their livelihoods to Fruit:—

For Fruit cause'd Sin; and Sin brought Shame;
And all through Shame our Dresses came;
With that sad Stopper of our breath,
Death!

Now, had not Woman work'd our fall,
How many, who have trades, and avocations,
Would shut up shop, in these our polishe'd nations,
And have no business to transact, at all!

In such an instance, what, pray, would become
Of all our reverend Clergy?—
They would be thought uncommonly hum-drum,
And banish'd, in a trice,
Who, zealously, for pay, should urge ye
Not to be Vicious, if there were no Vice.

What would become of all the *fy-fy* Ladies?
And all Proprietors of *paw-paw* Houses?
And all the learned Proctors,—whose grave trade is
Parting, from bed and board, the *paw-paw* Spouses?

What would become of Heirs at Law, alas!
However Lawyers ferretted,

If Relatives to death would never pass,
And Heirs at Law,—never inherited?

What would become of all ('tis hard to say!)
Who *thrive* on *Vice*,—but in a various way?—
Those who maintain themselves by, still, maintaining it,
And those who live by scourging, and retaining it?

Again,—if we should never die, nor dress,
But walk, immortally, in nakedness,
'Twould be a very losing game for those
Who furnish us with Funerals, and Clothes.
To sum the matter up, then, briefly,
Losers through Innocency would be, chiefly,—
The Lord Chief Justice, Undertakers,
Hatters, Shoe, Boot, and Breeches Makers;
Jack Ketches, Parsons, Tailors, Proctors,
Mercers, and Milliners,—perhaps Quack Doctors;
Hosiers, and Resurrection-Men,
Sextons,—the Bow-Street Officers,—and, then
Those infinitely grander Drudges,
The big-wigg'd circuiteering Judges:—
The venal Fair who kiss to eat,
The Key-Keeper of Chandois-Street;

The——pooh!—there ne'er could be an end on't,
 Should I attempt to count them all, depend on't.—
 We know "*hoc genus omne*" daily is
 Before our eyes,—"*cum multis aliis.*"

But who would, then, have heard of, by the by,
 The Vice-Suppressing, starch'd Society?—
 That tribe of self-erected Prigs,—whose leaven
 Consists in *buckramizing* souls for Heaven;
 Those stiff-rump'd Buzzards, who evince the vigour
 Of Christian virtue, by Unchristian rigour;
 Those Quacks, and Quixotes, who, in coalition,
 Compose the Canters' secret Inquisition;
 Dolts, in our tolerating Constitution,
 Who turn Morality to Persecution,
 And, through their precious pates' fanatick twists,
 Are part Informers, Spies, and Methodists?
 What would become of these?—no matter what:—

It matters not, at all,

What would befall

Each bigot Ass, or hypocritick Sot.

But since, ah well a day! that Death and Dress
 Have both obtain'd, what can our griefs express

To see poor Parsons,—*some* are poor, 'tis reckon'd,
 Prepare us for the *first*, and want the *second*?

Great Britain's principal Soul-Mender

Liveth, at Lambeth Palace, in great splendour;—

A Curate is another sort of man,

Very unlike the Metropolitan,

Living (without a Living) as he can.

}

This last, who toils in a twofold vocation,

That is, between his Wife and Congregation,

Is, thereby, getting, all the while,—

Which sure must raise (if nothing else) his bile—

Scarce any thing but Children, and Vexation.

Whene'er his Text he is about to handle,

Lulling to sleep his Sunday people,

'Tis wondrous how his zeal

Can burn at all, with scarce a meal,—

And not go out, just like a Candle,

Under his great Extinguisher, the Steeple:—

So small the salary, and fees,

To help the Kneeler mend his breeches knees!

Oh! how must his Parishioners be hurt,
While their good Pastor is his Text pursuing,
To know his surplice hinders them from viewing
His ragged Small-clothes,—ragged as his Shirt!

This Theme!—to Volumes I could swell it;—
But thereby hangs a Tale;—I'll tell it.

Ozias Polyglot, a Kentish Curate,
So much his orthodoxy manifested,
That by one Heathen Power he was detested,
Who to poor Polyglot was most obdurate.

This mythologick Deity was *Plutus*,
The grand Divinity of Cash;
Who, when he rumps us quite, and wont salute us,
If we are men in Commerce, then we *smash*:

If men of large Estate, then we retrench;—
But, if we are, in all respects,
Mere simple Debtors, sans effects,
Hoping that *Plutus* may not always frown,

We then, as calmly as we can, sit down,
The King (Heaven bless him!) finding us a Bench.

The God of Cash hath, latterly, display'd
Much spite to sundry Citizens in trade;

Abandoning, to the World's wonder,
Proud Firms, with whom 'twas thought he ne'er would
sunder.

He hath, moreover, look'd a little blank,
And shewn a kind of coolness to the Bank:—

The mighty Bank, at whose command is
Great Credit, and Resource, has, all the while,
Return'd the coolness with no sort of bile,
To make men think it has the *yellow jaundice*:
But, finding Guineas in the Till run taper,
Has, providently, stopp'd the slit with Paper.

Now, Plutus having turn'd his back
On poor Ozias Polyglot,

The lazy fat Incumbent's hack,—

What had he got?

I'll tell you what.

He had got Twins, for three years running;

Which for a Curate is not over-cunning,
Who never is in riches wallowing;—
But, for the three years following,
(And 'twas less hard, in his uxorious case,)
His loving Rib, instead of Deuce, threw Ace.

In matters of Arithmetick,
At which I never boasted to be quick,
He whose sage head is better, far, than mine,
Will find, according to my calculation,
Errors excepted, in the computation,
Ozias, in six years, got babies Nine!

The Parson dearly love'd his darling pets,
Sweet, little, ruddy, ragged *Parsonets*!

Then,—which for all his drudging was not dear,—
This meek Improver of his Congregation,
This pious Helper of our Population,
Had got—just Twenty-Seven Pounds, *per* year.

Still, had Ozias Polyglot,
With all his gettings, never got,
Whereat the good man's trouble was not small,
An invitation to the HALL;—

Where dwelt a Thing of consequence, through Mire,
A many-acred, two-legg'd Ass,—the Squire.

'Tis true, the Country Squire, of modern days,
Is greatly mended,—like his roads, and ways:

He is not, now, we know,
That Porker he appear'd some years ago;
That swinish, stupid, fatten'd Lord of Grounds,
That Hog of bumpering capacity;
With far more noise than any of his Hounds,
And infinitely less sagacity.

He is not, now, as he was wont to be,
So much the Cock of all his Company.
He is not that tyrannick Wise-Man,
Who, in a territory of his own,
Can “bear no Rival near his throne,”
And, therefore, asks to dine, five days in six,
That he may knock them down in politicks,
The unresisting Lawyer, and Exciseman.

If such a Character should still remain,
'Twas not the Squire who, now, possess'd the Hall:—
He had not in his character a grain

Of such a character, at all

No;—he had travell'd; and he knew,
At least, set up to know (which is the same
For Fools, who get from Fools a sort of name,)
Much about Paintings, Statues, and *Virtù*.

His Mansion was the pink of Taste, and Art:
His charming Pictures!—oh, how they delighted you!
In his Saloon, Egyptian Monsters frighted you:
And Pagods, on his Stair-Case, made you start.

Nothing surpass'd his carpets, and his draperies,
His clocks, chairs, tables, sofas, ottomans;—
His rooms were crowded with Etruscan aperiens,
Fine noseless busts, and Roman pots, and pans.

He had a marble Venus, on a stand,
Wanting a leg, and a right hand;
A sweeter piece of Art was never found;—
Had not those brutes, the sailors, rot'em!
In bringing her from Rome, knock'd off her bottom,
She would have sold for Thirty Thousand Pound.

His Candlesticks, when guests retire'd to beds,
Were Cleopatras, splash'd with *or moulu*,

Or squab Mark Antonies, antequely new,
With wax-lights, ramm'd into their hands, or heads.

In every bed-room, there were place'd
Knick-knackereries of wondrous taste,
With shells, [and spars, stuff'd birds, and flies in
amber;

And, by the side of every bed,
There stood a Grecian Urn, instead
Of what is call'd, in France, a *pot de chambre*.

To see the wonders of a House thus stock'd,
His London Friends, in shoals, came down,
Though he resided sixty miles from Town,
And parties upon parties flock'd.

Now, they who came these vanities to view
Did not care two-pence for *Virtú*;
Nor for the Dwelling, nor the Dweller;—
But they delighted very much to look
On the rare *carve-work* of the Squire's French Cook,
And to inspect, with special care,
Those *crusted Vessels*, dragg'd to air,
From the great *Herculanium*, his Cellar.

Short, whate'er the season or the weather,

They, kindly, came to breakfast, dine, and sup,
 At the Squire's charge, for weeks together;—
 Giving themselves, most complaisantly, up
 To sensuality,—and all iniquity:

Kissing the rural Venuses they found,
 With cherry-cheeks, on the Squire's Ground,
 Till the poor Damsels they attack'd
 Were Characters as crack'd
 As his crack'd Venus of Antiquity.

The Londoners thus crowding to the Hall,
 It was no wonder
 That Parson Polyglot knock'd under,
 And never poke'd his nose in it, at all.

Besides the Squire for neighbours had a dread,
 And always "*cut the natives,*" as he said.

An accident, at last, however, granted
 To Parson Polyglot the very thing
 (As Iris said to the Rutilian King*)
 That Fate ne'er promise'd, and he so much wanted.

* "*Turne, quod optanti Divum præmittere nemo*"

"*Anderet,volvenda dies,en,attulit ultro.*"—Virg. *Æneid.*

Some Wags were on a visit to the Squire,
Famous adepts in *practicable* joking,—
Which is as much true wit as smoke is fire,
Or puffing empty pipes tobacco-smoking.

These lively Apes of Genius,—who, for ever,
Their jests can as mechanically grind
As barrel-organ men their tunes,—opene'd
Hoaxing a Parson was prodigious clever!

Therefore a Messenger was sent,
To run as fast as he was able,
With more of a command than compliment,
And bid Ozias to the Great Man's table.

The invitation made the Curate start!—
Though worldly vanity could never bias,
Till now, the meek affections of Ozias,
Vain-Glory glow'd in his parsonick heart.

His eye shot ostentatious fire,
(The first it ever shot off in his life,)
When he was told, by his prolifick Wife,
The message that was sent him, from the Squire.

How oft it pains Historians to relate

The truths which Truth obliges them to state!

The Fact, alas! must out:—then, be it known,

The Reverend Ozias Polyglot—

(Much about gettings has been said)—had got
Only one Shirt that he could call his own.

He, now, had *spared* it;

And he was lying, snug, between

Two blankets, till his Rib had wash'd it clean,

And plaited it, and iron'd it, and air'd it.

She had, that instant, hung it on the line,

When the man knock'd, to bid him forth to dine.

The Parish Clock struck Five;—at Six

The Great Man chose his dinner-hour to fix

'Twas three miles, in the dirt,

Up hill, from the poor Parson's to the Hall:—

“Come, duck!” he cried, “make haste, and dry the
Shirt,”

“Or else I shant get there in time, at all.”

Vain the attempt!—his Duck refuse'd to try it,

Swearing it was *impossible* to dry it.

The Curate bid her pull it off the cord,

And vow'd into his shirt he'd get;—

Says Mrs. Polyglot, “good Lord!”

“You're mad, Ozias; vy it's wringing vet!”

“Where is my neckcloth, then?”—another rub!

'Twas soaking at the bottom of the Tub,

Never was hapless Preacher more perplex'd!

“Woman!” he bawl'd, “you see how time doth
press me;”

“In all my life, I never was so vex'd!”—

Then, gulping “*Damme*,” substituted “*Bless me!*”

Thoughts kick'd up in his brain a sort of schism:—

What measure to adopt?—or what decline?

Was he to roll in bed?—or go to dine?—

Affront the Squire, or get the Rheumatism?

On one side lay his interest, and ambition;

“A Patron might so better his condition!”

But, then, on t'other side,

His fears arose:

“Folks lost the use of all their limbs, or died,”

T

He had been told, "by sitting in wet clothes."

"What would my Flock do?—all my honest neighbours!"

"If Death should, shortly, end my pious labours?

"Wife! what would *You* do, if disease assail'd me,"

"And, all at once, my precious members fail'd me!"

People, unblest by Fortune's gifts,
Wanting clean Shirts, will, often, find out *Shifts*.

The Parson's Supplice was laid by
For Sabbath,—neatly folded up, and dry;
And, from the tail of that,
His loving Helpmate snipp'd a slice,
Which, in a trice,
Made him a very long and white Cravat:—

So long, indeed,—whereat he was full glad,—
That, (though 'twas narrow) from his chin,
Down to his knees,—Ozias being thin,—
It hid, in front, what skin Ozias had.

Tied round his neck, it look'd extremely spruce;
He button'd up his waistcoat to the top;

Popp'd on his wig,—well flower'd for Sunday's use,
 To save expences at the Barber's Shop.
 The Clock chime'd half past Five;—"as I'm a sinner!"
 The Churchman said, "I shall be very late!"
 "But I'm equipp'd."—He kiss'd his loving mate,
 And ran up hill, through clay, three miles to dinner.

Criticks may say,—

"Why did Ozias scour,"

"And scamper up so fast, through clay?"

"Dinner at Six is, scarce, a Curate's hour;"

"Had not the Parson dine'd already, pray?"

Ye Sages, who, minutely, object,

Know, first, the Parson did it from respect,—

And, next,—no dinner could he buy, that day.

Pert, hireling Criticks! self-sufficient elves!

Pray, did you *never* want a meal, yourselves?

Ozias reach'd the Hall,—puffing, and blowing,—

Exactly as appointed,—little knowing

How long for dinner he was doom'd to wait;

He knew not (simple Servitor of Heaven!)

That Fashion's ~~Six~~ means half past Six, for Seven,

And, Seven come, the guests arrive at Eight.

A shoulder-knotted Puppy, with a grin,
Queering the threadbare Curate, let him in.

Passing full many a Sphinx, and Griffin's head,
The Churchman to the Drawing-Room was led:—

No soul was there;
But,—oh! it's grandeur!—how it made him stare!

The *Elegancies* that he saw
Fill'd the Religionist with worldly awe;
The Draperies, and Mirrors, much surprise'd him;
But when (recovering) he threw
His eyes on the collection of *Virtú*,
The Nudities quite shock'd, and scandalized him!

Titian's fame'd Goddess, in luxurious buff,
Was the first Piece the Parson thrust his nose on;—
This prurient Picture surely was enough
Ozias to confound;—
So he turn'd round
Upon a plump Diana with no clothes on.

The holy man observe'd, in every part,
Objects that “charm'd his eyes, and grieve'd his
heart.”

He felt, all over him, a mix'd sensation,
A Kind of shocking, pleasing, queer *frustration*,

"Fy on't!" he mutter'd, "I declare"
"Such Pictures should not on a wall be stuck:"
"I ne'er saw any thing so very bare,"
"Except 'twas Mrs. Polyglot, my Duck."

"And, if that naked Nymph, who looks so smugly,"
"Be Beauty's type,—then it must be confest"
"That Mrs. Polyglot, wnen quite undrest,"
"Is most astonishingly ugly!"

The Butler enter'd now, with cake and wine,
And told him, as he went away,
"Twould be an hour, at least, he dare'd to say,
Before the company sat down to dine.

Polyglot toss'd a bumper off;—it cheer'd
The cockles of his heart,—and gave him vigour
To face (what he, before, so much had fear'd,)
The Squire, and all the *Gentlefolks of Figure*.

He took a second bumper,—which so fir'd him,

With so much gaiety inspire'd him,
That he became another creature quite,
And view'd all matters in a different light.

At all the objects, which had shock'd his gravity,
He first began to smile,—though very slightly;
But, soon, with more complacency, and suavity;—
Then, in a leering way, that borders
Upon a style reckon'd *extremely* sprightly,
For any married man, in holy orders.

He thought the Titian Beauty quite divine;—
This Shape was “exquisite!”—that Posture, “fine!”
And all the unclad Ladies charm'd him, now:
He even put his fingers upon one;
And cried,—“how naturally *that* is done!”
“Aye, that's the *life*,—the *very thing*, I vow!”

Before a Glass, he, next, began to strut;
His flower'd wig in better order put,—
And brush'd against his sleeve his napless hat;
Call'd up a smirk he ne'er had known to fail,
Pull'd higher round his neck the surplice' tail,

That serve'd for his Cravat:—

Which tail (as has been stated) being ample,
He thought it not amiss to give a sample

That of clean linen he had, now, no lack;—
So twitch'd a little, at his waistband, out,
To make the Party think, beyond a doubt,
He really *had* a shirt upon his back.

The Squire and all his Friends, at length, appear'd;
Ozias, who, when by himself, had swagger'd,
Was stagger'd;
Yet, welcome'd by the Squire, was somewhat cheer'd:

But, to all polish'd company unuse'd,
When to the *Gentry* he was introduce'd,
He, all the while,
Was trembling at the knees;
And, trying to assume an air of ease,
“Grinn'd, horribly, a ghastly smile!”

The Wags with starch grimace receive'd the Parson,
And carried, with great gravity, the farce on;
They did'nt *quiz* too much at the beginning;

But all the Ladies of high *Ton*, and *Taste*,
Titter'd, and turn'd aside, to see his linen
Peep out so ostentatious, near his waist.

'Twould be most tedious to describe
The common-place of this *facetious* tribe,
These wooden Wits, these *Quizzers*, *Queerers*,
Smokers,
These *practical*, nothing-so-easy Jokers;

Pert, barbarious Insolents, who think it fine,
And clever, to insult a *poor* Divine;
Who talk with fluency mere pun, and jingle;—
But it is necessary, by the by,
To state, that, in the Company,
There was the Reverend Obadiah Pringle.

He was the Chaplain to a Lord,
Who sat among the guests at table;
But there was nothing which my Lord abhorr'd
So much as preaching;—so the Chaplain, sure,
Had got a sinecure;—
Not so;—he regulated my Lord's Stable;
Drank with my Lord,—the Irish Lord O'Grady,—
And was the Toady of my Lord's kept Lady.

Enough;—Readers will be content
To hear that dinner pass'd;—when Ladies went,
Then, in a brimmer, *Mother Church* was toasted:
 With jokes, and winks,
 Doubles entendres, nods, and blinks,
And Parson Polyglot was nicely roasted:
But meek Ozias was not hoax'd alone,—
Some jibes at Parson Pringle, too, were thrown.

At length, 'twas time that Polyglot should go;
 And, did he?—that he didn't;—no,—
It had been, all the day, most sultry weather,
 And now it thunder'd, and it lighten'd;
 The Ladies of high *Tbn* were vastly frighten'd;—
They vow'd that Heaven and Earth would come to-
 gether.

It rain'd (as people term it) Cats and Dogs,—
Delighting much the fishes, ducks, and frogs.

There was no choice;—
The general voice
Proclaim'd Ozias could not stir;
 To which Ozias, knowing that his way
Lay, in a storm'y night, through mud and clay,

Said nothing in the shape of a demur.
But how to stow him was the question:
The House was cramm'd,
With married visitors, and single;
The question then was brought to this digestion,—
That Parson Polyglot must, now, be ramm'd
Into a garret bed with Parson Pringle.

'Twas settled;—but Ozias, in his sleeve,
(Not in his *shirt-sleeve*) felt extremely hurt
To think his brother Parson might perceive
A Clergyman without one bit of shirt.

And, then, on t'other side,
The Chaplain had his sentiments to hide:
The Reverend Mr. Pringle relish'd not
Into a garret, first, to creep with,
And, then, (if sleep *could* close his eyes) to sleep
with
The Reverend Ozias Polyglot.

“Well, men must yield to the decrees of Fate!”
Grumble'd the Chaplain, in a tone emphatic;
And, as it now was getting very late,
The brace of Parsons mounted to the Attick.

To pull his clothes off, Polygot

Behind the bed-curtain had got,

Shirking, and dodging

From his Co-Partner, in their lofty bedgings;

And, when undress'd, he stood there quite forlorn:

He watch'd till Pringle turn'd away his head,

Then took a sudden flying leap to bed,

Stark naked as he was when he was born!

Scrambling the sheets and blankets round his shoulders,

He was secure, he thought, from all beholders;

But, to put matters out of doubt,

He said to Pringle, "When you are undrest,"

"I'll thank you, Sir, before you go to rest,"

"To turn the Candle down, or blow it out."

"Nay, there you must excuse me," Pringle cried;

"These thirty years, I have n't slept one night"

"Without a lamp, or any sort of light;"—

"'Twill burn quite safe, Sir, by the chimney side."

The Chaplain left the light to blaze;—

Getting to bed, the clothes aside he kick'd;

When, what could paint his horror and amaze,

To see Ozias bare as any Pict!

"Bless us!" he groan'd, his feelings vastly hurt.

"Sir, do you always sleep without your Shirt?"

Says Polyglot,—'twas said quite coolly too,—

"Certainly, Mr. Pringle;—pray, don't *you*?"

"Who, I?—Lord, no;"—the Chaplain cried;

"Why, then, it is, Sir," Polyglot replied,

"The most unwholesome thing that you can do."

"I had it from a Doctor, Sir, who drives"

"His carriage,—he is in the highest practice;"

"And he assures me, on his word, the fact is,"

"Since practice he has been in,"

"He has known many hundreds lose their lives,"

"Or shorten them, by sleeping in their linen,"

Now, Pringle was a very nervous man,

And very credulous withal;—he mutter'd

"Can it be possible!—and, then, began

To swallow all the lies Ozias utter'd.

Ozias cited cases, eight or nine,

Which he said came within his knowledge,

Besides examples from the college,

Of wasting, sweating, hecticks, and decline;—

And talk'd so much "about it, and about it,"

That Pringle, with a melancholy air,
Pull'd off his shirt, and laid it on the chair,
And went to bed, and then to sleep, without it.

Next morning, Parson Polyglot
Was first awake,—so out of bed he got;
And, thinking 'twould not much his carcass hurt,
He drest himself in Parson Pringle's shirt:—

He then proceeded down the stairs,
Giving himself a thousand foppish airs,—
Leaving his bed-fellow to snore his fill out;
And hearing in the breakfast room were met
The last night's fashionable set,
He strutted up to them with a large frill out.

In twenty minutes after,
Convulsing all the *Wags* with laughter,
In rush'd the Chaplain, of his shirt bereft,
And plumply charge'd Ozias with the theft;
He said that he could prove it by his mark;
Meaning the mark upon the linen's side:
But had this been by marking Judges tried,
The jury would have still been in the dark:—

For their names happen'd so far to agree,
Both their initials were an *O* and *P*.

So this could not have made the matter quiet;—
Without a confirmation much more strong,
Settling the question would have been as long
As the fame'd Covent-Garden *O. P.* riot.

Pringle averr'd,—indeed, he almost swore,—
That, having search'd their sleeping-room,
'Twas fair, from circumstances, to presume
Ozias had *no Shirt* the day before.

This charge the Females seem'd not to endure;
For all the Ladies of high *Ton* and Taste,
Remembering what had stuck out, near his waist,
Cried, “ Oh, Sir, that he had, we're *very* sure!”

In short, the Chaplain was oblig'd to yield;
And brave Ozias, the Incumbent's Hack,
Much better'd, as to belly and to back,
March'd homeward, fed, and shirted, from the
Field.

But, not to leave his Character in doubt,

Or lest the Clergy should be scandalize'd,
'Tis fit the Reader should be advertise'd,
When Mrs. Polyglot had wash'd it out,
Ozias took the Shirt to the Green Dragon;
And, thence, anonymously sent,
To Pringle, at my Lord's, in Town, it went,
And the Right Owner got it by the Waggon.

THE ENE.

VAGARIES VINDICATED;

OR,

HYPOCRITICK HYPERCRITICKS:

A POEM,

ADDRESS'D TO THE REVIEWERS.

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

‘Nunc, quam rem vitio dent, quæso, animum advortite.’

————— ‘desinant’

‘ Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.’ TERENCE.

‘ I am mightly abuse’d.’ SHAKSPEARE.

‘ Now step I forth to whip Hypocrisy!’ IBID.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AFTER having express'd, with perfect sincerity, (in my last trifling Poems, call'd *Poetical Vagaries*,) an utter contempt for REVIEWERS;—after having told the mighty “WE” of such Publications, that,

‘ If Perridge were my only cheer,
‘ Thy Praise or Blame must, both, appear
‘ Two tasteless Chips thrown into’t;’—

after this,—it may appear inconsistent that I should have elaborated the following Couplets, to defend myself against obscure and anonymous Censors, whom I profess to despise;—against Bush-Fighters of the Press, who aim, in ambuscade, to wound, and exterminate, those of the literary Line whom they never fairly face.

But my reasons for this will be palpable to every one who may bestow upon me the patience to peruse the present Verses.

I intended to have detail’d many points in a Preface, which, I trust, are, now, sufficiently explain’d in a Poem;—by which method, if I have produce’d weariness to the Reader in my Poetry, I have, proportion-

ally, relieve'd him from it in my Prose; and have certainly more conform'd with the desire of my Booksellers, while I have given more trouble to myself.

Since the publication of my *Vagaries*, Chance has thrown in my way only four Reviews, which have (as they call it) *criticise'd* them; they are, I am told, specimens of various others. THREE of them are (on the subject of my brains) very complimentary; generally in the *wrong*, and, perhaps, never in the *right* place; if I may be allow'd to suppose that I can boast a right place where true Criticism might bestow a eulogy.

I exult not in their commendations; for I do not covet the praise of Shadows who are substantially stupid;—of venal pertness, nor of tasteless pedantry.

These three, however, pointedly condemn me for lines that tend to the inculcation of IMMORALITY.

The FOURTH (*the Quarterly Review*) damns me, *in toto*; as so *indecent* I ought not to be read, so *dull* I cannot be peruse'd; as an Author, probably, unheard of, but by those who know something of the low *Farce-Comedy* Writers of the present day; &c. &c. &c.

Enough, Reviewers! Good bye, *ye Things!*

G. C.

17th June, 1813

VAGARIES VINDICATED;

OR,

HYPOCRITICK HYPERCRITICKS.

‘**MONSTROUS!**’ quoth Mrs. Foresight; Sister

Frail,

‘Your Character is crack’d, and growing stale;’

‘Box’d in a hackney-coach, you glide from home,

‘And (faugh!) to vile Intriguing-Houses roam.

‘Nay answer to the Charge; ne’er stand aloof;

* In the Comedy of “*Love for Love*” one Lady accuses another of incontinence; and the following sentences are extracted from their dialogue.

“*Mrs. Foresight.* To be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous.—You never were at the *World’s End*!—but, look you here, now, where did you lose this Gold Bodkin? Oh! Sister, Sister!

Mrs. Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this Bodkin? Oh, Sister, Sister!—Sister every way.

Mrs. Foresight. Oh, devil on’t! that I could not accuse her, *without betraying MYSELF!*”

See Act 3d of the above-mention’d Comedy.

‘If you prevaricate, behold a Proof.

‘Where did you lose *this* BODKIN?’ Frail replies,

(The golden witness glittering in her eyes,)

‘Where did I *lose* that Bodkin, do you say?

‘Where did you *find* that Bodkin, Sister, pray?

“Ah, Sister, Sister!—Sister every way!”

CONGREVE, with ample Treasury of Wit,

But ever fond of overdrawing it;

With Brain so spurr’d, that, as full speed it goes,

Footmen chop logick, Blockheads speak *bon mots*;^{*}

So bright in style, like Phœbus scattering fog,

He quite dispels dull *Nature’s* dialogue;

CONGREVE (how dimly, now, my Verse portrays)

Whate’er his Sun of Prose vouchsafes to blaze,)

The fragile Sisters, whom I cite, displays;

Shews that backsliding, hypocritick elves,

Arraigning others, *once* betray’d themselves.

But is the World, now, grown so wondrous pure

That all are modest who appear demure?

Have we no sinful Saint, since Congreve’s days?

No Wolf in a Sheep’s clothing, but in Plays?

* Tell me if Congreve’s Fools are Fools indeed?—*Pope*

And no *Turtuffe*?—his orthodoxy such
 As righteous men deem righteous over-much:
 No Serpent, that, in mild Religion's bower,
 Spits ethick venom, under Virtue's flower?
 No Satan, who would Pandæmonium swell,
 And send e'en *Peccadillos* down to hell?
 Must we be told no Censor, in the nation,
 Fits Congreve's Fable?—come then, Application!

Come, HACKNEY'D CRITICK! shock'd at every
 speck

In my o'er-censure'd *Lady of the Wreck*;—
 Pope of a prostituted Press, who choose
 To thunder Bulls against a trifling Muse;
 A *half* Tenth Leo,—sensual as he,
 But no encourager of Poetry;*
 Come, canting Chiron!† Mentor from a stew!
 Venal Impartialist of a Review!
 Whose Praise may equipoise'd with Censure seem,

* LEO THE TENTH was a very debauch'd Pope, but a great Patron of the *Belles Lettres*.

† CHIRON, Instructor to the most celebrated characters of his age, was half a man, and half a beast:—this Hippo-Tutor must have been, no doubt, a fine bit of BLOOD. In what respect the modern *Reviewer* (who is only a *Hack*) may resemble the Centaur, luminous men of the present day, if they ever attend to his lessons, may determine. Inglorious as I am, it would be presumption in me to think of ranking myself as a pupil.

Till pique or pay make either kick the beam;
 Whose tide of vinegar and treacle prose
 Once in a Month, or Quarter, overflows;
 Come, HACKNEY'D CRITICK! if my slip-shod rhymes,
 All my *Vagaries*, must be construe'd crimes,—
 If I have sinn'd,—while you my sins assail,
 Just as Dame Foresight lectures Mrs. Frail,—
 Stand forth!—and own, my supercilious friend,
 That You, like Me, have *been at the World's End*.

Whether a Highland Zoilus (whom spleen,
 And the *Humanities* of Aberdeen,
 Have raise'd, till, proud Yahoo! the point is reach'd
 To be, by Booksellers, maintain'd, and *breech'd*.)
 You sentence pass on all men's prose, and verse,
 Who write in English, while you *think in Earse*;^{*}

* Here the Critick may retort a witty piece of dull matter of fact upon me, by observing that I was myself a Collegiate in the place I have mention'd.—Granted,—Some Juvenile VAGARIES (not *poetical*) cause'd me to be transplanted from the warmer regions of Christ-Church, in Oxford, to the cold latitude of King's College, in Old Aberdeen; where I vegetated one year, out of three which I pass'd in North Britain. There (judging from a sample) I learn'd,—so I learn'd *something*,—to subscribe to the recorded opinion of (I think) Dr. Johnson; that, in regard to Scotch scholastick acquirement, 'every body gets a mouthful, but very few get a meal.' There are two Towns of Aberdeen, the Old, and the New. In each of these there is a University; each *University* consisting of ONE *College*! and each College making a very inferior appearance in the eyes of an Oxonian, or a Cantab. To that of the Old Town, mere *Boys* pour in, from the Highlands, and other parts of the Country, and

Whether, a Magazine's bought Irish lad,
 You, now, Bull-Beef to your Potato add,
 And, born to some low name, before it tack
 The pedigree-implying *O*, or *Mac*;—
 Which appellation, lofty though it be,
 Is whelm'd, at Press, beneath the loftier *We*;—
 Whether in Grub-Street's Seminary, first,
 You studied, ere upon the town you burst,
 Were Want (keen Tutor!) check'd your childish
 fears

Of losing those redundancies call'd ears;
 Train'd your apt nature sordidly to think,
 And form'd you for a SWISS of pen and ink;

sojourn there five months, annually; the remaining seven months being a period of uninterrupted vacation. They occupy almost unfurnish'd rooms, with bare walls; huddling two, three, and sometimes, perhaps, four in a bed. The decent accommodation of my Scotch servant, who had a room and bed to himself, exhibited a luxury which excited their envy. They commence with the very rudiments of Latin and Greek, proceed to Mathematics, &c. and, in four years, these young gentlemen, having *begun and finish'd their education*, are created *Masters of Arts*, or even dubb'd *Doctors*, if they choose, at the age, perhaps of sixteen or eighteen, without any intermediate Degree. The University of the New Town I understood to be conducted on the same principles. Let it here member'd I have given an account of a state of things as they were when I happen'd to see them. They may, since, have been amended; we live in an age of improvement; but it is to be doubted whether the advancement of an Aberdeen University has, of late years, been rapid.

Taught you, when *hire'd*, to side with Wit or Fool, }
 To turn a Statesman's, nay, an Author's Tool, }
 And damn, or libel, all who write, or *Rule*;
 Content with Infamy, so Cash be got,
 Still blotting on, till all your Life's a blot;
 Whether,—but 'tis a work not soon despatch'd
 To trace where Toads are spawn'd, and Snakes are
 hatch'd;
 Therefore, stand forth, at once! and let us try
 Who is the greater Culprit,—YOU, or I.

'Tis true, with little care, and far less skill,
 I pace a Poney on the befork'd Hill,
 And, when the bridle, heedlessly, is thrown
 Upon *his* neck, I think not of my *own*;
 Think not, when he curvets, or makes a slip,
 (And, oft, my minor Pegasus will trip,)
 With what a headlong tumble I may go
 Into a *Critical Morass*, below;
 Forget the modern mud Reviewers heap
 About the bottom of the ancient steep,—
 Where Dulness lurks, anonymous, in fog,
 To smother Bards, in a Bæotian bog;
 Assisted in the despicable task
 By Scotch or English Rancour, in a Mask.

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I own, (though no apology from me
Be due to a Reviewing Debauchee,)
When, o'er my Hippocrene, as o'er my Wine,
Idling I sit, and gaily toast the Nine,
Neglectful of the Big-Wigs while I quaff,
Should Fancy tickle, I am prone to laugh:
Too prone, perhaps!—for, then, *some* roguery may
Beneath my soberer meaning's covert play;
And they who, through the better, seek the worse,
Spy strange allusions ambush'd in my verse.

'Tis then, in presence of audacious Man,
The Prude pretends to blush behind her fan;
Which only serves audacious Man to shew
How much a Prude, so quickly shock'd, must know;
How squeamish poison'd morals make her mind,
As Metal, oft, with Arsenick is refine'd:—

'Tis then, with dimple'd and unconcious face,
The Novice smiling sits, in native grace,
Nor dreams of ill; nor can a cause discern
Why practise'd Affectation's cheek should burn:
But, like a Nymph, who leaves the inland brook,
At Ocean's perilous expanse to look,
In Summer's heat, when even Zephyrs sleep,

And silver moon-beams slumber on the Deep,
 She feels the surface yield a smooth delight,
 While dangers, hid below, nor hurt, nor fright.

'Tis then the stiff Reviewer, seeming vex'd,
 Turns to the Maid, and glosses on the text:
 Warns her of what it's passages *may* mean;
 'That is immoral!—this, downright obscene!'—
 Till, soon, the curious Fair, half-bursting, swells;
 'Obscene! what's *that?*' she asks; and, then, he tells!

Thus, in Cross-Lanes, deface'd, and rotten, stands
 A Road-Post, that had, once, a *pair* of hands;
 But, one dropt off, the other leads astray,
 Or points to nothing but the *foolest* way.

Thus——but the next Comparison has fled;
 So take an Anecdote ('tis short) instead.

A MATRON sour there was, a formal fool,
 The Mistress of a Female Boarding-School;
 So much of this World's Wickedness she knew,
 She made her pliant Pupils learn it too;
 Evil reveal'd, that they might evil shun,—
 And, like a watchful Priestess of the Sun,

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Enjoin'd her Virgins, morning, noon, and night,
To keep their lamp of Purity alight.

One day, she led them forth, as wont to do,
Round Walworth's rural brick-kilns, two by two, .
And, as they march'd behind her awful back,
The merry chits maintain'd a half-quell'd clack.
Soon, to her Partner, as the prattle ran,
Spake a pubescent Damsel, in the van:—
' Miss! though it looks so fine, 'twill rain to-day;
' I know it; for I heard a Jack-Ass bray:'
The other, full as weather-wise, said, ' No,
' It won't, Miss! for the Cock is crowing so.'
The Priestess overheard;—with choler burn'd;
And, furious, on the Novices she turn'd.

' Children!' she said, ' it is a thousand shames
' To call such Creatures by their naughty names!
' Fy ón such words!—I can't think where you got 'em!
' Call them, a *Biddy*, and a *Jacky-Bottom*.

The Lecture sank in either Virgin's mind;
They marvell'd much; *inquire'd*,—and, then, *combine'd*;
Gain'd new ideas, their discourse to rule.

And grew *quite learned*, ere they left the School.

Say ye! who, dozing, and dogmatick, sit
Starch Drivellers over Morals, Science, Wit;
Whose page a mental brick-kiln walk supplies,
To give young thoughts unwholesome exercise;
Do ye not, *sage Old Woman* as ye are!
Stop Frolick short, and go, yourselves, too far?
Deprave with preaching; and, corruptly nice,
Turn Schools of Virtue into Schools for Vice?—
My Slips, like underwoods, are scarce discern'd,
In the mind's Paradise of the unlearn'd;
Your Tree of Knowledge brings Temptation in,
And all your Tyros pluck the fruit of Sin.

Why, HACKNEY'D CRITICK! to this doctrine lean,—
'Vice to be hated needs but to be seen?'
And, therefore, like a truly virtuous man,
Strive to see all the Vice that mortal can?
Why, zealously, *explain* all you espy,
As if Simplicity to edify?
Till, *taught* by YOU, the chaste find Vice has charms,
And sink, enamour'd, in the Circe's arms.

Such heathen tenets might *Lycurgus* suit,

Who deeming, like a decent proper brute,
 That exhibition appetite destroys,
 Drew forth his Spartan girls before the boys;
 And, that both sexes might be pure enough,
 Made the young females dance, and sing, in buff.
 Think you displaying all that passion fires
 Tends to subdue irregular desires?
 Think you it *cool'd* a stout Laconian lad
 To see Laconian lasses sport unclad?
 No,—* like your comments, Critick! 'twas the same
 As oil, instead of water, on a flame.

* Again the Critick may retort, by asking whether I have not divested my
 LADY OF THE WRECK of her apparel:

"Strip by the unrelenting storm."

And what then? The most natural emotion of an unsaundered bosom, on
 reading the description of a half-drown'd Woman, is pity; and, while Pity exists,
 although it, sometimes, 'melts the soul to Love,' does it's object rouse to *Licen-
 tiousness*?—But this is not the question here:—for I am arguing, *metaphorically*,
 against the system of better maintaining decorum, by stripping poetical sallies
 of poetical clothing; and comparing such *gross* absurdity to that of actually un-
 dressing Females, for the purpose of promoting Continence.

The denuded Personages of Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, delineated with
 a sufficient observance of the delicacy of Art, to display some of Nature's at-
 tractions, and to conceal others, are readily welcome'd into the most open Apart-
 ments of polish'd Society;—*real* flesh and blood, approaching the same rooms, in
 the same state, would experience a very different reception:—And when a re-
 viewer *lays bare* all that is hidden in the imagery of metre, it is much the same
 as his rushing into an Exhibition of Pictures, and Statues, and crying out,—
 'Young Ladies and Gentlemen! don't look at that Apollo, and this Venus!—you
 cannot see half the Vice that belongs to them:—but come with me, and I will
 convince you of all, by shewing you the *original living Subjects*, in their *shame-
 ful state of nakedness*, as they sat to the Artists, who have so *alter'd* them.'

Decide, then, Goddess! if a Goddess be
Yet hovering o'er us, name'd *Morality*,—
Full sure there is! for daily, at her shrine,
I see some *Men of Good* their heads incline,
And, every day, see sundry *Men of Ill*
Bow, hypocritically, lower still,—
Decide—and, ere the sentence you unfold,
Bid Cheerfulness the scales of Justice hold,—
Who harms the worst, (if any harm *I* do,)
I, or my whining friend of a Review;
Which vitiates most the Female, and the Youth,
My muffle'd Meaning, or his naked Truth.

But, were this settle'd, are my trials o'er?
Alas! I am but where I was before!

One cause despatch'd, another Action lies,
And Sins allege'd, on Sins allege'd arise;—
For Critick Scribes the rule of thrift persue,
As pettifogging *Qui Tam* Lawyers do;
Impeach to live, and prosecute a bard,
Not for the publick welfare, but reward.

Proceed, Mock Judges! earn your vile support
Like low Informers, in the Muses' Court;

Rake the Fanatick's code, for dormant law,
To prove the Poet's *License* has a flaw;
And, by amercements on each Author's head,
Eat (since your Readers pay) your dirty bread.
Rejoice, too, that this difference all confess,
Between the Offal of the Law and Press,—
You for your unprove'd charges self obtain,
While They can, only, by *convicting* gain;
Still, one sure parallel, 'twixt either tribe,
Is—hushing up proceedings for a Bribe.

Be bribe'd, then, by the meanly rich;—but I
Too proud to court, and all too poor to buy
That dear, at lowest price,—that worthless *Thing*,
A Pseudo-Literary Underling;
I—who should think, e'en Millions could I raise,
A Mite too much to squander for his Praise,
A Farthing, by instalments paid, profuse,
Nay, worse than waste, to silence his abuse,—
I laugh, if at my Intellect, alone,
His bolt (soon shot!) the feeble Jove has thrown;
And, now and then, by an irreverent flout,
Provoke the puny storm he patters out:

But when, in SLANDERS's ink, he showers a *rant*,
Accompanied with *heavy* gales of *Cant*;

Howls wirlwinds, less upon my Muse than me,
 To root me from the pale of Decency;
 Flashes dull lightning, on a double plan,
 To strike the Poet, and to blast the Man!—
 Then,—then, as now,—I rise, in just disdain,
 (When the Hire'd PUFFER blows a *Hurricane*,)
 To keep foul weather out, and bar my doors.
 While DEFAMATION's Tempest round me roars.

“ Who steals *my* purse steals trash;”—my Prose and
 Verse,

Perhaps, may be as trashy as my purse;
 But, if my scenick Sketches have beguile'd
 Ingenious list'ners, till they wept or smile'd,
 If my rude numbers e'er achieve'd the power
 To dissipate the Spleen, for half an hour,
 'Twas hope'd new efforts would some gain impart,
 And sooth a harmless vanity of heart.
 Take these, Reviewers!—Hopes of future gain,
 Of fresh success, to make me freshly vain,
 Wrest from me these,—and on the pillage thrive;
 (Tis reckon'd fair in the foul trade *You* drive;)
 The Town's applause, if any I might claim,
 “Filch” when you *can*,—but leave me “my *good*
name.”

Heavens! is that "jewel of my soul" to fall
 Into men's hands who have NO NAME at all!
 No,—Strip my brains of credit as they will,
 At least, my CHARACTER they shall not kill;—
 Nor, as Freebooters *in disguise* will do,
 Unsatisfied with Robbing, *murder* too.

Then once again, SIR HACK! stand forward, pray;
 Repeat your second Charge; what is it? Say!
 Oh, heinous Sin!—from what am I exempt?
 I—*'write to bring the CLERGY in contempt!**
 Contempt! I'll worship, next, if this be true,
 That Calf who writes the Quarterly Review.
 Hail to the CLOTH! which, with unholy shears,
 The Tailor subdivides for Pulpiteers.
 'Tis true, no inch of Righteousness he sells,
 When clipping off canonick yards, and ells;
 Certain, the sober Raiment, and the Band,
 But tipify the Pastors of our Land;
 Still, (since to mark the Function 'tis design'd,)
 A piece of mere Prunello sways the mind;
 And gives to Man, through relative effect,

* So says the *Hire'd Critick* of the Quarterly Review; to whom the Author presents his Compliments, and has the dishonour of answering him.

A Bill at Sight upon Mankind's respect:—
 'Tis *honour'd*, though Experience understands
 Good Bills are, sometimes, found in knavish hands.*

Hail, then, the *Cloth!*—and hail, thrice hail, to those
 Whose Lives perform the promise of their Clothes!
 Who, meek though mitre'd, stedfast though they rise,
 Add dignity to Lawn that dignifies;
 Or who, Want's troublous torrent doom'd to stem,
 Still grace the Gown which, darn'd, still graces them.

Thrice hail to these!—but, *good REVIEWER*, hold!
 Nor all that glitters force on us for gold.
 Why think the shell the kernel? why profess
 That a sound Parson is a Parson's Dress?
 You might as well pronounce upon the Wine
 A Tavern yields, by looking at the Sign.—
 Must every limb be truly sanctified
 Which lawn, or cambrick, or prunello hide?
 Does History present to our research
 No Churchmen who were Scandals to the Church?

* POPE appears to shew no respect whatever to the externals of Clergymen.
 He says, with seeming contempt for their dress,

'*Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow,*
'The rest is all but Leather or Prunello.'

O'er nothing wanton can a Cassock float!
Ordain as much, then, for a Petticoat;
One general notion to *that* garb annex,
And vindicate the ways of all the Sex:
For grosser Laymen look on Womankind
As Beings, like the Priesthood, more refine'd,
And deem a Woman, and a Priest, no doubt,
Alike unspotted, till alike found out.

But how must indignation doubly boil
When Priests our reverence for their Cloth would
 spoil!—

If an Impostor,—worst of Satan's leaven!—
Clad in the worldly livery of HEAVEN,
Should drink, wench, gamble, bully, flatter, lie,
Commit all crimes,—including *Simony*,—
Must we not, then, to prove our zeal complete,
The more we love the ORDER, loath the CHEAT?

The Cheat!—and are there such?—Strange things,
 alas!

Have, among Holy Sheperds, come to pass!
Some, to the Wolf abandoning their Flocks,
Have broke their necks by following the Fox;

Some have admire'd, as sundry folks opine,
 Their Patrons' *Tables*, Moses! more than thine;
 Others—but, oh, Reviewer! groan and pray!
 The Reverend Dector D—dd was *hang'd*, one day!
 He *only* forge'd; for MURDER H—ckm—n died,
 But strove to chouse Jack Ketch, by SUICIDE.*
 Wretched Divines! whose Office 'twas to jog
 Our memories to obey the Decalogue;—
 The veriest Urchin, old enough to look
 Into a Writing-Master's Copy-Book,
 Teaching these *Teachers*, might have quoted, then,
 'Command your *Passions*,' and—'Command your
Pen.'†

Hence let us learn, be Callings what they may,
 Frailty, and Crime, *will* mix with mortal clay;
 And Men think Men within the Devil's reach,
 Whether in Pulpits or Reviews they preach.
 Hope you the World will more confiding grow
 For all your bilious canting, Critick? No!
 No,—though in every Parish there exists

* By attempting to destroy himself with the but-end of the pistol which he had discharge'd, in perpetrating the crime for which he suffer'd.

† The fate of the two unhappy men, above-mention'd, is fresh in memory:—and, although there can be no indelicacy in alluding to facts so notorious, and upon record, in the Newgate Calendars, and Publick Journals, they are only introduce'd here, as happening to be very strong illustrations of the argument.

A myriad, now, of sucking Methodists.*
 Worst may *seem* best;—why You,—who rail at Me,
 As destitute of Christian decency,—
 E'en You, 'tis probable, Reviewer! You
 May be a circumcised Turk, or Jew.

Yet more;—it seems, the Church's Chief I call
 A name much too familiar.†—Bless us all!—
 Are harmless names, when truth gives Fancy flight,
 So *very* graceless in His Grace's sight?
 Not so; a savage Hierarchy fled,
 Sense wakes, and 'Rigour, now, is gone to bed.'‡

* The people call'd *Methodists* (a kind of modern Puritans) are, apparently, inelined to be very intolerant towards their Tolerators. The doctrine of this overgrown Sect is *FAITH without good WORKS*:—a Faith (the transition from no good to *bad* being so easy that it is, at first, almost imperceptible,) inducing the swarm of it's lower adherents to combine canting and knavery; and to make the Gallows a short passage to Heaven. To rouse ignorant Enthusiasts to the commission of *Arsen*, (for which, of course, they would be hang'd,) thanks to God were return'd, it is said, in a Methodist Chapel, for the late destruction, by Fire, of a London Theatre, acting under a Royal Patent. This anecdote is given on report, but it is presume'd there would be but little difficulty in establishing the fact. Be this as it may, the instances of the Methodists asserting, in print, that '*all* who defend the Stage defend *Sin*,' are innumerable. Is such contumacy long to be endure'd, even by the mildest Government? Are men, dissenting from the regular Church, to be suffer'd to inculcate that, either the Constitution encourages *abomination*, or that the King upholds it, in defiance of the Constitution?

† A *Soul-Mender*.—See *Poetical Vagaries*, and the vulgar unqualified abuse of them in the *Quarterly Review*.

‡ MILTON.—See *A Mask presented at Ludlow Castle*.

Prelates, in rude, intolerant, times of old,
 Were, like Cathedrals, gloomy, dull, and cold:—
 Their stomachs proud, their ordinance severe,
 And nought Episcopal if not austere;
 The Ring-Doves of the Altar plume'd their wings
 To hover Kites o'er Governments, and Kings.*
 'Twas then the Devotee his journey trod
 In darkness, and in terror, tow'rd his God,
 While the drear Clergy, fulminant in ire,
 Flash'd, through his bigot Midnight, threat'ning fire:
 Thus on he fare'd,—and not a glimpse was given
 To guide him, save when he was tempest driven.

But Churchmen, now, to set the Wanderer right,
 From cheerful skies impart celestial light;
 Illumine not the path we should persue
 By Lightning,—but with Sunshine gild the view.
 And sweet the prospect where Religion scorns
 To make the way to Heaven a way of Thorns,
 To think that Pilgrims miss the blest abode,

* In the late Dr. PERCY's '*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*' we are inform'd of an old black-letter Play, entitle'd **Cherry Man**, publish'd in the time of Henry the Eighth; and the following Specimen is extracted from the Dramatist's 'high encomiums on the Priesthood:'

'There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron,'

'That of God hath commissyon,'

'As hath the leest Preest in the world beyng.'

Because a Primrose springs beside the road.*
 Observe how mild each Dignitary stands!
 The *smile*,—although a Crosier decks their hands;
 Draw with it's Crook the docile to their heart,
 And grieve whene'er it's Point inflicts a smart.†
 Think you such men would Clerick thunder raise,
 And curse, and ban me, for a trivial Phrase?
 Would drag me o'er ecclesiastick coals,
 For saying that a Primate *mends our souls*?
 A Primate!—who, we trust, in fervour's tone,
 Calls, daily, upon HEAVEN to *mend his own*.

Go where the Metropolitan is found,
 With all his liberal Suffragans around;
 Say this,—‘a wicked Poet (horrid case!)’
 ‘Has call'd you a SOUL-MENDER, please your
 Grace!’—

* STERNE thought that Religion might be mix'd even with a *Dance*.—
 ——— the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said that this was
 ‘their constant way; and that, all his life long, he had made it a rule, after
 ‘supper was over, to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful
 ‘and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate
 ‘peasant could pay.’———
 ——— ‘Or a *learned prelate* either, said I.’———

See *Sentimental Journey*.

† The Bishop's Crosier is crooked at one end, and pointed at the other; as
 emblematick of *drawing* the tractible, and *goad*ing the refractory, to the per-
 formance of their religious duties. It is thus mention'd in the latin hexameter;

‘*Curva trahit mites pars pungit acuta rebelles.*’

His Grace's gravity a shock receives,
 While Bishops titter in their ample sleeves.—
 To mortal Quacks no Regulars attend;
 Then pious, prim Informer, whither wend?
 To Fools, Fanaticks, or to whom you will;
 To a *Hire'd Critick*, or to *R—ol—d H—ll*.*

If Diocesan† ne'er my rhymes resent,
 Nor take offence before offence is meant,
 The holy Sabalterns will pardon, sure,
 A Poet who describes a Parson poor.
 Pinch'd Worthies!—could a Voice so weak as mine
 Breathe Fortunes for each indigent Divine,
 From fictitious Verse could stubborn Fact ensue,
 You should be rich,—and so should Poets, too!

No more should Curates bump their Sunday rounds,
 Of Twenty miles,‡ for Twenty annual Pounds,
 On nags that make it doubtful which one sees,
 Them, or the Riders, oftenest on their knees;
 No longer should distress repentance rouse,

* Proprietor of a Methodist Chapel, and a Preacher there of great notoriety.

† I know that the pronunciation of this word is Dio'cesan, according to almost all our orthoepists; but it sounds so unpoetically, that I prefer throwing the accent on the penultimate syllable:—and, if I be told that I am not privileged to take a poetical license, I then claim a right, under Johnson's authority.—See *Johnson's Dictionary*, *Folio*, 1755.

‡ This is often the case when Curates have to attend two or three Parishes.

For having cleave'd to a prolifick Spouse;
Nor should the needy Preacher, pondering o'er
Love's lisp'g Pledges, check his chance of more;
And weigh, with rueful face, and lengthen'd chin,
His goings-out against his comings-in.

Then, too, would I, poetick drudgery done,
Taste the dull joys of dot and carry one;
Would dare inspect Accounts; and, bolder still,
Tax *items* in a ticking Tradesman's bill;
Hear the tame insolence, without a shock,
Of a stiff Dun's loud, sullen, single knock;
First, by admission given without delay,
Surprise him,—then astonish him with pay.

But wherefore rear these Castles in the Skies?
Gay Dreams!—that fade when Reason opes her eyes.
Bid Reason wake, then!—what does she behold?
A Curate, who, 'in conscious virtue bold,'
Can boast a scanty board, a creaking bed,
Nine Small Ones living, and Small-Beer that's dead;
A Sweeting, sour'd by Care, to patch his gown,
And Bible, with the leaves in Job turn'd down:—
A frost-nip Poet, who, in thin attire,
Invokes a frigid Muse to lend him fire;

Who, when his Hat he puts upon his pate,
Claps a Ring-Fence around his whole Estate;*
And will, when his embarrassments are o'er,
Have paid his Debt of nature, and no more.

Well,—if the Priest and Poet, both, have miss'd
The road to Riches,—still, they both exist.
'And is *Existence* all!—if we respire,
'Is that enough?' some Blockhead will inquire.
Why what is Life?—Thou fool of Discontent!
Stretch thy weak vision to yon Firmament;
View, there, the UNIVERSE's Systems roll,
Our ponderous Globe an atom 'midst the whole;
View the vast Orbs of the stupendous plan
As grains of dust beneath their MAKER's span!
And shall a whimpering Mortal, crawling here,
Mean as one maggot in a Cheese's sphere,
Complain that He, forsooth! must take his share
Of ills, and 'groan, and sweat, and fardles bear?'
Bear them *how long?*—So breaf our date of breath,
That cradle'd Infancy seems rock'd by Death.

* This has so long been the case with many Poets, that it would be strange if the thought were original. FARQUHAR, in '*The Picture*' of himself, says,—
'I have very little Estate but what lies under the circumference of my hat; and should I by mischance come to lose my head, I should not be worth a great.'—
See his *Poems and Letters*.

Childhood has childish grief; Youth, fever'd joy;
 Age feels the World, which still it clings to, cloy;
 In every Station, every Stage of Life,
 All, more or less, meet woe, disgust, and strife.
 Then, who are least unhappy?—e'en the Wise,
 Who, under pressure, can philosophise;
 Who sail to Dissolution's destin'd port,
 Smiling at Storms they're certain must be short.

Say by what rules Philosophers are made:—
 PARSONS and POETS *should* be so, by *trade*.
 True Christian Preachers still keep Heaven in view,
 So, doubtless, all true Christian Poets, too;
 By *those* the awful Word of GOD is read,
 By *these* his Works admire'd, each step they tread;
 Through different paths one poin of Mind they reach,
 Till they entwine reflections, each with each;
 Each, on each other's Studies led to look,
 Blend Nature's pages with the Sacred Book;*
 Each, thro' the present Time's dark fore-ground, see
 A bright perspective in Eternity:
 Hence Firmness springs; hence Resignation's birth;
 While hope of Bliss in Heaven brings Calm on earth.—

* The Bible, meaning (according to its Greek derivation) THE BOOK, is
 so call'd by way of eminence.

Since, then, your fates, neglected Priest, and Bard!
Few friends e'er soften, though all own them hard,
Resign'd, and cheerful, in your wants remain,
And pity Discontent that drinks Champaign;
Serenely write and sit, or preach and ride,
Then rise to wealth,—when *Dreams* are verified.

Mean time, the Sons of Education find
A narrow Stipend narrows not the mind.
Conscious that Moral Worth excels the Trash,
Which various knaves accumulate, call'd Cash;
Despising Ruffians, who, alone, 'tis sure,
Affront the Liberal for being Poor;
Free from the touchiness of vulgar pride,
They laugh when Mirth presents Want's comick side;
And Tales of ludicrous Distress run o'er,
Too dignifi'd, too polish'd to be sore.

No well-meant raileries dissention make
Twixt those with little else to give or take;
No sufferer, under adverse Fortune's yoke,
Feels angry at a fellow-sufferer's joke;
No spleen from light *Vagaries* will arise,—
No jests mean insult where men sympathize.

But the REVIEWER cometh, nothing loth!—
Priest, Poet,—oh! he wishes well to both!
And strives to set, the moment he appears,
The Parson and the poet by the ears.—
So, in this specious World, too oft we see
A Busy-Body, in a family,
Meddling between a merry Man and Wife,
Till the pert puppy breeds domestick strife.

Tell me, did FIELDING dip his powerful pen
In gall, to stigmatize all Clergymen?
Although he shews their need,—nay, shews, to boot,
This Priest a Drunkard, that a selfish Brute,
Who, in his senses, ever understood
He aim'd at writing down the Brotherhood?
Ye Novel-Readers!—such as re'ish most
Plain nature's feast, unpepper'd with a Ghost,
Tell me, how many Parsons there may be
In JOSEPH ANDREWS's adventures?—Three.

The *first*,*—the choicest Punch-Maker, by far,
Of Customers behind the *Dragon's* bar;
Who, ere the Bowl's replenish'd, reels up stairs,

* Parson Barnabas.

And, o'er a wretch deem'd dying, hiccups prayers;
While no one ventures, though impatience burns,
To squeeze the Oranges till he returns.

The *Second*,*—witless in the bashful art
That hides a sulky savageness of heart;
Who, though a multitude of sins had He,
Would scorn to cover them with Charity;—
A bare decorum, and his Cure, to keep,
Sure as the Sabbath comes, attends his sheep;
On other days, more Farmer than Divine,
He, most religiously, attends his Swine;
Drives to the Fair fat Porkers that he feeds,—
A much more genuine Hog than all he breeds.

The *Third*,—oh, FIELDING! *there*, thy Master-Hand
Will Truth deny? can Gravity withstand?
There Genius, Observation by his side,
Has taught us how to *sport*, yet not *deride*;
There the keen Artist, the poor Churchman's Friend,
Bids Laughter, Moral, and Religion, blend.

Seek contrarities in Man combine'd:
Book-knowledge, with no knowledge of Mankind;

* Parson Trulliber.

Good parts, good nature, open to the shaft
 Of worldly Ill, for want of worldly Craft;
 Virtue so pure it ne'er suspects Deceit,
 Though, every hour, it suffers by a Cheat;
 Simplicity of Soul that claims respect,
 But leaves its Owner threadbare, in neglect;
 Grave Character in situations thrown
 That playful Comedy declares her own;
 Starve'd Hospitality beneath a hut,
 And Learning made rich Ignorance's Butt;—
 Seek, in one Person mix'd, the traits that move,
 At once, our pity, mirth, esteem, and love;
 Seek these, and more, where Wit displays them best,
 And honest PARSON ADAMS stands confest.—
 As from Jove's head the mythologick Dame,
 Full grown, and all mature, Minerva came,
 So *Adams* sprang, to offer Taste a treat,
 From Fielding's brain, a *Character* complete.

And though the Curate meets with many a rub;
 Is souse'd, alas! into a water-tub,
 By Witlings, who in practick waggery deal,
 To prove they know not how to joke, nor feel;
 Though, wigless, with his Cassock torn, he bounds,
 From some facetious Squire's encourage'd hounds;
 Hounds who their Keeper, oft, in sense surpass,

And, if they eat him up, would eat an Ass;
 Does, then, the good Man's Ducking, Candour, say!
 His, or his Order's, virtues wash away?
 Or does his Hunting, when our hearts we search,
 Hunt down respect for Him, and all the Church?
 If so, then Fielding, doubtless, would infer
 Scandal by *Barnabas*, and *Trulliber*;
 Infer the reverend Clergy's weightiest work
 Consists—in making Punch, and fatting Pork.*

Departed GOLDSMITH! snatch'd, by ruthless Time,
 From History, Philosophy, and Rhyme;
 To touch most points of Literature born,
 And every point, which thou hast touch'd, adorn;
 Master of Passions,—Master mild, though strong,—
 Which to our human joys, or griefs, belong;
 In Talent vigorous, vivid, versatile;
 Impressive, brilliant, beautiful in Style;†

* In what spirit *Fielding* drew the Character of *Parson Adams* his Preface to *Joseph Andrews* may testify;—and thence may be gather'd his general sentiments towards the Clergy.—He writes thus:—"And hear I solemnly protest I have no intention to vilify or asperse any one.—As to the character of *Adams*—It is design'd a character of perfect simplicity; and as the goodness of his heart will recommend him to the good-nature'd, so I hope it will excuse me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect. They will, therefore, excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engag'd, that I have made him a Clergyman."

† The above lines are a paraphrastical imitation of a part of *Doctor Johnson's* Latin Epitaph on the worthy *Goldsmith*:—

Thou, who hast, sweetly, Wakefield's Vicar shewn,
 With heart, and fortunes, not unlike thy own;
 With native goodness, in it's simplest dress,
 And Erudition struggling with Distress:
 Thou, who hast made him bring, with matchless
 grace,
 A kind of April in the Reader's face;
 Made us lament his checker'd sorrows,—while
 We dart through tears the sunshine of a smile;
 Didst thou think fit our interests to engage
 In the droll shifts of his poor Parsonage?

“OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
 POETÆ, PHYSICI, HISTORICI,
 QUI NULLUM FERRE SCRIBENDI GENUS
 NON TETIGIT,
 NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT:
 SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI,
 SIVE LACRIMÆ,
 AFFECTUUM POTENS ET LENIS DOMINATOR:
 INGENIO, SUBLIMIS, VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS,
 ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS, VENUSTUS:”

Gr. Gr. Gr.

However Johnson might have consider'd, in zeal for the memory of his departed friend, the words *Sublimis*, and *Grandis*, as applicable to his qualities, such epithets do not exactly appear to characterise Goldsmith's turn of thought, nor style of writing. They are omitted in the present humble imitation, and other expressions substituted,—certainly with no intention of appearing presumptuous, by deviating from the sense of the gigantic Samuel Johnson, or derogating from the literary beauties of the fascinating Oliver Goldsmith.

Hast thou thy Vicar represented (though
 In fewer comick lights than shades of woe)
 A kindred subject, guileless, green, and bland,
 To walk near Adams, though not hand in hand?—
 Didst thou do this?—and will Reviewers say,
 According to the canting of the day,
 This to *Contempt of Clergy* leads the way? }
 Why let them say it, dolts!—and, having said,
 Let thy *Deserted Village*, then, be read;
 Let them peruse thy Parson *there*,—each line
 That speaks *his* piety proclaiming *thine*,—
 And, if confusion *can* their faces flush,
 Confess how thou hast made him charm,—and blush!*
 With such admire'd Authorities in view,
 With many in reserve,—some *Parsons*, too!
 If *I* have dare'd some airy jests to pass,
 The humblest Rhymers, in the humblest class;—
 So careless, I scarce venture to be grave

* Goldsmith dedicated his '*Traveller*' to his Brother,—a poor Parson;—to whom he says,—*'It will, also, throw a light upon many parts of it, (the Poem) when the Reader understands that it is address'd to a man who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retire'd early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.—I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have enter'd upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away.'*

His reverence for clerical poverty is evident enough; but he has not scrupled to give various touches of the ludicrous to *Parson Primrose*.

In Verse, except my *Character* to save;
 And, even then, though gravely I begin,
 Still various idle fancies *will* creep in;—
 If, following the flights I cannot reach,
 I bungle tasks my happier Masters teach;
 And, Heaven help us! never meaning hurt,
 Produce a Priest so poor he wants a Shirt;*
 Must I be dragg'd before some scribbling *Hack*,
 With FIELDING, and with GOLDSMITH, at my back,
 And bend to the unknown and jobbing Drudge,
 The *Phantom* THING that calls itself my Judge;
 A Shadow in judicial Masquerade,
 That makes keen Criticism clumsy *Trade*?
 No,—the light Muse, that's privilege'd to sport,
 Disdains his venal, puritanick Court!
 Thence I appeal, for Judgement on my Pen,
 To *moral*, but *umbuckram'd*, GENTLEMEN:
 To their decision, be it what it may,
 I bow respectful; yet, respectful, say,
 Religious tenets, to my latest breath,
 Such as I have I'll keep, and smile at death;
 March gaily down my slope of Life, and sing
 GOD prosper long OLD ENGLAND'S CHURCH AND KING!

† See *Two Parsons* or the *Tale of a Shirt*, in *Poetical Vagaries*.

Here might I close;—here rest, on Common Sense,
 Against Reviewers' Charges, my Defence;
 Charges calumnious Dulness will prefer,
 To make Contempt become it's Answerer.
 But, courteous Reader! who has deign'd to hear,
 Thus far, my pleadings, with a patient ear,
 Let me subjoin (as my superiors do)
 To my harangue an *after-word* or two.

When in the CHAPEL of that Saint whose bones
 Were pelted, till he *fell asleep*, by Stones;—
 Where Britons, now, although they do not kill,
 Unmercifully pelt each other, still;
 And, still, while very many of them pelt,
 A great propensity to sleep is felt;—
 When we behold some Rhetorician, there,
 Arise, and solemnly address *the Chair*;—

* *St. Stephen's Chapel*; i. e. the *House of Commons*.—Although STEPHEN was stone'd to death, our English version of the New Testament relates the fact in words which can, scarcely, make it clear to the comprehension of many religious honest people, who understand nothing of tropes and figures. It tells us, that when the Jews murder'd the Saint, he exclaim'd—"Lord! lay not this to their Charge; and when he had said this, *he fell asleep*."—Literal translations of the stupid are, sometimes, productive of mischief to the ignorant. They have done no harm, indeed, in the story of St. Stephen;—but not so in the case of the Doctor's prescription for a lying-in woman:—The Apothecary rendering '*pro re nata*,' word for word, label'd the Draught 'to be taken by *the thing born*.' It was administer'd to the *Child*, instead of the Mother;—and the infant was kill'd.

Perhaps, some flaming Patriot, choice full bad
 Of Westminster, when Westminster runs mad;*
 Perhaps, some Borough's modern Tully, sent,
 By rotten Votes, unripe to Parliament;
 Or some Demosthenes, *return'd* to shine
 Grand Representative of Eight or Nine;†—
 When there, *upon his legs*, we here him state
 How measures must, if *carried*, *militate*;
 That the main Question, which should be distinct,
 Right Honourable Gentlemen have *blink'd*;
 That nothing *relevant*‡ he can espy,
 Broach'd by the gallant General *in his eye*;
 That many things he deeply must deplore,
Fall'n from the Noble Lord *upon the Floor*;
 That no one clearly has the Bill refine'd,
Before him, but his Learned Friend *behind*;—
 When thus, impressively, he has declaim'd,

* Did it ever run mad?—if so, let the reader of research determine the era.

† Sometimes of a less number.—^c Near it is a farm-house, and that is all which is left of this eminent city; yet this is call'd the Borough of *Old Sarum*, and sends two Members to Parliament, who are chosen by proprietors of certain lands. *Whom* these Members can justly say *they represent* would, however, be hard for them to answer.

Tour through Great Britain, by Defoe, and Richardson.

‡ For WALKER's opinion of the introduction of '*relevans*' and '*is relevant*,' into Parliament, see his *Pronouncing Dictionary*. Under these words he talks of '*the coinage of the House of Commons*;' and of '*the annual productions of the House of Commons, where new words, and money Bills, naturally originate*.'

The Reader need, scarcely, be told that, the several words and phrases, mark'd in *Italicks*, in this part of the text, are '*the coinage of that House*.'

Within that House for Oratory fame'd,
That Language-Mint, which stamps, howe'er absurd'
A currency on many a Phrase, and Word;
Then down he sits,—but does he long remain
In silence?—no;—he *rises to explain*.

Thus I,—if lowly Versifiers may
Persue the mighty senatorial way,
But with no arrogant attempt to reach
Such technical *sublimity* of Speech,—
Presume to add, my chief discussion o'er,
A few explanatory periods more.
Once more, then, to my *first* imputed crime,—
Those *Double Meanings** that disgrace my rhyme.
Why, all who understand them know no more
Of evil than they understood before;
And all who do not are no wiser grown,
Would Criticks let the simple souls alone.
But grant that Innocents,—yet shew the ground,
Name the Utopian Soil where they are found;
Where Youth, in all the *broadest* phrases mean,

* The *Quarterly Review* asserts that I have, sometimes, only *Single Meanings*,—and those very bad ones.—Where are they to be found?

Bursts not to Knowledge before warm Eighteen;—
Grant they derive, without one Note annex'd,
Their naughty cunning from my doubtful Text;
If such quick Geniuses there, haply, be,
And I have hurt them, say—in what degree?

'Tis not the laugh-exciting *Equivoque*,
The salt allusion, no nor broader joke,
That deeply injures innocence;—the *droll*
No *passion* moves, nor *penetrates the Soul*.
No,—turn for this to Twickenham's *moral* Bard;
Read o'er his *Eloise* to *Abelard*;^{*}
Which the ripe Maid, perusing in her bed,
Pores over, till the taper's light has fled;
And then, with soft, luxurious thoughts imprest,
To panting slumber sinks,—'and dreams the rest.'
Turn,—but, oh! 'what a falling off!'—yet turn
To *modern Novelists*,—there '*Read, and Burn!*'—
Where ardent minds are gravely led a dance,
Through the lewd maze of amorous Romance:—
Turn to the Bardling who, in afternoons,
Warbles his publish'd lays to melting tunes;

* Numerous celebrated Poets might be thus produce'd, in addition to *Pope*, the *Moralist*.

Trolls, while she languishes, his lines to Miss,
Penn'd to entrance all Boarding-Schools in bliss;
And taints the female bosom,—little Lord
Of luscious Love-Songs, and a Harpsichord:
Here, Censurer, turn; and pardon trivial sins,
Of Poetry's *Vagaries*, and *Broad Grins*.

Yet if my Muse, too sportive in her plan,
Startle the moral *unaffected* man,
(Who, leniently, will, oft, allow a joke,
Which a Reviewing Methodist would choke,)
To Him, chastise'd, I bow; my freaks give o'er,
And contrite tell him—I will sin no more;
Sure, if my errors in contrition end,
Contrition makes that Candid Man my Friend.

THE END.

[Original Title page.]

ECCENTRICITIES

FOR

Edinburgh:

CONTAINING

P O E M S

Entitled,

A LAMENTATION TO SCOTCH BOOKSELLERS.

FIRE; OF THE SUN-POKER.

MR. CHAMPERNOUNE.

THE LUMINOUS HISTORIAN; OF LEARNING IN LOVE.

LONDON RURALITY;

OR MISS BUNN AND MRS. BUNT.



BY GEORGE COLMAN,

THE YOUNGER.

"His saltem vestra datur in Urbe locus!" Ovid.

London:

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES,
ORME & BROWN.

.....

1817.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this age, when Caledonian Genius is so prolific, the manuscript poetry of an Englishman rarely, if ever, ventures into the Scotch Press: and the Verses in this little Volume are denominated *Eccentricities*,—not on account of their deviation from the centre of intellectual *gravity*, but—because they have wandered out of their regular typographical orbit, to enter the latitude of North Britain. The chances are that they may prove as evanescent, there, as Comets,—much more so, indeed, when it is recollected that Publications which may be only called *phænomena* through their locality and not accounted remarkable for their brilliancy, are very rapid in their transit.

This method of publishing was adopted in consequence of an offer from Edinburgh Booksellers, to purchase some Tales in Verse, to be written by the present Author; the subjects of which they left to his own discretion,—or *indiscretion*.—if any blame, therefore, be attached to these Booksellers, it cannot be for choosing the Poems, (since they did *not* choose them,) but for choosing the *Poet*.

He is duly sensible of the distinction they have shown him, by inviting him among them, but their proposal has not tickled his vanity; nor can it be mortified by the censure of Censurers by Trade, if they charge him with arrogance in accepting it:—for this kind of *metre-mongery* can scarcely be reckoned a branch of his professed business;—his chief pursuit (pursuing it how he can) is dramattick composition; and he is certain that his endeavour merely to raise a laugh among the good people of the North, can never be fairly construed into an attempt at competition with their native Versifiers, who are now flourishing with such well-deserved popularity.

While the living bards of Scotland, who take our Taste and Passions by storm, are cannonading London with their Sublime and Beautiful, both they and their Admirers must be too liberal to object to a few English crackers, of our Lowly and Ludicrous, thrown into Edinburgh.

After all it may be contended that transmitting Verse to Scotland, in the present day, is sending Coal to Newcastle:—yet the Rhyme here submitted is but a sort of small-coal,—unlike any thing to be found in the large Mines of Fancy, now opened, north of the Tweed; and, if its novelty should hapen to render it not unwelcome, the Reviewers may be as smart upon *small-coal*, and a *Small Coal-man*, as, in their facetious wisdoms, it seemeth meet.

In collecting Subjects for the Tales, little has been left to choice:—scarcely any humerous Story presents itself which has not been hackneyed in print, and which does not cause a Scribbler to exclaim, “*nil dictum quod non dictum prius!*”—The Author has, of course, given the preference to those materials from which he was able, or fancied he was able, to extract the most amusement.

As an answer to any objections, relative to the punctuation of Preterits, Participles, and Adjectives, the Reader is referred to the Preface to “*Poetical Vagaries;*” second edition, octavo:—a few copies of which were, by accident, issued, wanting the *Errata*, marked at the end;—but, without these corrections, the prefatory matter is by no means so clear as it ought to be.

A
LAMENTATION;
ADDRESSED TO THOSE
BOOKSELLERS OF EDINBURGH
WHO HAVE PURCHASED THE
COPY-RIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS.

I.

YE who risk Cash upon my pen!
SPENDTHRIFTS!—rare epithet for men
Of **SCOTLAND'S** frugal nation!—
To you these doleful strains are sent;
Call'd, in your country, a **LAMENT**,
In mine, a **LAMENTATION**.

2.

"**Wæsucks!**" your criticks, soon, may spier,
"What gars this *Southron** venture here,
Wi' our braw Bards a coper?—
Hoot, hoot awa!—we a' decree
His tales too dear at a bawbee,
And him an interloper."

3.

But if from some, in Fancy rich,
Whose flight, disdain *my* crambo pitch,

* *Southron*:—an Englishman is so called in Scotland.

Ye purchased English sonnets,
 Your Scotch Apollos, long since *dead*,
 Would all lift up an angry head,
 With laurel in their bonnets.

4.

Ossian's patched Spectre,—on his breast
 A Gaelick night-mare's hoof imprest,—
 The rhymes would rave a curse on:
 In metaphors from Homer's lore,
 And tropes from David's Psalms, good store,
 Supplied by James Macpherson.

5.

Old Ramsay's Ghost would clod-hop forth,
 The dead GUARINI of the North,
 Scotch Pastoral's *rara avis*;
 Cramp London dialect to scout,
 And every barbarous verse, without
 One *lavrock*, *merle*, or *mavis*.*

6.

And thou, "O, Jemmy Thomson!" though
 In London, "Jemmy Thomson, O!"†

* Birds; of which innumerable flights are to be found in Scotch pastorals.

† O, "*Sophonisba*, *Sophonisba*, O!" Thomson's *Sophonisba*. On hearing which, a wag exclaim'd,

"O, *Jemmy Thomson*, *Jemmy Thomson*, O!"

Thou writ'st for weighty reasons,
 Thy Shade would o'er the stanzas sing
 A blight, in publication's Spring,
 And blast them, through the Seasons.

7.

Full many more would rend the tomb;
 Weak Mallet, able *Douglas Home*;
 And Burns, with brains, *says* knowledge;
 Who caroll'd, (would he caroll'd now!)
 Methinks, as pleasantly, at plough,
 As Beattie sang, in college.

8.

But *would* they "burst their cearments?"—No!
 'Twere strange if they should rise, and go,
 Afresh, to couplet-chiming!
 What Bards would be such silly slaves,
 To quit their independent graves,
 And trust again to rhyming?

9.

Well,—if dead Poets would not rise,
 What would the *living* do?—be wise,
 And generous in their dealings;

* Pronounce'd *Hume*, in England.

Frank Genius never would refuse
 To hail, and cheer, a stranger muse,
 Of kindred thoughts, and feelings,

10.

Would He, in whose effusions sweet
 Sublimity and Pathos meet,
 Depress his venturous brothers?
 He, that POPE'S PLEASURES well must know,
 (He had not else adorn'd them so,)
 Could he crush Hope, in others?

11.

No, nor would He, whose minstrel trance
 Squanders new charms on stale romance,
 While Scotia's harp* he seizes;
 He, who to Border feuds imparts
 The true poetic fire, by starts,—
 And *smoke*, whene'er he pleases.

12.

But Bards like him surmount controul;—
 When Dryden's cataract of soul
 Impetuously gushes,
 What rubbish, oft, he drives along,
 Down his *Niagara* of song,
 While grand the torrent rushes!

* See the Invocation to the "*Harp of the North*," in the *Lady of the Lake*.

13.

As Scotland's Sons, who wear the bays,
 Observe how England greets their lays,
 And welcomes them, delighted,
 The Sister-Muses, they agree,
 Should, like the Rose and Thistle, be,
 In Sister-Lands, united.

14.

Since, therefore, northward of the Tweed,
 To Geniuses, of Cockney breed,
 Such kindness would be granted,
 E'en *my* coarse, macaronick style
 May, here and there, excite a smile,
 And little else is wanted.

15.

Then, YE who have his bargain made,
 Cheer up, braw Laddies!—who's afraid?—
 And thus, my LAMENTATION,
 Which, starting on a tristful plan,
 In deep despondency began,
 Ends like a CONSOLATION.*

* It is almost redundant to mention, that the two first notes, annexed to the above *Lamentation*, are intended for the *English Reader*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT the conclusion of the following Story, the incident of the Heathen Gods' visits to the Bride, and one or two turns of thought, (as exhibited in the Notes,) were suggested by a little Poem, entitle'd "*L'Origine des Metiers*," to be found in the "*Contes de Guillaume Vadé*;"—in which Poem, consisting of only forty-seven lines, *Voltaire* appears to have made a blunder throughout the first ten, by confounding Pygmalion with Prometheus.

Be this as it may, the witty and agreeable Frenchman,—the *omnis Minervæ homo*,—has given ample proofs, in his more important works, that a literary Jack-of-All-Trades may not be a perfect master of many.

Excepting its conclusion, the present trifle is founded (and *merely* founded) on classical traditions, familiar to every school-boy.

Heathen mythology, however, is gloriously inconsistent in itself,—even in many instances where all the ancient authors agree; and some of the writers differ in some of their details of the subject in question.

I have abided, generally, by *Hesiod's* account; which has the bulk of the ancient fabulists in its favour, and is the most popular among the moderns:—but I have sometimes left Hesiod for others, as it suited my purpose or fancy; and, sometimes, have departed, a little, from all:—thinking myself at liberty, in great measure, to tell my tale “as humours and conceits shall govern;” but never venturing to abandon the old authorities so far as to jumble histories, relating to two separate personages, together.

G. C.

FIRE!

OR

THE SUN-POKER.

----- "εχολωσε δε μιν φίλον ητος
'Ος ιδεν ανθρωποις πυρος τελεσθησιν αυτην.
'Αντιπα δ' αντι πυρος τευξεν ηαρον ανθρωποις."

HESIODI THEOGONIA.

JOVE, if we credit what the Classicks say,—
Such as old Hesiod, and Apollodorus,
And others, who liv'd centuries before us,—
Was in a furious rage, one day;
Which proves that gods, in their celestial fashion,
Could get into a most infernal passion.

And why was JOVE in such a rage, one day?
Because, forsooth, PROMETHEUS took some clay,
And wetted it,—and kneeded it,—and, then,
After reflecting on his work forthcoming,
He fell to fingering, and thumbing,
And thumb'd, and finger'd till he made some MEN:
But they were foolish things, when they were done,—
Like the Guy Fawkeses children make, for fun.*

The history of *Prometheus* is one among the innumerable contradictions in mythology; for he is said to have made the *first* men upon earth; he being on earth himself, with a number of others. There is no solving this absurdity, but by supposing him not to be a mortal: as his father *Iapetus* was of heavenly origin, and one of the *Titans*, who warred against the gods.—And, then, what were all the *other* men, who were in existence before he made the *first*?

For what avail'd Man's mere external form?—

'Twixt men and milestones where could be the
odds,

Unless he hit upon a way to warm,
And animate his two-legg'd clods?

Indeed, although his Men might look much braver,
Or handsomer, or merrier, or graver,
The odds were vastly in the Milestone's favour:

Because the men Prometheus wrought

Were (like some living gentlemen, 'tis thought)

Completely destitute of sense,—

Whereas in Milestones there's intelligence.

In short, 'twas valuable clay

Extravagantly thrown away;

Which might, upon a saving plan,

Instead of being wasted on a whim,

Have made, for every useless limb,

A very useful pot, or pan.

'Twas loss of precious time,—and pains,—and care;

'Twas an attempt, as if in Nature's mockery,

To people all the globe with earthen ware,

And be sole father to a race of crockery.

'Twas cheating WOMAN, yet unborn;—to gain
 A procreative title to himself,
 For making Lords, and Squires, of porcelain,
 And Porters, and Day-labourers, of delf.

Heaven knows, without such manufacture,
 Nonsensical, Promethean stuff,
 Our ticklish frames are frangible enough,
 And neither sex can be insur'd from fracture.

Only peruse

The daily news:—

Read, when these Journals deviate into fact,
 How many Female Characters are *crack'd*;
 How many fashionable Fools, who dash'd
 At fashionable Clubs, are lately *smash'd*;
 How many *Members* of the State, contented
 To patch up old divisions, are *cemented*;
 And, then, alas! how all, but Poets, shake,
 To find how very often Bankers *break*!—

A brittle world, my masters!

Full of disasters!

Men hold their lives by frail, and fragile leases,
 And Women,—lovely Women!—fall to pieces.

The draw-backs on his project damp'd Prometheus,

B b

Who was aware that all his men of pottery
 Must be, though ornamental, much beneath use,
 And downright blanks in this life's lottery:—
 Yet, how to put them in motion,
 He had not any notion;
 Till PALLAS gave him,—which was not o'er wise
 In Wisdom's Goddess,—
 A lift into the skies,
 Among the heavenly bodies:

There Phœbus, heavy stages forc'd to run,
 Constantly setting forth, or coming back,
 Drove the Mail-Coach that carried out the Sun,
 Along the turnpike of the Zodiack;—
 Now at the RAM, now at the BULL arriving
 And several other SIGNS as he was driving.

And, now, his wheels were in a bad condition
 For he had driven them many a week,
 And suffer'd them to squeak, and creak, and squeak,
 For want of greasing, to prevent attrition.

When wheels want greasing,
 And are not greas'd, the consequence is more
 Than the mere teasing
 Of the bad hinge to Mr. Shandy's door:—
 Thetefore, as might have been expected,

In wheels so shamefully neglected,
 And kept for ever on the turn,
 They, first, began to smoke,—and, then,—began to
burn.

PROMETHEUS saw,—and, in the nick,
 Approach'd the blazing spokes;
 Then lighted up his walking-stick,
 And hurried off, to light up his clay folks.*

Oh! for a Pen in Jove's own lightning dipped!
 Ink is too gross, though coming from Japan;—
 For pens with fire celestial should be tipped,
 Before they treat
 On that which first illuminated MAN,
 And emulate, in heat,
 The very Walking-Stick that did the feat.

But, as I cannot make my quill a flambeau,
 And scarcely ever, in my rhyme,
 Attempt a stroke of the *Sublime*,
 I shall proceed in Crambo.

* He took away the fire, we are told, “*εν κοίλω ραβδῳ*”;—that is, in a *hollow stick*: but, as the Greek word, *ραβδος* means, either, a walking stick, or a kind of cane used for a splint in reducing fractures, it may, possibly, mean the latter; for *Prometheus* was a great dabbler in physick and surgery.

Touch'd by vivifick flame, the stockish dirt
Fermented, and became no more inert.

Each quickening Form

Grew warm;—

Their pulses beat,—they ope'd their eyes,—

Look'd up,—and, dazzled with the view,

First wondered at, but shortly brav'd the skies,

As, oft, their purblind, vain, descendants do:

For, soon, they styl'd themselves a *reasoning*
throng;—

But, oh! so clogg'd their Reason's heavenly fire,

With Mother Earth's preponderating mire,

That half their Reason was to reason wrong.—

Hence Man is, still, of such a lumpish leaven,

That e'en the little wit he musters, now,

Seems scaree his own, or gain'd we know not how,

Unless 'tis by a Felony, from Heaven.

But, Kindled into action, human clods,

Kings, Coblers, Statesmen, Nightmen,—all,—

Stalk, here, this Spherick Plaything's Demigods,

Terrestrial Joves of Jove's mere billiard ball.—

They prate, they legislate, they criticise,

Chop logick, ethicize, philosophize,

(Poor, reasoning dirt-pies!)

While nine in ten,

Among the MIGHTY FOOLISH men,

Are the sophisticated MIGHTY WISE.

Yet, while their kindred clay they overrun,
 All are pronounc'd, by their important *Selves*,
 From him who rules, to him who delves,
 "Souls made of Fire, and Children of the Sun."

When Jove was told of what was done, and doing,
 He bellow'd like a Bull, from irritation;
 Louder than when he went, one day, a-woeing,*
 And bellow'd like a Bull, for recreation.

He swore—(the gods had all a swearing habit)—
 He'd truss Prometheus, neck and heels,
 And roast him, as he'd roast a rabbit,
 Basting him, all the while, at the Sun's wheels.

"A Scoundrel!" Jove exclaim'd,— "to mount so
 "high!"

"Walking into my Heaven, to daub my Sky!
 My Nectar, too, perhaps, to soak!
 Running, as hard as ever he could run,
 To stick his nasty stick into my Sun,
 As hard as ever he could poke!"

"I'll make him an example to all felons;

* To *Europa*.

He soon shall know
 What 'tis to go
 And raise, by heat, a human fry,
Forcing his men, as, by and by,
 His men will force their cucumbers, and melons.
 He soon shall feel, though now my vengeance lin-
 gers,
 That he who steals my fire has burnt his fingers."

Jove growl'd his growl;—and, his resolves to fix,
 He swore to be reveng'd by STYX.
 This was a clincher, as the Poets fable;—
 Not like his Oaths that stood on slight foundations,
 His common, Custom-House asseverations,—
 But binding, and irrevocable.

Swearing to do a thing; when bile's afloat,
 Is easier than, afterwards, essaying it;
 Just as to sign a promissory Note
 Is not so difficult as paying it.
 And, therefore, when the Cloud-Compeller*
 Coolly consider'd he had sworn, when hotter,
 Revenge upon the Potter,
 For making, from a clayey soil,
 Living Originals,—as fast as Kneller,

*Νεφεληγεγενη θεος; Poet. Græc. passim.

Or Reynolds, have drawn likenesses, in oil;—

He set himself (but nothing loth)

To chew the cud of this same oath:—

And, now,

As matter of digestion,

The *Quid* and *Quomodo* became the question;—

By *what* to be reveng'd—and How?

First for the *What*;—an Engine for the plan;

A panting Paradox for breathing Man;

A Balm to wound, Calamity to bless him,

Pleasing to plague, and comforting distress him;

A Source of joy, to drown the World in tears;

A Dove, that with the branch of Peace appears,

To set Mankind together by the ears;

To make the Greybeard dote, the Youth grow
sad,

Enervate Heroes, drive e'en Stoicks mad;—

Like Ivy's noxious elegance to spring,

Born to be propp'd, adorn, destroy, and cling,

To be --- in short, a WOMAN was the thing.

Next for the *how*,—the *quomodo*,—

The method whereupon to pitch,

For plaguing hapless mortals, here, below,

With such a --(what's the term?)—a Witch;—

The Thunderer thought proper

That she should travel, *pick-back*, through the Air,
Close to our Planet's Superficies,—where

The High-Flyer she rode upon should drop her:
And, then, no doubt, she'd kick up, night and day,
A devil of a dust among the clay.

“ Set down a woman upon Earth,” Jove said,
Shaking his head,

“ And, as to cramming her with a variety
Of rules to breed confusion in society,
It does n't signify a pinch of snuff;—

Let her but have her way in all her actions,
She's certain to make mischief fast enough,
Without my helping her in her transactions.

“ And yet,” continued he, “ although
A grudge to all these bran-new folks I owe,
Since 'twas *Prometheus* join'd their particles,
And lighted up their articles,
It is but just this Girl should fall
(Though dropping as a plague on all)
More perpendicular
Upon that Rascal, in particular:

“ Therefore, You, MERCURY, to Him shall carry
her:—

Present her as a Gift for the New Year,
 With my best Compliments, d'ye hear,
 And say I've sent her down for him to *marry her*.

I know not what can more embitter life,
 Than, when, among a male community,
 There's but one Female to disturb their unity,
 Having that Female for a Wife.

But hold,—she must be form'd before you take her;
 So step to VULCAN,—and bid VULCAN make her.”

VULCAN, who didn't like the job, said “ Damn her,
 Fetch me my hammer;—

'Tis JOVE's own order, so I'll set about her;
 But 'tis, friend MERCURY, my firm opinion
 That Pluto, and the Imps of his Dominion,
 Will not be very long without her.”

And, now, the labouring bellows play'd,
 The hammer beat, the anvil rung;
 The Cyclops only know what stuff
 Was work'd on, by a god so rough,*

* This is a downright departure from poetical authorities; for we are positively informed, (I won't quote any more Greek here; it cramps my fingers,) that *Pandora* was composed of clay and water.—But it was unworthy of *Jupiter* to give such an order, or of *Vulcan* to execute it. I am willing to save both their credits, by making them avoid so degrading a piece of imitation, as constructing a human figure from the same materials as those used by *Prometheus*.

To thump, and pommel into shape, a Maid,
So tender, and so young.

As Vulcan plied, with tuck'd up sleeves,
His arms, too sinewy to tire,
Close to the stithy stood the God of Thieves,
Watching the God of Fire.
So stands a Robber, while the Smith nails fast
The clinking shoe his Horse has nearly cast.

And, oh! 'twas odd
To see whene'er the swarthy god
Had dealt a softer, or a lustier stroke,
How some new beauty he awoke!
How fair, and delicately fresh,
The rigid substance soften'd into flesh—
While here a limb, and there a feature came,
As he was manufacturing the Dame.

Soon, a luxuriant, heaving bosom rose,
To Mercury's agreeable surprise;
Shortly, a hip was fashion'd—now,—a nose,—
And, then, a pair of legs,—and, then,—a pair of
eyes:

For, though expert in thunderbolts, and armour,

Vulcan, till now, had never made a CHARMER;
 Wherefore, he went on, all the while,
 In a most desultory style;
 And, so confus'd was the old Bellows-blower,
 He left the face, by starts and fits,
 As soon as he had hammer'd a few hits,
 To go and give another hammer, lower.

At last, in spite of bungling, and confusion,
 The work was coming near to a conclusion.
 It dwindled into giving her a tat,—
 And, then, a pat;—
 Making her, here and there, a little fatter,
 And, sometimes, thumping her a little flatter;
 Till, having here increas'd, and there diminish'd her,
 He gave her the last knock,—and finish'd her.

Wing-footed MERCURY, who buoy'd the Dame,
 Flew swiftly over the Favonian wind,
 Gliding to Jove,—while VULCAN, who was lame,
 Hobbled along the Milky Way, behind.—
 Jove in full Synod sat;—so there they found him,
 With all his Gods and Goddesses around him.

The Gods and Goddesses had firm reliance
 On their own skill, in every Art, and Science;
 Each was a *Connoisseur*, or *Connoisseuse*;—

That is, they had a general smattering,
 Enough to set them, on all subjects, chattering,
 Like sundry Gentlemen who *write Reviews*—
 Raw Theorists, who preach to old Practitioners,
 As if the Priests were taught by the Parishioners.

So,—when the Fair One was announc'd,—
 Up their Immortalships all bounc'd,
 Without the least decorum;
 And all the *Cognoscenti* of the Skies
 Popp'd up their spying-glasses to their eyes,
 To pass their judgment on the Piece before 'em;
 Peeping, and peering,
 Praising, or jeering;
 Spluttering encomium, and stricture;
 As purchasers, and puffers, auctioneering,
 Cry up, or down, a Statue, or a Picture.

They put the Maid
 In every light,—in every shade:—
 They look'd at her in front,—
 Sideways,—behind,—in all directions;
 Call'd her a She-Colossus,—then, a Runt;
 A Paragon,—a *Dépot* of Perfections.
 Most of the Gods good-natur'dly appear'd
 Defending all the Goddesses call'd frightful;
 The Goddesses found out a flaw,—and sneer'd;

The Gods said, flaw or not, it look'd delightful.

But they who most approv'd of what was done,
 Still pointed to *some* fault in Vulcan's labour:
 And every fault observ'd by every one
 Differ'd from that discover'd by their neighbour.

As with the Gods above, e'en so,
 It happens among Men below:—
 If works be ne'er exhibited, nor printed,
 Till all the different matters are efface'd,
 At which kind Patrons, and shrewd Men of Taste,
 Have, variously, and delicately hinted,
 Such Works will, sure escape the World's disdain,—
 For not one morsel of them will remain!

Hearing their hypercriticisms,
 Jove thunder'd,—“Truce with sneers, and
 witticisms!
 And mark,—I order every God and Goddess,
 Who boast of any thing worth giving
 To human bodies,
 To give it to the Maid,—for I'll Be curst
 If After-Time sha'n't say, as she's the first,
 That she surpass'd all After-Women living.
 Let her be, quickly, with your gifts endow'd.”—

The Monarch of Olympus spake;
 It made his petty Tenants quake,
 And the large Sky-Holders, obedient bow'd.

First, VENUS, with a *rouge* pot,—Stay!

This isn't the right way.

Some pages back, when *Men* were lighting,

I would have seen them all at Jericho,

Rather than wave my doggrel mode of writing,

E'en could I write in *carmine* *Homerico*:—

But WOMAN!—Come, ye Muses!—don't be jilts!

But help me, if ye can, into my stilts.

To heighten excellence, add oil to flame,

And beautify a Beauty, VENUS came.

A pointed shaft she bore, a gilded toy,

Pluck'd from the quiver of her wanton Boy;

And gently wav'd, as light as Zephyr flies,

Its dove-down feather near the Fair One's eyes:

The eyes caught thrilling mischief from the dart,

To wound,—yet joy, while wounding, to impart,—

And shoot, at every glance, desire into the heart.

CUPID, who watch'd, but slyly seem'd at play,

While sprawling on the azure Heaven he lay,

Laugh'd, with his dimples drown'd in tears of mirth,

To think what sport the Maid would make on Earth.

Around the blushing Virgin's slender waist,

Her Cestus, next, the Paphian Goddess plac'd;

That charm-diffusing Cincture, which, indu'd,
 Made tempting Woman indoliz'd when view'd;—
 Oh, *then!*--- Ye Muses, ye are fetter'd now!
 And Bards must humbly to Fanaticks bow.
 Since, then, what once was Poetry is Vice,
 And men, grown more corrupt, are grown more nice;
 Since pens, as MORAL THRICE-DISTILL'D preclaims,
 Must hardly touch and go on *female* frames,
 Lest they should strike a light in apt desire,
 And set some Sinner's tinder-box on fire;—
 Since Fancy is, by modern Cant, forbid
 To sing what, erst, the Zone of Venus did;
 Let the "mind's eye" of CRITICKS piece it out,
 (More glowingly than Poets can, no doubt,)
 And polish, as it suits their lucious whims,
 The picture of a PERFECT BEAUTY's limbs.

While, buzz'd among the Gods, the wispers run,
 That VENUS self had, e'en, herself outdone,
 The GRACES, dancing with the rosy HOURS,
 Entwin'd the ringlets of the Fair with flowers.
 Precise DIANA (call'd a Prude, above,)
 Threw draperies about her form of love;
 And seem'd as scandaliz'd, till they were thrown,
 As if Endymion she had never known.*

* *Orion* was, also, a gallant of this Goddess of *Chastity*;—and so was *Pan*,—
 in the shape of a white goat!

The sage *MIRZAVA* deck'd the Maiden's charms,
 Circling with ornaments her legs, and arms;
 Deep Wisdom she reserv'd,—for well she knew
 Men with *Wise Women* will have nought to do.

But *SVADA*,* seeing wisdom was refus'd,
 Gave her,—what, oft, in wisdom's place is us'd,—
 That trite, mellifluent flippancy of speech,
 Which little understandings love to reach:
 That chime of periods which, by Taste uncheck'd,
 Ne'er stops at words, for others more select,
 But boasts, in Common-place's ready strains,
 The smooth facilities of shallow brains;
 Skims, glibly, o'er the surfaces of sense,
 And constitutes a *spurious Eloquence*.—
 Such eloquence prevails within the walls
 Of Taverns, Town-Houses, and Common-Halls;
 Where empty Demagogues are reckon'd great;
 By Blockheads who admire when Blockheads prate.
 Such too, at times, in *Coteries* we find—
 Some Coxcomb's growth of his unfertile mind;
 His Tree of seeming Knowledge, void of fruit,
 Or flaunting Flower, that blooms without a root.

Tinsel, like this, was fittest for the plan
 Of sending her on earth, to wheedle Man;

* Goddess of eloquence, and persuasion.

For Man, in argument however quick,
 Mostly succumbs to *female* rhetoric;
 And, when by *handsome* Women 'tis display'd
 'Tis wonderful how little will persuade!

Aiding False Eloquence, with false supplies,
 Came MERCURY, and tipp'd her tongue with lies;
 And, lest her Dialogue should seem too long,
 APOLLO gave her all the powers of Song.
 With such accomplishments endow'd, a Name
 Was only wanted to complete the dame.
 Jove, who all languages with ease could speak,
 Prescrib'd an appellation from the Greek.—
 "Loaded with presents as she is," he cried,
 "Those presents in her name should be implied;
 PANDORA let it be."*—The title found,
 PANDORA the Immortals shout around,
 And Heaven's high Arch re-echo'd to the sound.

Thus, having finish'd her affairs,
 Upstairs,
 'Twas time that Dame PANDORA, now, should go
 Down, down, down, down, a dizzy depth below!

Millions of miles she had to ride, through ether;

* This name signifies *all gift*:—a piece of information much at the service of the Ladies, and the Country-Gentlemen.

And, then, through what would spoil her curling hair,
 That Lincolnshire, that Essex, of the air,
 The Clouds, which roll'd, like aguish fens, beneath her:
 But MERCURY stood by, both Guide and Hack,
 And gracefully she leap'd upon his back.

As she was quitting their abode,
 How the Gods envied MERCURY his load!

“Farewell! Farewell!” was all their cry;
 “We grieve to lose you, in the Sky!
 We wish you could have longer tarried!”
 Each to salute her, then, drew near,—
 And each said, softly, in her ear,
 “We shall drop in upon you, by and by,
 To ask you how you do, when you are married.”

As Mercury was getting jealous
 Of all those whispers, from the gods, his fellows,
 He wav'd, abruptly, his Caduceus,—spread
 The wings his Petasus had lent his head,
 Took to his feather'd heels, and with PANDORA fled.

What happen'd, as they travell'd,
 Has never been unravell'd:—

But, if PANDORA thought the journey long,
 And MERCURY could never make it nearer,

As she was very weak, and he was very strong,
 'Tis probable he did his best to cheer her.

Arriv'd, at length, their feet on earth they set;
 When MERCURY, a stranger to the whereabouts,
 Ask'd, of the first clay Citizen he met,
 If one PROMETHEUS were not living thereabout.

"But, Sir," said MERCURY, apologizing,
 "The person whom I want you may not know."
 "That," said the Citizen, "would be surprising,
 Why, Sir, he *made me*, not a week ago."

PROMETHEUS being found,
 Jove's aeronautick Plenipo
 Made him a bow so very low,
 His forehead almost touch'd the ground.

He told him,
 "He was most happy to behold him;
 He held him in the deepest estimation,
 As the great Founder of a great Clay Nation;
 And, for his own poor part, that he
 Had the high honour now, to be
 His,—with the most profound consideration."

In short, he said no more
 Than diplomatick folks say, o'er and o'er;—

What all Embassadors express,
 In an official speech,
 To those they have the honour to address,
 And come, with vast respect, to overreach.

Then, opening his credentials,
 He, artfully, harangu'd on the essentials.

"The Men," he said, "were vastly pretty Men;
 Astonishingly clever!
 But, out alas! what then?
 Things could not go on so, for ever.

"'Twas a fine thought to plunder the Sun's wheels,
 Yet, Theft was but a minor Talent's business;
 And clambering so very high to steal,
 Must give the gentleman who steals a *dizziness*.

"Then," (MERCURY continued,) "Men *alone*,
 It seems, are lighted into flesh and bone;—
 Now, Celibacy is the worst of fashions,
 For people who are heated into *passions*."

"Why, what a difficulty there must be
 To kill *ennui*!
 What they can do it puzzles me to think!

Except, indeed, just eat,—and drink,—
 Lounge in the sun,—or sleep where it is shady;—
 Sure, Sir, a man of parts, like you, must know
 That every gentleman made here below,
 Must find it very dull without a Lady.

“ And, therefore,” (coming to the point,) he said,
 “ Good-natur’d Jove has ta’en it in his head
 To send a Woman down,—
 Man’s happiness to crown;
 His bed to share, his board to grace,
 And, solacing, perpetuate his race;—
 But, thinking the first compliment is due
 To Him who has evinc’d himself so knowing,
~~As first to set Mortality a-going,~~
 He sends her, as a Wife, dear Sir, to you.

“ Take her, I beg;—I leave her at your door;—
 I’ve brought her from a monstrous distance;—
 Don’t rob the Heavens again, Sir, I implore!
 For, now, you may increase your human store,
 Extremely well, without the Sun’s assistance.”
 “ PROMETHEUS,—dear PANDORA!—now, good by!”—
 He said, and shot his way into the Sky.

PROMETHEUS, who possess’d a world of craft,
 Smok’d the old Thunderer’s design, and laugh’d.

He ey'd PANDORA;—what a lovely creature!
 How facinating every feature!
 What symmetry!—He kiss'd her:—" Zooks!
 Jove," he exclaim'd, "knows how to bait his hooks!"

Again he kiss'd;
 He couldn't for his soul resist:—
 His cheek grew flush'd;—we learn from *Shak-*
speare's pen,
 —A truth, by every body recollected,—
 That "there's a tide in the affairs of men,"
 Which must not be neglected.

And, had PROMETHEUS stood, one moment, dallying,
 Or shilly-shallying,
 He would have lost his tide,—
 Have fall'n into the trap,—
 Taken PANDORA for his Bride,
 And sorely have lamented his mishap.

"Charmer!" he said, "if wedded we should be,
 We should be only teasing one another;
 And, since you're much too young, 'tis plain to see,
 For an old, cold philosopher like me,
 You shall be married to my younger Brother."

Few women are by a refusal stung,
 When the old men resign them to the young;—
 Therefore PANDORA took it not in dudgeon:
 To EPIMETHEUS, then they go,
 (*Epi* was younger brother to old *Pro*,)
 And EPIMETHEUS bit, like a young gudgeon.

He sigh'd, he su'd,—and she was not obdurate:
 To nail the marriage fast without delay,
 PROMETHEUS saw, that very day,
 The heathen rites perform'd, by a clay Curate.

During the Honeymoon,
 How the young couple toy'd!
 The Honeymoon was over, soon,
 And, then, how much were the young couple
 cloy'd!

When a man's Honeymoon is in the wane,
 A thought will, sometimes, flit across his brain,
 (And very troublesome the thought must be,)
 That waning moons have horns, and so may He.

If EPIMETHEUS felt this kind of queasiness,
 'Twas but the preface to much more uneasiness,
 For as, one night, when waxing late,

The Couple sat,
 Most dully conjugal, in *tête à tête*,
 Trying to chat,
 And carry on the matrimonial farce,—
 A Card was left,—and, on it, written—“MARS.”

“MARS!” cried the husband,—looking queer;—
 “And who the devil’s he?”
 “Who?” quoth the wife:—“the God of War,
 my dear;
 Come down from Heaven, no doubt, to visit *me*.”

“The God of War!—come down, so late, from
 Heaven!

To see my Wife, too!—at half past eleven!—
 Pray Ma’am, are *all* the gods to visit You?
 “Yes, Sir,” PANDORA answer’d, somewhat nettled,
 Most of them said that, soon as I was settled,
 They should drop in, to ask me how I do.”

MARS call’d again, at breakfast:—in he came,
 To EPIMETHEUS, and the Dame,
 Dress’d in a full Field Marshal’s uniform;
 Looking as fierce *en militaire*
 As if he meant to cannonade the Fair,
 And carry her by Storm.

But, after the first compliments were over,
 'Twas plain he came not as PANDORA's lover
 For, to the Husband's joy, the god seem'd shy;
 Nay, downright sheepish, with a *Woman* by:—
 And, in his talk, was anxious to address

The Man alone, whenever he was able;
 Taking no notice of the Wife,—unless
 By treading on her toe, beneath the table;
 Assuring EPIMETHEUS how delighted
 He was to call on him, though uninvited.

Cried EPIMETHEUS, "Sir, as I'm a sinner,
 I like your conversation, beyond measure!
 Do me the honour, Sir, to stay to dinner:"—
 Says MARS, "I will, Sir, with the greatest
 pleasure."

From that same day,
 MARS, in the house, was *faisit*;
 Coming in, and going out,
 Like a pet lamb;
 And, every morning, galloping about
 (His bashfulness got over) with *Madame*:—

Riding through shady copses, and cross lanes;
 Taking (although 'twas useless) wondrous pains

To shun the observation of the million;—
 Both on one horse, in the old-fashion'd taste;
 She with her arm round the Field Marshal's waist,
 And clinging to his back, upon a pillion:

Giving so very prominent a handle
 To gossiping, and scandal,
 That folks when talking of PANDORA's Spouse
 Held up two fingers, just above their brows;
 And, at the mention of *her* name,
 They, absolutely cried out "*Shame.*"

MARS was a fickle god;—and months had roll'd;
 He first grew cool,—then cooler,—then quite cold.

His time was come;
 He did not wait for beat of drum;
 But fac'd about, thinking 'twas best to fly,
 And stole a march, one night, into the Sky.

PANDORA scarce had lost the God of Slaughter,
 When NEPTUNE popp'd his head out of the Water,
 For shore directly steering;
 Hoping, if Woman listen'd to discourses,
 Made by the Chief Commander of Land Forces,
 That the High Admiral might get a hearing.*

* "*Qui cede a Mars peut se rendre a Neptune.*"

Voltaire.

Now, if the second Wooer thriv'd,
His *exit*, much like MARS's, soon arriv'd,
Only that MARS went up, and NEPTUNE *div'd*.

'Twas, then, the fate of half the gods to follow;
Plump, rosy BACCHUS, laurel-wreath'd APOLLO;—
Nay, VULCAN who had hammer'd her together,
Sigh'd to her, from his lungs of bellows-leather.

Thus pass'd PANDORA's frolick Spring;
Her Summer fled,—her Autumn came;
And, soon, she wept,—low, despicable Dame!—
That lovers had, like swallows, taken wing.

Our habits last, good lack!
Much longer in the heart than on the back;
Therefore, PANDORA's vernal fire
Could never, at her fall of leaf, expire.*

Left by the gods, she wander'd through the groves,
To think upon her past, her shameless loves;
And, there, her dim, and languid glances threw,
Till e'en the very SATYRS dar'd to sue.†

* "*Quand une femme aime dans son printemps,
Elle ne peut jamais faire autre chose.*"

Voltaire.

† Voltaire says, coarsely,
———"elle vit dans les champs
Un grec Satyre, et lui fit les avances."

Now, since our World's first Woman was inclin'd
To play such pranks below,
Our fortunes, our pursuits, our turns of mind,
From her Vagaries may be said to flow.

Cornuted men from VULCAN are descended;
MERCURYR's lads are at the gallows ended;
Heroes to NEPTUNE and to MARS belong;
The gross, and sensual, to the SATYR throng;

Gay BACCHANALIAN boys bestride the tons;
Or drain the bottles, rather;
But most, like me, of great APOLLO's Sons
Have much degenerated from their Father.*

Yet, of each SIRE each SON appears a sample;
And, as for poor PANDORA's weak propensity,
To count the DAUGHTERS sway'd by her example,—
'Tis reckoning sands to number their immensity!†

*—"bien peu d'entre nous
Sont descendus du Dieu de la Lumiere"

Voltaire.

The double meaning of the God of *Light*, and of *Understanding*, would be almost lost in a literal English translation.

† "De nos parens vous tenons toute nos gouts;
Mais le metier de la belle Pandore
Quoique peu rare, est encore le plus doux,
Et c'est celui que tout Paris honore."

Voltaire.

The quotations from *Voltaire* have been given as an avowal of any borrowed thoughts;—but the Author has been told he has so altered those thoughts, (very likely for the worse,) that it is almost an act of supererogation to acknowledge them.

MR. CHAMPERNOUNE.

"And a begging we will go, will go, will go."

Old Ballad.

"But the King was determined to abolish monasteries of every denomination; and, probably, thought, that these ancient establishments would be the sooner forgot, that no remains of them of any kind, were allowed to subsist in the Kingdom."

Hume's History of England.

1.

Who of the Tudor line so great,
Both in abdomen and in state,
As the last HARRY, out of Eight,
Who wore the English Crown?
Among his Beef-eaters,—huge things,
Employ'd to waddle after Kings,
Like broad-wheel'd waggons wanting springs,—
Was Mr. Champernounge.

2.

Foreswearing Rome, and Bulls, and Shrift,
KING HARRY turn'd the Monks adrift,
Put every Nun to her last shift,
And threw their Convents down:
His Courtiers swore, with ready grace,
They'd broil a Pope, to keep a Place,

So all *unpapalix'd* apace,
Like Mr. Champernoune.

3.

Each leaving, thus, his pliant soul,
Politely, to the King's control,
Thought that in riches he should roll,
And bid old Care go drown;
Each hop'd, since he'd be damn'd, or blest;
Just as His Majesty thought best,
To thrive at Court,—as, with the rest,
Thought Mr. Champernoune.

4.

Monks groan'd, the Holy Sisters rav'd;
Their hair had stood on end, if sav'd,
But, luckily, they all were shav'd,
And bald was every crown:
While, to this Layman, and to that,
As poor, before, as any rat,
The King gave Abbey-Lands,—as fat
As Mr. Champernoune.

5.

One morning, to the Presence-Door,
(Where stood the Beef-eater, before,)
There came two Courtiers trim, who wore,
The gayest gear in town.

Observing them 'twixt fear and doubt,
 In fidgets till the King came out,
 "Pray, what's the Suit your'e here about?"
 Said Mr. Champernoune.

6.

Enrag'd at such a question, put
 By this low, martial man of gut,
 The well-dress'd Courtiers 'gan to strut,
 And stare, and bounce, and frown;
 Crying, "Base Beef-eater, and Boor!
 "We trust no Suits with rogues so poor!"—
 "Your Tailors do, I'm pretty sure,"
 Thought Mr. Champernoune.

7.

But, lo! the King!—down knelt the Twain,
 And gave a paper, coarse in grain;
 For England's Monarchs, then, were fain
 To handle whitey-brown;
 But what the Paper might declare,
 As to the purport of their prayer,
 Was quite a mystical affair
 To Mr. Champernoune.

8.

Yet, since the Beef-eater had eyes,
 He saw that Courtiers *kneel to rise*,
 And, therefore, thought it not unwise

To join in flumping down:
 Quite sure a Mendicant to Thrones
 All *danger* in his trade disowns,
 Behind them, on his marrow-bones,
 Dropp'd Mr. Champernoune.

9

Hal read, and granted;—now began
 A grateful Duo from the van;
 But soon, a Third, and rearward Man,
 Join'd Chorus, to the Crown:
 Neither, from Hal, durst turn his nob,
 Tow'rd their Assistant in the job,
 To find that he, who bore a bob,
 Was Mr. Champernoune.

10.

Thus, witless who his lungs so plied,
 “Thanks, good my Liege!” the couple cried;
 When “Ditto,” like a roaring tide,
 Seem'd every voice to drown.
 They paus'd, discomfited; and, then,
 Took courage, and went to't, again:
 “Long live the King!” they baw'ld;—“Amen!”
 Thunder'd brave Champernoune.

11.

Now, onward walk'd the Monarch,—who
 The sweet Jane Seymour went to woo:

For closely was he sticking to
 The tail of Jenny's gown;*
 And, ere the foremost of the brace
 Had time to turn about, and face,
 Behind them, from his kneeling-place,
 Slipp'd Mr. Champernoune.

12.

The Suitors, quitted by the King,
 "Let's see," they cried, "what this snug thing,
 "These same, rich, Abbey-lands will bring,
 "Just given us, by the Crown:—
 "It's yearly profits will be, clean,
 "Among us Two,"—"us THREE, you mean,"
 (Popping his noddle in, between,)
 Cried Mr. Champernoune.

13.

"Three!!!"—"Three,—'twas I that knelt behind;"
 "But you ware out of sight;"—"You'll find
 You're not to leave me out of mind;"
 Don't think me such a clown;
 Don't fancy I'll my share forego;"—
 "Your share!—*We* begg'd the Lands, you know:"
 "You'll recollect I *back'd* you, though,"
 Quoth Mr. Champernoune.

* This is an approach to anachronism, for which the *licentia vatum* must be pleaded. Henry had not effected the *entire* destruction of the Convents before his marriage with *Jane Seymour*: in the life-time, however, of his former wife, *Anne Boleyn*, he had broken up the lesser monasteries. He cut off *Anne's* head, on one day, and married *Jane*, on the next!

14.

Words mounted high;—to end dispute,
(High words, 'tis certain, never do't,)

Back to King Harry went the Suit,

To hunt the question down.

“ Who begg'd the lands?” quoth Hal; “ say true.”

“ We were the organs, Sire, to You:”—

“ And I, my Liege, the bellows blew,”

Roar'd Mr. Champernoune.

15.

King Harry strok'd his face so fat,

Next, gave his pincushion a pat,

And in a sort of study sat,

Denominated, brown:

Then said, “ It seemeth meet, and fair,

Church-Lands should be obtain'd by prayer;”

You pray'd,—he help'd you,—give his share

To Mr. Champernoune.”

16.

Now, bless all bounteous Potentates,

Who give their Subjects good Estates!

But thrice bless Him who tolerates,

Yet keeps the Papists down!—

Who, yielding to their proper wants,

All reasonable favour grants

To them,—and purer Protestants

Than Mr. Champernoune.

THE Story of a kneeling Beef-eater brought to my mind the fabled genuflection of a much more important personage.

Poetry, it is said, generally succeeds best in fiction; and there can be little or no doubt that the anecdote which I have here versified, with much amplification, has not one word of truth in it.—I hesitated, however, before I adopted the subject, lest I might be thought to give intentional offence to any estimable character living; or to treat with too much levity the memory of a departed Author;—an Author whose profound learning, and elegance of composition, must challenge the admiration of the latest posterity.

If, on reflection, I venture to publish this Trifle, let me hope (should I have been wrong) that it will be attributed to want of Taste, and not to deficiency of Respect;—but I cannot think that any existing Friend of the erudite Hero of my Song can be seriously angry at my repeating, in rhyme, an idle Tale, which has often been printed in prose;—or that a common-place laugh, at the exterior of a Great Man, implies any aim to detract from his numerous virtues, and mental superiority:—much less can I imagine that the noble Editor of the Historian's Miscellaneous Works will misconstrue, to his own, or my disadvantage, any mention of

his strong partiality for one towards whom a strong partiality does credit to the head, and the strongest an honour to the heart.

Is there any Illustrious Character of whom something harmlessly ludicrous has not been recorded by Fact, exaggerated by Report, or invented by Fancy?

The English Motto, prefixed to this Poem, is by no means intended to allude to the Lady mentioned in the *Memoirs*, from which the quotation is taken.—Dates of time must disprove such an insinuation;—and I have already said that I offer the whole incident as an absolute *fiction*.

G. C.

THE LUMINOUS HISTORIAN;

OR

LEARNING IN LOVE.

*Surgere cœnantî partes
nequeunt gravitate moveri.*

Ovid. Met.

I saw, and lov'd,

Memoirs of Gibbon, by himself.

FROM Childhood's, e'en to Age's, mental dreams,
Those twilights of the soul, in Life's extremes,
That lead young drivellers from the cradle's gloom,
Or old ones to the darkness of a tomb.
How *Nature*, in our scanty day of breath,
Divides the progress to the night of Death!
Prescribes the series when to pule, to play,
Love, act, reflect, then doze the world away,
Till weak mortality's mechanick powers
Have, once, run round their narrow ring of hours.
“Once round!” exclaim a gay and thoughtless host;
“Rounds after rounds of hours we, all, can boast.”

Ee

To scout so dry a fact would be to mock
 Saint Dunstan's Strikers, or an eight-day clock;—
 But, in a *human* Time-piece, no device
 Can course the Dial of Existence twice;
 And, when the failing nerves, and worn-out brain,
 Have circled into Infancy again,
 Who shall rotation's earlier force restore,
 Or wind up works prepar'd to move no more?

Much, then, has each to do, before he dies,
 While all his action in a nutshell lies.
 Yet is the nutshell, upon reason's plan,
 Sufficient for the mighty maggot, Man;
 For though his Drama, in its little range,
 Be fraught with many an important change;
 Though, to each Mortal, various parts we find,
 In his own tragi-comedy, assign'd,—
 E'en (if the curtain do not drop too soon,)
 From Babe to "lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,"—
 Still *Nature's* lineations plainly tell
 There's room, and time enough, to act them well;
 Well as the Bard, to whom Her lines were known,
 Draws them, in four and twenty of his own.*
 Yet, easy as the task appears, how few
 Keep their successive *Ages* full in view!
 Most, in all periods, heedless of their date,

* See Shakspeare's *As you like it*.

Prone to be this, or that, too soon, or late,
 Evince, as passions, or conceits, may rule,
 'Tis ne'er to soon, nor late, to play the fool.

Along the path of Life, while to and fro,
 Like lap-dogs airing, Vice and Folly go,
 Old curs and puppies jostling in the track,
 Now scampering forward, and now running back,
 'Tis sad the silly animals to see

Reversing points at which they ought to be!
 To see what idle war with Time they wage,
 Enfeebling Youth, and turning boys in Age;—
 To see worn One and Twenty writhe with gout,
 Groaning beneath whole vintages drank out;
 Green Puberty fast rotting to its fall,
 While Dotage dies his eyebrows, for a Ball!

If, then, the sillier Actors of their day
 Transpose the scenes of blossom and decay,
 No wonder that the wisest, now and then,
 Forget their *cast of character*, as men;
 Throw off the habits of their life, by starts,
 And prove the best imperfect in their parts.—
 Statesmen have shown that, in affairs of State,
 Sedateness cannot always be sedate;
 Zeno, perhaps, might be from books beguil'd,
 To play a game at marbles with a child;

Nay, stick a pin into a Parson's rump,
 The strict Divine may bawl out "damme," plump.—
 But what if Statesman, Stock, or Divine,
 Deviate, by chance, thus slightly from their line?
 If Statesman, Stoick, or Divine do so,
 Does this call out for reprobation?—no;
 But still 'tis laughable;—for, in a word,
 The grave man's nonsense is the *most* absurd;
 And, when his casual folly stands confest,
 We own his merits, but enjoy the jest.

While the pure pen of a Historick Sage
 Distills its beauties over every page,
 That mirth may chuckle at his clumsy Love,
 A tale, which late tradition yields, may prove.

I.

A Man I sing whom memory reveres;
 Hallow'd the spot where now he lies in earth;
 Learning, and Genius, there, may mingle tears,
 With Virtue, weeping over moral worth.
 Clio, the first of Muses, hail'd his birth;
 But Momus, ever flouting, laugh'd outright,
 To think that, when to manhood grown, what mirth
 Would be provok'd by so grotesque a wight,
 So oddly form'd as he, who was Eudoxus hight.

II.

And, when adult, with Erudition's store
 His early taste, and judgment, were supplied;
 He drain'd the sources of historick lore,
 Then pour'd them back, through Europe, purified:
 Majestick, deep, yet smooth, and clear the tide;
 And Elegance, obedient to his call,
 Sail'd down his flow of words, in Swan-like pride:—
 But oh! how wondrous the DECLINE and FALL,
 To "look upon his face," and, then, "forget it all!"

III.

Like a carv'd Pumpkin was his classick jole;
 Flesh had the Solo of his chin *encor'd*;
 Puff'd were his cheeks,—his mouth a little hole,
 Just in the centre of his visage bor'd;
 His nose should to a Pug have been restore'd.
 A Dame, whose blindness was a piteous case,
 And whose soft hand his countenance explor'd,
 No features in so fat a mass could trace,
 But said it was a thing below the human face.*

IV.

His person look'd as funnily obese
 As if a Pagod, growing large as Man,

* The following ludicrous story was, once, in general circulation:—A foreign Lady, who was a blind physiognomist, was greatly offended with some persons who submitted the features of *Eudoxus* to her touch; imagining that they had, through a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, brought her hand in contact with the very reverse of the "human face divine."

Had rashly waddled off its chimney-piece,
 To visit a Chinese upon a fan.
 Such his exterior;—curious 'twas to scan!—
 And, oft, he rapp'd his snuff-box, cock'd his snout,
 And, ere his polish'd periods he began,
 Bent forwards, stretching his fore-finger out,
 And talk'd in phrase as round as He was round about.*

V.

Oh! kindly PÆR! who hand his likeness down†
 Through Partiality's mistaken zeal,
 Why did you tempt ingenious Mrs. Brown,
 And make her for her pocket-scissors feel,
 To cut his SHADE out, with her ruthless steel?
 (His posthumous Memoirs were quite enough,
 Why stick it up, on either long, long heel,
 And in a Frontispiece the carcass stuff,
 To look like an erect, black tadpole, taking snuff?

* "I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice, and continued my discourse, in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my fore-finger stretched out." See No. XVII in the posthumous letters of the learned Historian in question:—and, in a Note on this passage, we find that "this attitude continued to be a characteristic of him."

† The Noble Editor of his *Miscellaneous Works*, &c. informs us that "the Engraving in the Frontispiece of the *Memoirs* is taken from the figure, [of the Historian] cut with scissors, by Mrs. Brown;"—and, that "the extraordinary talents of this Lady have furnished as complete a likeness, as to person, face, and manner, as can be conceived."—The person, face, and manner of the Historian, are full as extraordinary as the talents of the Lady; and a copy of the Engraving, on a reduced scale, is given as a Frontispiece, as illustrative of some stanzas in the present Poem.

VI.

'Tis not, my Lord, an uncouth Shape, nor Head,
 That should surviving tenderness control
 To hide the outlines of the mighty dead,
 But 'tis a grave man's ugliness that's *droll*;
 The face, and body, then, burlesque the soul:—
 Sir Joshua's* flattery would scarcely do
 To screen from laughter the Historian's poll;
 To place him in derision's broadest view,
 Was left to Mrs. Brown, to Friendship, and to you!

VII.

Yet, trust me, Peer, I mean not to offend;
 Affection warm as yours the Muse respects;
 For who could ever so expose a friend,
 Till fondly purblind to that friend's defects?
Your sense was dazzl'd by *his* intellects:—
 The wrapt Enthusiast, seldom seeing clear,
 A charming Author with his Book connects;
 You saw him in his graceful style appear,
 And fancied Punch had grown Apollo Belvedere.

VIII.

Cramp'd in finances,† weary of the Town,
 Through well-earn'd fame, with new ambition fir'd,

* Sir Joshua Reynolds:—See the print, from his painting, prefixed to the
 “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”

† “—he was not in possession of an income which corresponded with his
 notions of ease and comfort in his own country.—In Switzerland his fortune
 was ample.”

And deck'd with Literature's laurel crown*
 Eudoxus to Helvetia's clime retir'd;
 There competence was wealth,—there Health
 respir'd.

Amid the Alps, height towering to the Skies,
 (Types of his mind!) fresh vigour he acquir'd
 In wider scope Rome's Annals to comprise,
 And, on an Empire's fall, still brilliantly to rise.

IX.

From thy romantick scenery, Lausanne!
 Soon as his labours reach'd their destin'd home,
 The rumour round the big-wig circles ran,
 Till, eagerly, the World grasp'd ev'ry Tome!
 Reviewing wasps, about the honey-comb,
 Stung where they could, at a most stingless rate,
 While Cadell, fattening, in the Strand, on Rome,
 Proudly exclaim'd, in bibliothek state,
 "Who sells great Authors' works, must, sure, him-
 self "be great."†

X.

Yet poring Authors relaxation need,
 And must, Apollo-like, the bow unbend;
 Must walk, —or else, when very fat indeed,
 Their sitting brings them to their latter end.

* He had already, publish'd three volumes of his celebrated History.

† "Who rules o'er Freeman must, himself be Free."—

"Who drives Fat Oxen must, himself, be Fat."

Johnson.

Eudoxus could, on foot, a hill *descend*,
 And so, if he had tried, could Doctor Slop;
 But *climb* an Alpine steep! “oh, Heaven defend!
 “That tugging project he resolv’d to drop,
 Tho’ Nature’s richest charms invited to the top.”

XI.

Expression, oft, beyond a meaning goes:
 And, when Eudoxus talk’d of Nature’s charms,
 Alas, good man! he only thought of those
 Which please our eyes, but never fill our arms.
 Mere child in love, he dreamt not of alarms
 The Child of Venus gives, pernicious elf!
Rome’s loves, nay, rapes, (those worst of amorous
 harms,)

Those he recorded, for the Student’s shelf,
 But knew not how to love, nor ravish, for himself.

XII.

His whole construction seem’d to blunt, and turn,
 The arrows that from Cupid’s quiver skim;
 So cold, he never could for Woman burn,
 So ugly, Woman could not burn for him.—
 Still, Cupid sent him, in a wicked whim,
 A philosophick *Blonde*, a Charmer wise,
 Studious, and plump, now languishing, now prim,
 Who, skill’d most temptingly to syllogize,
 Chopp’d logick with a pair of large, blue, melting
 eyes.

XIII.

'Twas in Lausanne, where crowded parties chat,
 And take their tea, ere London Fashion dines,
 Nosing Eudoxus, blue-eyed AGNES sat,
 And talk'd of Trajan, and the Antonines;—
 Dwelt much on Roman risings, and declines;
 And murmur'd, while they huddle'd knee to knee,
 "What things Voluptuousness undermines!"
 Eudoxus felt a glow;—but knew not, he,
 Whether 'twas love, the crowd, philosophy, or tea.

XIV.

Whene'er she utter'd, breathing like the South,
 As o'er a bank of violets it blows,*
 He curl'd the smirking hole he call'd a mouth,
 And fed with snuff the knob he term'd a nose:
 His bosom's fat heav'd with unwonted throes;
 And still she talk'd, and still he listen'd,—still
 Fresh beauties in her countenance arose;—
 He ask'd her dwelling place;—sad news, and chill!
 "Skirting Lausanne," she said,—“upon the next
 high hill.”

XV.

High HILL!—alas! he ne'er on horseback rode;
 Eternal visits, in a carriage, there,
 So near Lausanne as Agnes's abode,

* "Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 "That breathes upon a bank of violets." &c.

Might scandalize the philosophic Fair:—
 Then, *walk*,—or *not*,—’twas either way despair;
 Bore through the Alps!—on foot!—so pursy, too!
 At length, he mentally pronounc’d, “I swear
 “ What Hannibal with vinegar could do,
 “ To venture, dearest Maid! with all my oil, for
 “ You!”

XVI.

That night, on which Eudoxus Agnes met,
 Neglected Wisdom had his pillow flown,
 While *She* retir’d, half prude, and half coquette,
 To bed with Vanity, as cold as stone.
 The Sage as an Adonis would be known,
 His Venus wish’d for a *Seavante* to pass;
 Each saw each other’s foible, not their own;
He smil’d at Science in a lovely lass,
 She at a Sapient Squab, who turn’d philandering Ass.

XVII.

Thus both, it seems, their natural play mistook,
 Though Agnes had the better of the game;
 For studious Beauties can enjoy a Book,
 When ugly Scholars can’t enjoy a Dame.—
 A learned Dangler often stamps the name
 Of Blue-stocking on her he ne’er embrac’d:
 The Lady’s object, now, was classick fame,
His passion, therefore, though by far less chaste,
 Portended an amour in the Platonick taste.

XVIII.

Yet, her enticing charms, his weight of thought,
 Had fix'd their commerce, in a comick hour;
 Thus is our Planet to its centre brought,
 By *Gravity's*, and by *Attraction's* power.—
 The morning blush'd;—but, soon,—a soaking
 shower!

Eudoxus paus'd, between his love and rain;
 He breakfasted,—he sigh'd,—it ceas'd to lower,—
 He wish'd the surface of the Globe one plan,
 Call'd for his thickest shoes, and groan'd, and sigh'd
 again.

XIX.

“Alas!” he cried, “pedestrious I depart,
 To scale Olympus, and a Goddess find:
 Not seeing her will almost break her heart,
 And getting at her almost break my wind.
 Never did body trifle so with mind!
 So raise its projects, and so knock them flat!
 Never was amorous lump of human-kind
 So self-suspended between this and that;
 So goaded by the flesh,—so hinder'd by the fat!

XX.

“Why, cruel Cupid! make me clambering go,
 And, like the Chamois, skip on heights immense?
 Why not the Goat's agility bestow,

Or spare me from the Goat's concupiscence?
 Each, each, or neither, quality dispense!
 Or, cruel Cupid, since both you and I
 Are pictur'd puffy, chubby-cheek'd, and dense,
 Give me your emblems all, or all deny!
 On! draw your arrow back, or send your wings to fly!"

XXI.

He reach'd the Hill; its winding foot-path found,
 And buckled to the task;—but now, alack!
 With recent rain so greasy was the ground,
 That, as he labour'd up the slippery track,
 At every step he stepp'd, he slid one back.—
 A well-fed Maggot, thus, when friend and friend
 Their jokes, their bottles, and their filberds crack,
 In some deep fruit-plate heaves, from snout to end,
 And works, and slips, and writhes, and waggles to
 ascend.

XXII.

Though mortal enterprizes arduous be,
 What will not Time, and Perseverance, do?
 And, while Eudoxus lost one step in three,
 Still, losing one in three advanc'd him two.
 An open casement, now, was full in view,
 Where Agnes stood, his ardent wish to crown;
 She bow'd, as near the drooping Lover drew;
 "She'll let me in!" he groan'd, "and should she
 frown,

Love's bliss is lost;—but, oh!—what rapture to sit
down!”

XXIII.

Guard, Virgins! guard your snug sequester'd bowers,
When wily Strephons come to twirl the pin!
For rumour swiftly round the village scours,
When silly Maids have let a Lover in:—
Then Gossips groan, and Ribals grossly grin.
Or, if a Swain his entrance must achieve,
Choose some Eudoxus, with a double chin,
With whom Suspicion's self could ne'er conceive
Your ruin's brink was touch'd, before he took his
leave.

XXIV.

Fair Agnes fear'd not that censorious talk
Could ever, by Eudoxus, be inspir'd;
He look'd a Lamb, before he took a walk,
And dead as Mutton, weary, and bemir'd.
Yet, in her jacket, *à la Suisse*, attir'd,
So plump and tempting was the blue-ey'd maid,
A Hermit's frigid breast she might have fir'd!—
Beneath a plain straw hat her ringlets play'd,
And a short petticoat her well-turn'd leg betray'd.

XXV.

Eudoxus, squatting in a cushion'd chair,
Gave her that interesting glance which owns

A double feeling,—and would fain declare
 The heart is full of love, the shoes of stones.
 His tender sighs, inflating into groans,
 Were debts, as in a partnership concern,
 Due, jointly, both to Bosom and to Bones;
 And seem'd to say, "Sweet Lady! let me learn
 Whether in vain I ache, and pant, and grunt, and
 burn!"

XXVI.

In vain they question'd;—for the Fair pursu'd
 Her prattle, which on literature flow'd;
 Now chang'd her author, now her attitude,
 And much more symmetry than learning show'd.
 Eudoxus watch'd her features, while they grow'd,
 Till passion burst his puffy bosom's bound:
 And, rescuing his cushion from its load,
 Flounc'd on his knees, appearing like a round
 Large fillet of hot veal, just tumbled on the ground.

XXVII.

Could such a Lover be with scorn repuls'd?
 Oh, no!—disdain befitted not the case;
 And Agnes at the sight, was so convuls'd,
 That tears of laughter trickled down her face.
 Eudoxus felt his folly, and disgrace;—
 Look'd sheepish,—nettled,—wished ~~himself away~~—
 And, thrice, he tried to quit his ~~kneeling place~~;
 But Fate, and Corpulency, seem'd to say,

Here's a Petitioner that must for ever pray!

XXVIII.

"*Mon Dieu*!" said Agnes, "what absurd distress!
How long must you maintain this posture here?"
"Ah *that*," he sigh'd, "depends on the success
Of your endeavours, more than mine, I fear.
Get up I cannot, by myself, 'tis clear:—
But, though my poor pretensions you despise,
Full many a man is living, Lady dear!
Whose talent, as a Lover, rather lies
In readiness to kneel, than readiness to rise."

XXIX.

Again he strain'd, again he stuck like wax,
While Agnes tugg'd at him in various ways;
But he was heavier than the Income Tax,
And twenty times more difficult to raise.
She fear'd that Scandal would the story blaze;
Yet, hopeless, rang the bell;—the Servant came,
And ey'd the Prostrate Lover with amaze;
Then heav'd upon his legs the Man whose name
Is lifted up so high by never-dying Fame.

XXX.

Eudoxus, fretted with the morn's romance,
Opin'd, while he was waddling to the plain,
Himself no wiser than that King of France

Who march'd up hill, and then march'd down again.
 He found that he had striven against the grain;
 That suffering Love within his breast to lurk
 Brought "labour," which by no means "physick'd
 pain;"

That beauties, who on eminences perk,
 Make Courtship, for the Fat, a very Up-hill Work.

The *Correspondence* which closes the subsequent Poem is found on two prose Letters, in Manuscript; which, it is asserted, actually pass'd between two *Ladies*, who were neighbours, out of Town. Some of the passages are almost literally given from the original epistles.

LONDON RURALITY;

OR

MISS BUNN, AND MRS. BUNT.

Contiguas tenuere domos.—Ovid.

—Thin partitions do their bounds divide,—Dryden.

STRETCHING, round England's chief Emporium, far,
(No rage for Building quench'd by raging War,)
What would be Villas, rang'd in dapper pride,
Usurp the fields, and choke the highway side!

Thither the *Small-Folk* of two sorts repair;
The first, as constant dwellers, stagnate there;
The second sojourn,—waiting cash, to come
On visits to their vulgar *Tusculum*:
These Folly lures to gape in broad retreat,
And lease a Cake-House for a Country Seat;
Those prudence prompts to shrink from London rents,
In sprucer, but less costly, tenements.

Thither the secondary Cit, in haste
To show he thrives in Trade, and fails in Taste,

From London jogs, hebdomadally, down,
 And rusticates in London out of Town.
 Thither the Scribe, whom Government retains,
 (A self-important Drudge, with slender gains,)
 Vain of his furnish'd floor, *genteelly* cheap,
 Six evenings out of seven, plods home to sleep:
 But, all the Sabbath while his goose-quill lies
 Inactive, at the Customs, or Excise,
 He worships the *suburban picturesque*,
 To ease his lungs, with brick-kilns, from the desk.

And, there, the Haberdasher, with his wife,
 His Ledger clos'd, sits down, to close his Life.
 Ale, and brown-stout, when Sunday Friends drop in,
 Wash down the joint;—and, for a cordial,—gin:
 A pipe and tiff of Punch succeed; and, then,
 He fights his *Counter Battles* o'er again;
 Exhorts the young to bustle while they can;
 And proves, upon his *own* industrious plan,
 That they, in time, like *him*, enough may save,
 To smoke, like *him*,—and muddle to a grave.

Some, too, for gain establish their abode,
 In perking mansions, on the shadeless road;
 Exhibiting (right rural to behold!)
 The word “ACADEMY,” in glittering gold;
 Where ditches, damp, thick fog, and dense dis-
 cerning,

Improve, alike, an infant's health, and learning.

With all of these, on money-getting plans,
Mix rustick Shop-keepers, and Publicans,
And Manufacturers, from London pok'd,
Indicted thence, for having stunk, and smok'd.
Hail, Regions of preparatory Schools,
Of Strict Economists, and Squandering Fools,
Hail Ye, who, there, your various plans pursuing,
Court profit, rest, frugality, or ruin!
Ye Tallow-Chandlers, who *retir'd* to gaze
At Paul's near Dome, still sigh for *melting-days*;
Ye Demi-Gentlemen, whose fingers ake,
With posting Duties, for the Nation's sake;
Or Ye, as *Demi*, driving pens, to live
On what the War Office and Treasury give;
Ye worn-out Sea Lieutenants, on half pay,
Who drop your anchors on the King's highway;
Ye careful Widows, who, of Mates bereft,
Have what ye call "a little something" left;
Ye sour Old Maids, with "somethings" much more
small,
From never having had a mate at all;
Ye Cockneys, all, who, pastorally, shoot
Your brick-work cions from the City's root,
Which form but branches, branch what way they will,
From that old trunk, the Standard in Cornhill;
Be ye old, young, or feminine, or male,

Or rich, or poor,—whate'er ye be, ALL HAIL!

Peace to each Swain, who rural rapture owns,
 As soon as past a Toll, and off the stones!
 Whose joy, if Buildings solid bliss bestow,
 Cannot, for miles, an interruption know:—
 Save when a gap, of some half dozen feet,
 Just breaks the continuity of street;
 Where the prig Architect, with *style* in view,
 Has dol'd his houses forth, in two by two;
 And rear'd a Row upon the plan, no doubt,
 Of old men's jaws, with every third tooth out.
 Or where, still greater lengths, in taste, to go,
 He warps his tenements into a bow;
 Nails a scant canvass, propt on slight deal sticks,
 Nick-nam'd *Veranda*, to the first-floor bricks;
 Before the whole, in one snug segment drawn,
 Claps half a rood of turf he calls a lawn;
 Then, chuckling at his lath-and-plaster bubble,
 Dubs it the CRESCENT,—and the rents are double.

Sometimes, indeed, an acre's breadth, half green,
 And half strew'd o'er with rubbish, may be seen:
 When, lo! a Board, with quadrilateral grace,
 Stands, stiff, in the phenomenon of space;
 Proposing, still, the neighbourhood's increase,
 By—"Ground to Let upon a Building lease."

And, here and there, thrown back, a few yards deep,

Some *staring* Coxcombry pretends to *peep*;
 Low pal'd in front, and shrubb'd, with laurels, in,
 That, sometimes, flourish higher than your chin.
 Here Modest Ostentation sticks a plate,
 Or daubs Egyptian letters, on the gate,
 Informing passengers 'tis "*Cowslip Cot*,"
 Or, "*Woodbine Lodge*," or "*Mr. Pummock's Grot*."
 Oh! why not, Vanity! since Dolts bestow
 Such names on Dog-holes, squeez'd out from a Row,
 The title of *Horn Hermitage* entail
 Upon the habitation of a snail?
 Why not inscribe ('twould answer quite as well)
 "*Marine Pavilion*" on an oyster-shell?

See, in these roads, scarce conscious of a field,
 What Uniform Varieties they yield!—
 Row smirks at Row, each Band-Box has a brother,
 And half the Causeway just reflects the other.*
 To beautify each close-wedg'd neighbour's door,
 A stripe of Garden aims at length, before;
 Gritty in sunshine;—yet, in showers, 'twill do,
 Between a Coach and House, to wet you through;
 But, soon, the publick path, in envious sort,
 Crosses,—and cuts it, at right angles, short;
 Then, up the jemmy rail, with tenters topp'd,
 Like virtue from necessity, is popp'd:
 Behind it pine, to decorate the *grounds*,

* *Grove nods at Grove*," &c.—Pope.

And mark with greater *elegance* their bounds,
 Three thin, aquatick Poplars, parch'd with drought,
 Vying with lines of lamp posts, fix'd without.

Still may the scene *some* rustick thoughts supply,
 When sounds, and objects, strike the ear, and eye:
 For, here, the Gardener bawls his greens, and leeks,
 And (jostling Funerals) the Waggon creaks;
 Oxen, though pastureless, each hour appear,
 And bellow, though with Drovers in the rear;
 While flocks of sheep enrich the Turnpike Trust,
 And bleat their way to Smithfield, through the dust.

Blest neighbourhood!—but three times blest!—thrice
 three!

When Neighbours (as 'twill happen) *disagree*;
 When grievances break forth, and deadly spite,
 'Twixt those whom Fate, and Bricklayers, would
 unite;

When sharp epistles, like the following, prove,
 A lack of Style, of Gramman, and of Love.

MISS BUNN to MRS. BUNT.

Miss Bunn sends compliments to Mrs. Bunt;
 Requests she'll cover up her Drain, in front;
 Which looks so ungenteel, and smells so strong,
 It makes Miss Bunn go backward, all day long.

Also, regrets to be oblig'd to state,
 That Mrs. Bunt's Deal Safe, fix'd up of late,
 Has caus'd a very ugly Nail to run,
 Some inches, in the passage of Miss Bunn.
 Is sorry their Partitions aren't of brick;—
 Only thin paper,—wishes it was thick;
 Especially as Mrs. Bunt thinks right
 To heat her Washing Copper over night:
 And Mrs. Bunt's new maid is quite a stranger;
 Hopes she'll be careful,—for we'er both in danger.
 Such heavy Washes usen't to be so,
 Till You came down to live at Prospect Row.
 The former Tenants were all married men,
 With large young Families, at Number Ten,
 But never, while they dwelt within the walls,
 Got up their Great things,—nothing but their Smalls.
 Can't wonder Mrs. Bunt so seldom stays
 At Prospect Row upon her drying days;
 For then her Garden is disfigur'd, quite,
 And so is Miss Bunn's Garden, to her right:
 Because the maid, which is extreme improper,
 Hangs out upon *both sides*;—requests she'll stop her.
 She must (while wishing nuisances was fewer)
 Excuse her mentioning her Donkey to her;
 For, once, as their hind gate was left unbarr'd,
 She dropt her scissors, in her back grass yard,
 When stooping, to restore them to her case,

A nose, as cold as *marvel*, touch'd her face;
 And jumping up, quite startl'd, from the grass,
 She saw that Monster, Mrs. Bunt's huge Ass.
 She scream'd,—and her Maids heard her, every one,
 Madam, your humble servant,—Bridget Bunn.

Mrs. BUNT to Miss BUNN.

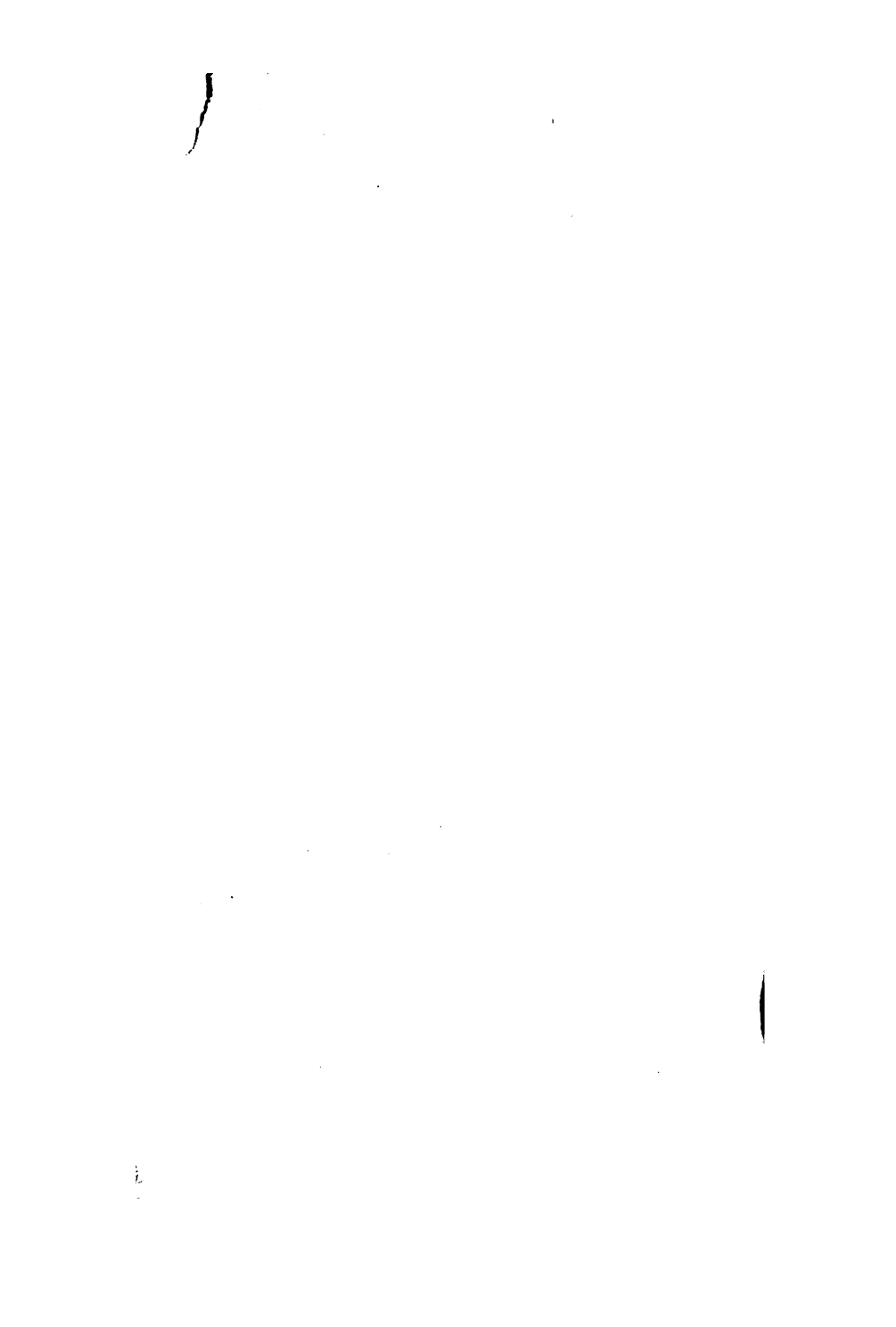
Mrs. Bunt's Compliments,—informs Miss Bunn
 That her Front Drain shall speedily be done;
 Provided that Miss Bunn will be so kind
 To put her Ball-Cock in repair behind;
 Which lets all Miss Bunn's water overflow
 All Mrs. Bunt's back premises, below.
 Wonders how any thing of her's can run
 So far into the Passage of Miss Bunn;
 The Man who does her jobs shall see what's wrong,
 But thinks Miss Bunn wont find his nails too long.
 Knows their Partitions are exceeding slight,
 From Miss Bunn's Parrot calling *Pots*, all night;
 It fidgets Mrs. Bunt, in bed,—and wakes her;
 And then her Poodle howls,—your Parrot makes her.*
 Surpris'd to learn that Great things wash'd, of mine,
 At Number Ten, surprises Number Nine;
 Or that clean sheets, and table cloths, should be
 Sights so uncommon for Miss Bunn to see.

* Hence it appears that Mrs. Bunt's *Poodle* was of the feminine gender.

I'm always us'd to have my linen got
 Well up,—which, it should seem, Miss Bunn is *not*:
 But she may rest, henceforward satisfied,
 That Betty shall *hang all upon one side*.
 Is shock'd to find Miss Bunn, when on the grass,
 Was so alarm'd at seeing of my Ass:
 Thought she had seen it frequently;—can't dream
 How it should touch her face,—and make her scream!
 The harmless creature is entirely blind,—
 And makes no noise,—as all the neighbours find.
 'Twas never call'd a *Monster*,—till Miss Bunn
 Was pleas'd, by letter, to baptize it one.
 But, Madam, notwithstanding the affront
 I rest your humble servant,—Rachael Bunt,

FINIS.

H.T.







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